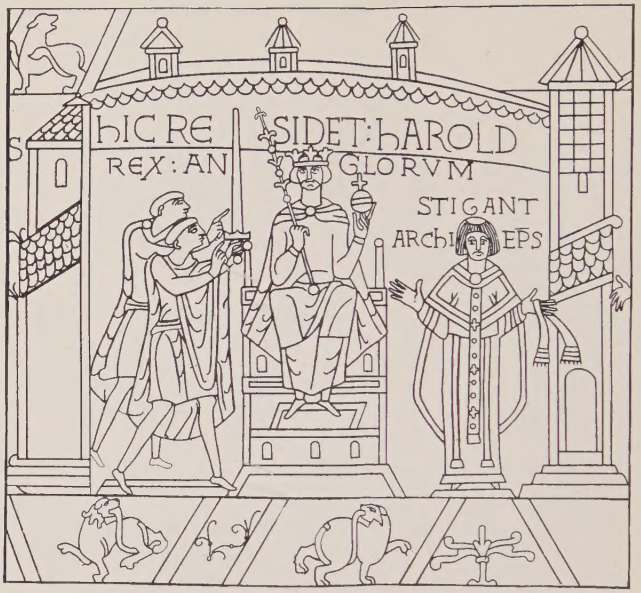
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THE CRUSADES


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THE CRUSADES

By

KONRAD BERCOVICI

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2334

TO

DR. HERMAN LORBER

WHO SAVED MY POOR HEAD



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THE FRONTISPIECE AND
OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS ARE
FROM THE BAYEUX TAPESTRY



THE MILLENNIUM





THE MILLENNIUM

26219

"Eli, eli, lama sabachthani?
My God, my God, why hast
thou forsaken me?"

THE echo of the hammer blows on the nails which had pinned Him to the cross was still floating in the air like a cloud. His voice, now sweet and mellow as that of a loving woman, and then sharp and commanding as that of the leader of an army, vibrated against the aprons of green golden mountains and the gray rocky shores of seas.

His words, however, and the meaning of His clean, naked words, His deeds and the meaning of His beautifully simple deeds, had been clothed with strange garments in a babel of tongues traveling as they did a thousand slow years, along the roads, and shore stretches, through mountain and forest passes, and bobbing up and down in the minds of simple folk journeying on uncharted seas in square, awkward vessels in search of bread and in quest of adventure.

Galley-slaves spoke of Him softly and dreamed of Him silently, while they bent their tired bodies over the oars, rowing boats laden with merchandise from fertile Egypt destined for hungry Constantinople, luxurious Rome, and the rapacious cities on the Mediterranean. They had seen with their own eyes, these galley-slaves, how their friends had been fed to the lions in the arenas; because of an encouraging word to a comrade crying

out in agony at the whip-lash of the galley master. Many of them had been fed to the lions for nothing more than an upward roll of the eyes; a longing, hopeful look to the heavens from which they expected that solace, that courage, that eternal tranquillity which had been promised them by roving men and women that met them for fleeting moments, and talked to them, here, there, and everywhere. "Rejoice, He sees everything. Rejoice. His blood has been shed for you." And they had seen these, galley-slaves, men and women, his messengers, go to a horrible death with lighter hearts and happier smiles than young maidens were wont to carry when they went to meet their lovers at eventide.

"It is sweeter to die for Him than to live without the blessing of the knowledge of Him. Rejoice."

Courage. Endure. For, when He shall return, the meek who are the strong shall inherit the earth and the heavens. Slaves shall become the masters of the Earth and the Seas. The oppressor and the heathen shall suffer the wrath of the Father, while He, the son, shall rejoice as the shepherd of His flock.

And there were also some who had heard more and listened better, who spoke of forgiveness and of love for those who wilfully, cruelly, maltreated their weaker brothers. For they knew not what they did. The angry Father's knitted brow shall smooth out listening to His Son's soft voice and watching the tears in the eyes of His only Son who had offered Himself to those who had denied Him and cursed Him. For He had been crucified for the salvation of the soul of the bad as well as the good.

A thousand years had counted their hours since his birth. That thousand years witnessed the fall of the last brick of Alexander the Great's edifice, the crumbling of the Egyptians' power, and the rise and almost the fall of the Roman Empire: the monstrous octopus that had whipped out his hundred funnel-like arms in a hundred different directions, each arm ending in a pair of huge millstones which crunched peoples and grain to fill the insatiable belly bloating itself on the blood and flesh of the world.

From distant points of the compass strange peoples had come astride horses and camels, and on foot, hosts and hordes, to invade the plains and valleys of Europe. Some were tall, lean, blue-eyed, and straight-limbed, living and fighting side by side with broad-shouldered, wide-hipped, golden-haired women. Others were squat, heavy, bow-legged, black and for the most part pockmarked and heavily bearded, whose women dragged along carrying their children about their necks, pell-mell at the rear of the convoy. And all of them, blond or dark, were restless, fierce, inarticulate creatures, that seemed to have just risen on their hind legs, and were still unaccustomed to the stronger light of the day that is met by the eyes of those walking upright.

Some of these hordes had definite names by which they called themselves when they appeared—Gauls, Goths, Visigoths, Huns; but there were others known only by such names as their enemies or those who had fought against them had given them.

What is now known as Europe did not yet exist, and

was only a huge battle-field, nay, a slaughter-field of crawling, vermin-ridden, raw-meat-eating savages. The braggarts of Europe who talk today of their old civilization forget they have more to be ashamed of than to brag about. One set of people destroyed what another set had done only yesterday; tearing down houses, huts, and bridges, burning down forests, until another set of people overran them—to take the grazing land for their flocks, and women and slaves for loot, spoil.

Rome had established some order within its walls, but Rome had also created disorder wherever she had reached out. The Roman generals did not even leave the eyes in the heads of the peoples conquered, and they ground the grain together with the seed of the grain to feed the armies they strewed out to spread Roman civilization; the doctrine was *Væ victis,* Woe to the vanquished. So little was done and so little was produced everywhere, that three hundred years before the Millennium the wealth of the world, passing as loot from the bag of one victor to the bag of another, had dwindled to nothingness.

France existed only in the dreams of those whose scepter inspired them with the poetry of unity and power. The country was tenanted by a hundred coarse and grimy barons who changed allegiances more frequently than their clothes, who signed peaces with their enemies and fought with their friends, who counted their vassals together with their heads of cattle and were ruling from behind their moats and walls and castles, and from behind mailed coats. Their power never reached farther than the points of their long spears.

The England before the conquest by the Normans was no different from the England after and was not even Christian in name. It had adapted whatever was expedient or convenient to its precarious existence without accepting anything outright.

Neither Germany nor German states had even a veneer of humanity when Charlemagne thought he had realized his proud dreams because his hired and paid mummers told him so.

Spain was still two-thirds in the hands of the Moors, who were disputing power with the wild Berbers from Africa; the Moors, who had inched themselves into heavy-footed, slow-witted Europe, displaying their superiority and inflicting themselves and their ways upon harassed and scattered hordes that had degenerated into floating headless robber bands.

Alone, in the East, the Byzantine Empire had risen over the chaos. Alone and really only in the Byzantine Empire had Christianity risen from the dust of the arena to the golden carpets of the throne. But the Byzantine Empire was the basin in which the vices of the world had washed their feet.

In Britain, in Arles, in the country of the Normans, in the countries of the Goths, and the Germans and the Latins, the arenas still rang with the hungry roar of lions and tigers to whom living beings and palpitating flesh were being thrown to amuse the populace. *Panem et circenses*—bread and the circus games.

In one arena the Christians fed to the cubs of the lions who had fed on their fathers, the flesh of the sons

of those who had persecuted them; in another one, silent martyrs, hypnotized into insensibility by their belief and their faith, were driven through the stone gate into the living tombs that awaited them open-mouthed. Christian and pagan populaces looked on with amusement while frantic naked women shrieked and struggled between the paws and jaws of beasts. Christian and pagan watched with delight the red blood that stippled the white bodies. Christian and pagan called to the victims:

"Let your God show a miracle now! Let your God show a miracle now!"

And miracles did happen both in pagan and in Christian arenas. God was neither blind nor deaf. He was not there. He was not there.

Two hundred years after that illiterate camel-driver of the East had proclaimed the new faith, clumsily thrown together from several other ones, using his own wisdom to dovetail the ill-fitting joints, Islamism had conquered half of the world. Less than two hundred years after Mohammed had claimed that he alone had held converse with the Almighty and had been appointed to rule the earth in His stead, Islamism had covered the earth like a wild wind. The camel-driver's word reigned shortly after he had been buried under the floor of his chamber beside his most beloved wife who had given him so many delightful hours. Islamism threatened to wipe out both Christianity and paganism; that it had not succeeded was due to a miracle; perhaps the first real Christian miracle.

During the three centuries before the Millennium, the specter of hunger stalked alongside the specter of pesti-

lence. The fields lay idle and ravaged. The plowmen were both too weak and too despondent to labor. The oxen were slaughtered for meat instead of being yoked to produce grain. Corpses in every stage of putrefaction littered the roads and streets of abandoned burgs and ruined villages.

The air was foul.

The water was foul.

The earth was foul.

Babies suckled the dry breasts of their dead mothers. Every inhuman sacrilege and perversion reared its head during that period: the Black Mass; the Goat's Mass; the fools' day; the befouling day. Having tried to propitiate God unsuccessfully, people now tried to propitiate the devil.

Only the dogs and the wolves grew fat.

Armies emerging from behind the walls of castles, armies, headed by warriors responding to mighty and high-sounding names, on the way to avenge a real or imaginary wrong, melted on the way so fast that when two opposing armies met, the numbers could be counted twice on the fingers of the two hands.

And the dogs and wolves grew fat and multiplied. Vultures and crows were as thick as black hail.

And upon this brown, muddy shroud that unrolled itself upon the world, there appeared somewhere a clean, thin, white, silver thread. In this turmoil of clanking swords, of howls of beasts, and groans and cries of men, a soft whisper of hope demanded to be heard. Who was the first one that uttered it? Where was it first uttered?

The world will never know, or will know only when it discovers where the first whisper of a wind begins.

"He shall come back to us, with the blessings of His father," the voice whispered. "It is written that when a thousand years, which are only one day on High, shall have rolled by, He shall come back to us. At the stroke of the last hour of that thousand years He shall come back to earth."

And behold that soft whisper growing louder and louder. Behold the white thread, that had appeared so timidly in the corner of that dark shroud, thicken and spawn like mushroom fiber, and net upon its bed. People repeated the message of His return in the Latin tongue, in the Gallic tongue, in the Norman tongue, in the Frankish tongue, and even the Britons who were still serving at the old Druid altars began to learn to mumble what they had heard others tell. The Second Coming of Christ.

And behold men and women running about in their bare feet, their bodies covered with coarse brown cowls held together with rope at their loins, picking their way among the corpses thrown at the doors of huts and banging their fists at the gates of castles to announce to the world the Second Coming of the Lord.

"He shall come back on the last stroke of the last hour of the thousand years elapsed since His birth."

The dignitaries of the Church of Rome tried at first to drown out this dangerous whisper, but soon the multitude that believed the message was so great, the church had to permit it to live and had to lend her own voice to

it, to save herself, and the world, from paganism and heathenism.

The whisper grew to a loud voice, to a trumpet call. The number of those who preached the Millennium from pulpit, square, and street corner increased. As the number of preachers increased, the words varied. There were as many messages as there were people preaching. There were those who said that when the last hour struck, the end of the world would come. And they quoted and perverted passages from books that they had not read to prove their contention. Their turbulent souls spread terror. They were children of terror and fathers of terror. The second coming of the Lord meant nothing to them but a greater circus, the greatest the world had ever witnessed, in which millions of lions tore the flesh of God's children for the salvation of their souls.

But there were others who said that when the hour of the Millennium struck, peace would descend upon the world of man, beast, and field. The hungry mouth of the lion would close. The claws from his paws would fall off, and the beast would caress the prostrate victim and call him brother. The sterile fields would grow fruit and grain of themselves without requiring the labor and the sweat of man. Those who had died believing in Him would arise at the call of their friends, or parents, or lovers, cleaner and more beautiful than they had ever been.

"I am here. I am here! Come to me!"

Verily that hour would begin the reign of the Son of man, and end the reign of His Father who had decreed that

man should eat his bread in the sweat of his face. The souls of those who preached Paradise on earth rejoiced when the terror left the eyes of their listeners.

There were people who believed one set of monks, and people who believed the other one. Sons against fathers. Mothers against daughters. Most people, however, passed swiftly from one belief to the other following the eloquence of the speaker they heard last.

When the Millennium monks met they clashed and fought and destroyed one another with greater violence and thoroughness than the heathens had done. And all in the name of the Lord, who had preached peace and good will upon earth. They crushed one another's skulls, crying: "Because I believe in the end of the world!" "Because I believe in peace upon earth!"

For those that believed that the end of the world would come believed that happiness was possible only in heaven, and not on earth. They knew. They had seen. Mankind had to be annihilated before it could be regenerated.

One set of Christians excommunicated another and refused to sanction the births and bury the dead. The pestilence increased as the hope grew, and the day approached. Both factions threw heretics into arenas, fed them to the fires, and seared their flesh with tongues heated in flames: Believe what I believe.

In their zeal men and women abandoned their families, their homes, their fields, and wended their way eastwards, to proclaim the prophecy on the way, and to be near the tomb of the One who had never died. Of ten thousand who set out only one reached his destination. The others

died on the road, of exhaustion, of hunger, thirst, or old age, or were captured by the Lombards, the Saracens, and the Greeks, and sold as slaves. Those who did reach Jerusalem were half demented, and having forgotten the purpose with which they had set out, wandered aimlessly about the Holy City repeating incessantly the words: "He shall come back."

Isolated individuals meeting on the road grouped themselves together, armed themselves, and ravaged the countryside while proclaiming His return. Grand seigniors, rulers, barons, and even kings donned the cowl as the fatal year approached, and fought valiantly those who still refused to believe. Every monk carried a sword under his cloak, and a sharp hickory stick in his hand. In the heat of battle with Christian heretics they clubbed one another's heads with the heavy iron crosses hanging from their belts. Barons and lords who had sinned monstrously, were building churches, erecting altars with the gold of the loot they had amassed. They knelt down to pray to the Prince of Paupers. The old churches were gifts to the God of fright and terror.

The last year before the Millennium the air was rent with cries, prayers, and prophecies both of those who believed the end of the world was at a breath's distance, and of those who believed that paradise was about to descend upon the earth. Miracles happened every day. Young virgins saw jeweled white angels rising on golden wings in the misty hours of morning. Peasants and shepherds heard trees sing and sheep talk. Work left undone the evening before was found done in the morning. The whole popu-

lation of Paris, the city on the Seine, witnessed the miracle of Fata Morgana. A desert town in Africa was mirrored in the placid waters of the river. "Can't you see that the souls of the heathens have left them to come to pray at our altars?"

And there were signs in the skies; an eclipse of the sun. Stars embraced and danced in the air.

Those who claimed that the end of the world was near saw unending armies of fleshless warriors; angels of death astride fleshless horses, come to do their work at the fatal moment.

Let each man choose his own angel.

Who had ever heard such prolonged thunder? What year had there been so many wolves? When had the nights been darker? The Second Coming of the Lord should not witness Paradise on Earth, but the end of the world. Who believed otherwise was a heretic and deserved to die before the death of salvation.

No plowing was done in the spring of the year 999. The whole land of Europe was a waste. People lived on roots and acorns and the flesh of cattle. During the summer no one thought of preparing for the winter. The last days of autumn the women and the children that were wont to gather wood for winter fires, spent their time praying before improvised altars in their homes and the churches; spent their time listening to the tellers of tales of miracles that were happening every day, and witnessing and reporting miracles themselves.

The Moor and the Saracen inched farther into Europe without opposition. The woodman's ax didn't ring in the

air. Men, women, and children walked about with tortured, sullen faces. Those who believed in the Paradise on earth were not totally free from the fear that the end of the world might be near, and those who believed in the end of the world were not totally free from the hope of Paradise on earth. Only the Millénaire monks were still loudly and fiercely fighting and quarreling among themselves.

Winter came: the terrible winter of those days. The stone-floored halls of the castles of the rich were as cold as the wind-blown huts of the poor. No fuel had been gathered to warm them. People crowded the churches, lying upon one another, living layers of dead. As the fatal day approached, more people lined deeply around the churches of France, of Italy, of Germany, of England, wherever the Christian word had reached, and in the remotest corners of Hungary and the Northern lands where the monks and isolated pilgrims had carried the garbled message. Even the Prussians were sucked in by the intensity of fear and belief that spread as the day approached.

The world had never known and will never know such a day as the last day before Millennium. Those who had denounced and shaken their heads and gibed and scorned and laughed grew silent. Before the first hour of that day was over they too were drawn into the mass of true believers. Even Moslems turned to their priests with inquiring eyes; though the Mohammedan rulers had expressly forbidden any holder of the faith to even think the same thoughts as the heathens, the giaours, the Christian dogs.

The Christians lay down in clusters in the white snow

around the churches, in absolute silence, while the Millénaire monks passed among them exhorting them to silence even their thoughts; to make themselves into children.

The ecstasy rose. All ties snapped. Individuals no longer belonged to races, nations, tribes, or families. Everyone was an entity for himself. The minutes crept slowly by; each second an eternity. Vision succeeded vision. Here and there an exalted maiden, believing the world was already come to an end, rose to her feet with a terrific shriek and fell dead; killed by the phantom spear of the phantom horseman, riding in front of the cavalcade of phantoms.

Men rose and cried, "Hosanna!" after having counted the phantom ring of the twelfth hour after the noon hour. The black and brown hair of young men and women turned gray, while old men and women who had dragged themselves to the churches on crutches, their bodies bent in two, straightened out and smiled at one another youthfully, as if eternal youth had already begun for them. "Hosanna, Hosanna!"

Here and there the howl of a wolf, the barking of a dog, the call of a buck deer for its mate, the bleating of a sheep, the mooing of a cow, broke the terrible silence. Each minute was a century.

At the fall of night exhausted men and women rose to their feet to await the Coming of the Lord. Millions of men waved their weary hands in the incessant making of the sign of the cross over their chests, and in the air and over one another. No one knew the time of day. Everyone expected the fatal one; and there were countless already

unable to rise, thousands who had died where they had lain down to wait for eternal life.

And then suddenly the loud call: "Pray." In a thousand churches a thousand litanies were uttered all at once; prayers and cries and shrieks in so many different languages. The tocsin began to ring. The church bells of the whole world screamed their brassy voices. A world of demented multitudes lived a century in every second. Time has never since been so slow. Everyone was capable of living or dying at will. The living trampled the dead under their feet in the struggle to get nearer the walls of the churches or to crowd the jammed doors. These people believed as they fought; cruelly, valiantly, with complete disregard for human lives. *Væ victis.*

"Hosanna. Hosanna! For a thousand years after the Lord has appeared He shall come back on earth, bearing the message of His Father for all eternity. The day is here. The hour is on its way. Hosanna."

"Hosanna. Hosanna. A thousand years after He has appeared the world shall come to an end. The day of the Second Coming of the Lord is here and He alone shall separate the sheep from the wolves."

The falling snow in the plains and hills of Brittany, France, Germany, Italy, and on the plains extending along the roads the Romans had hewn and burrowed through on the aprons of the mountains and on the shores of rivers, was rapidly unfolding its blanket over living and dead alike. Saracens and Moors lay down secretly beside the Christians or waited silently in their homes for the fatal hour.

Only those who have been in imminent danger and had in a brief few seconds recapitulated their whole lives can faintly understand the emotions surging through those last hours. The blood rose rapidly to the temples, throbbed violently, and sank cold to the feet. The bodies of millions of men and women were one moment too limp and too heavy to move, and the next too light to stand up against the blowing wind.

The fate of humanity was suspended on the tongue of a bell. When that tongue finally struck against the wall of brass it almost sounded the death-knell of the Christian Church. For those who disentangled themselves from the dead were mostly demented, believing themselves already in Paradise.

Millions of people never realized that nothing had happened; that neither had the world come to an end, nor had Paradise descended to earth.

The earth was littered with dead and swarmed with insane cold, hungry, living corpses.

Only the young children, still incapable of any deep reaction, were left with any sanity of mind; and they were burdened with their older brothers and sisters and parents who were incapable of recognizing them or of understanding their language, but continued to sit hour after hour, dazed, paralyzed by the miracle that had not happened. And then fires broke out all over Europe. Houses and churches went up in flames; the great destroying fires that purged the world of the pestilence stalking on the roads of towns and fields.

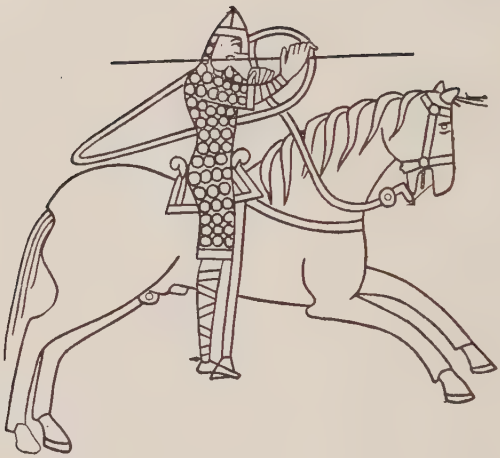
The high dignitaries of the Church of Rome woke up

to what had happened. The Millénaires were hounded and burned as heretics by the same church that had encouraged their activities when the ebb of the power of Christendom was very low. Expediency had shown itself to be mother and father of destruction. Most of the monks who had preached the two opposing doctrines of the Millennium discarded the cowls and disappeared.

Had the believers of Mohammed fathomed then only one-tenth of the Christian catastrophe, the crescent moon would float today over the whole world. That they had not done so, that they had not understood how the scepter of the world was within their grasp, was the second miraculous escape from destruction, of the churchified and codified belief in the Word of the Meek and the pale Jew Yeshua, son of Joseph and Miriam. Soon after, His sweet words were hammered into sharp swords and sheathed in scabbards of gold and flame. In the church bearing His name, His poverty and humility were transformed into power and arrogance. Had He appeared in one of the churches bearing His name and image, He would have cried out even louder than when He was first crucified: *"Eli, eli, lama sabachthani."*

THE FIRST CRUSADE

✠



THE FIRST CRUSADE

PICTURE to yourself the conditions in which the Christian world and church was left by the religious fiasco of the Millennium; the chaos, the disruption of everything. However, when the Moors and the Saracens awakened to the advantages they could wrest from the condition of affairs in Europe, a new generation who had been less affected by the religious terror than their sisters and brothers and parents, had grown up and was ready to resist, with sword and spear, the encroachments of the Moslems.

It was Christian luck that the Moslems, because of internal trouble, couldn't muster enough forces for an intense and prolonged aggression. The Berbers, wild tribes of Africa, were just then disputing the Moors' domination of the Iberian peninsula. The Moslems, having reached the zenith of power, were beginning to be rent by internecine quarrels and fights; by religious schisms and racial interpretations of their Holy Book. Moslems accused each other of heresy with as much asperity as the Christians, and more.

The Moslems failed to achieve the conquest of the whole visible world because of a dispute involving such an important question as whether Mohammed started out from his home with the left foot or the right.

In spite of the vigorous persecution instituted by the Christian Church against those who had preached the Millennium, the belief in a Paradise on earth had been implanted so strongly in the hearts of people they could

not give up their individual hopes and encouraged those who still preached secretly, despite the fiasco, that the end of the world was near at hand or that Paradise was soon to descend to earth. New groups of Millénaires went around the world stealthily and preached in whispers the new Millennium. The old one, said they, had not taken place because of a mistake in the calculation of the date of its arrival. The thousand years, these monks maintained, should have been counted not from the day of His birth but from the day of His rising from among the dead. *Errare humanum est.*

Nevertheless, the original terror of the Millennium had been too great to leave any great capacity for absolute hope. Men believed still because the martyrs of the Millénaires were so eloquent; because men always had a romantic interest in those who were engaged in secret and forbidden labors. What else did they have in life than the leisure to believe! Faith, the capacity for faith, was the only thing that distinguished them from their oxen, their dogs, lions and tigers.

The Church of Rome engaged in a bitter fight with the Church of Constantinople after the Millennium. The dignitaries of Constantinople had not forgotten that they had only recently been excommunicated by the Church of Rome, and the gross insults and terrible anathemas hurled by each church at the other worked greater havoc among the people and their rulers than any successful preaching of paganism could have accomplished. Actually, the difference between the Church of Constantinople and the Church of Rome was wholly in the rituals, in adapted

customs, and not at all in the faith. Really, the two churches were fighting for supreme power over the world.

The Christians were at all times greater enemies of Christianity than the pagans had ever been. The schism between the two churches, officially based on the differences of ritual, on such trifles as the number of genuflections before the saintly image, or the use of unleavened bread, had already been effected in the hearts of the people, long before. The Catholics looked upon the Greek Orthodox as heretics and the Orthodox believed the Catholics guilty of more hateful conduct than the Moslems accused them of.

Both the Church of Rome and the Church of Constantinople were no longer anxious to proselytize. They were animated by the power they felt surging within them to fight for supremacy. They fought for power on earth and not for the salvation of souls. The blade and the scepter, not the heart and the cross, were ruling. Patriarchs and popes were not chosen because of saintliness and holiness, but because of strength, power, cunning, and personality. Popes and patriarchs had to possess the same attributes as leaders of armies, of hordes, of robber bands. The two churches no longer represented the secret beliefs of slaves and paupers but were the official representatives, and simultaneously the rulers, of kings, princes, and barons who believed in talking to the unbelievers with the sword and spear, who believed not in any vow of poverty, but in the inflicting of poverty upon those they conquered. Rome was not trying to prove to Constantinople its heresies, and to persuade the patriarch to come back to the right path,

but was enmeshed in the eternal struggle for supremacy between East and West, and trying to convict Constantinople as a criminal worthy of the great hangman. Popes and patriarchs were not the representatives of the God of love and humility: they were Jehovah's hangmen.

Rome was fighting Constantinople because it was nearer to the sources of the enormous wealth of the East, because Constantinople was the gateway to the East, because Rome had to pay toll to the East, because more gold found its way to Constantinople than into the coffers of the Roman Church. The Church of Christ no longer represented a belief. It represented power. Christ and Christianity were forgotten in the scramble for worldly goods; the worldly goods He had despised and denounced so bitterly as the cause of all the strife among men. The Church of Rome had become a huge business organization and was fighting for markets. Had He suddenly appeared, both Constantinople and Rome would have agreed—to crucify Him again. They would have torn the whip out of His hands and beaten Him over the head with it had He appeared in the market-place.

The martyrs who had been torn in the arenas by the claws of the wild beasts had shed the blood to fill the rivers upon which the church had floated to the top. When the Christians, instead of being down in the pit, had won their place on the stone seats they watched people writhe in the same throes they themselves had suffered. When asked how one could distinguish between real believers and heretics one of the popes replied: "Kill them all. The Lord shall afterwards separate the sheep from the wolves."

It was immediately after the Millennium that the sacrilegious Black Mass was first officiated. Officially, openly, in a given year, priests and neophytes gathered in churches, stripped themselves naked, turned the altar upside down, recited the Lord's Prayer backwards, alternating each Latin word with a French or Italian one, sang obscene songs, cursed God instead of blessing Him, mocked Jesus instead of genuflecting to Him, and finished up the performance with an orgy of degenerate sex-intercourse in which a he-goat played an important part. The orgy ended when the sacred shrines were defiled with the vomit and the excrements of those participating in the officiation of the Mass.

These orgies were performed in churches with a quasi-religious meaning. Repeated privately and secretly by the lords and barons, they were urged by drink or lust, and were especially frequent in the castles of French and Italian barons, kings, and seigniors whose idle minds were continually busy inventing new forms of voluptuous pleasure, and in heaping ignominy upon ignominy so as to be able to repent with greater fervor the next day.

Sin atrociously so you may repent deeply.

The joy of repentance was the doctrine of sin. Feeding on venison and spicy wines, the clergy and the nobility had no other outlet for their surplus energy than war and sex. Some of these Masses had the same perverted features as the voodoo rites of the savages of Congo and included the killing of the goat and the maiden after the performance.

Church and warrior worked hand in hand, or sword

to sword. Both the Church of Rome and the Church of Constantinople had a hand in almost every quarrel, in every dispute, and every war. Openly siding with one and secretly encouraging the other, marrying, divorcing, permitting polygamy one day, denouncing it the next, forbidding and excommunicating at will and at pleasure and enforcing that will with its own sword and fire or with that of a strong neighbor to whom it promised the wife, children and the land and castles of the conquered, the church reigned supreme.

The thirst for adventure was being kept at high pitch in the breasts of men. The barbarians, the Asiatic invaders, who had now for so long won victory after victory, and fought and conquered, and fought and lost, and fought and conquered again, heightened in the Europeans their spirit of adventure when they finally settled among them. Any seignior could raise an army, any time he felt like doing so, from among his slaves and free men. Neither age nor sex mattered. Duties and obligations did not obstruct the way. They did not exist. It mattered not against whom people were being called to fight. When called they went, thirsty for blood, anxious to hear groans and cries of agony, hungry for loot, debauchery, and slaves. Centuries of cruelty had induced a permanent and racial Sadism, which, when not satisfied in the arena, had to be given free play on the field of battle. For sadistic lust men were willing to pay the highest price in their possession: their lives. The activities of peaceful life were uninteresting. Violent actions were as stimulating as strong wines. Saints are not brought up on the stone benches of arenas.

Everywhere was better than at home. Peaceful barons were considered weaklings. The church despised them and robbed them at the first opportunity. Where there should have been wheat-blades and plowmen, the whole of Europe was covered with clanking swords and ripping spears and bedraggled highwaymen and robbers. Neither the streets nor the roads were safe; the price of life was at its lowest ebb while the largest church bells were being molded.

The earth never being totally free from evil, and never totally devoid of good, some finer grains detached themselves from the sand. Here and there, some souls of gold were unable to melt and coagulate with the dross and dirt. Neither the first Millennium nor the second one had succeeded in stamping out faith from all the hearts, and neither degeneracy nor obscenity had succeeded in totally swamping the human island. Detaching themselves from the welter of the world of the living, some people longed to reach the tomb of the One who had died for them.

It is difficult really to understand today the hazards encountered by an individual who set out on such a trip from any of the European countries. It is easier to understand how anyone might hope to come out alive, though naked and unarmed, from the African jungles than how those pilgrims hoped to reach their destination alive. The fortitude necessary for such a pilgrimage was a thousand times greater than the fortitude of those who had entered singing and dancing an arena of hungry wild beasts. Every beast, in human form, lay waiting on the roads for those pilgrims. Every day that carried a pilgrim a few miles closer

to his destination was another miraculous day, for which he thanked the Lord.

Only few had the privilege to thank Him many times in succession. The majority of those who left France, or England, or Italy, on a pilgrimage, were despoiled and killed by people of their own blood, preying upon them. Pilgrims who took the sea route were cajoled into Lombard and Greek vessels and were chained to the galleys and later sold into slavery, to Turks and Saracens. Pilgrim hunting was as profitable a business as slave hunting in Africa a thousand years later. Those who took the land route were captured by the barbarians on the plains of Hungary when they had reached that far. There, when the captor was kind, they were put to replace mules at the millstone yokes, or were fed to dogs and swine, when not served as food to the young warriors.

Those whose fortitude abandoned them on the way, and who returned to their homes telling tales of hardships, were scorned and spat upon as cowards by their relatives and friends. For some unaccountable reason it was considered more dishonorable to return from an unaccomplished pilgrimage to the Holy Land than to run away from the battle front.

Pilgrims began to organize themselves into large bands. Yet, when organized, these lambs became wolves, armed themselves, pillaged lone wayfarers, overran villages, and raped and robbed with as much abandon as they had shown religious zeal. More than that, when one such pilgrim band overtook another the two fought with lance and sword, exciting even the heathen to take part in the

fight. Lone pilgrims, who had survived a long distance, escaping both beast and enemy, were frequently captured and sold into slavery by organized bands of pilgrims. The few pieces of silver so obtained bought a little more bread, sustenance for the Holy and the Worthy. One serpent swallowed another, to be soon the food of still another one. People went a-pilgriming and a-robbing at the same time. They could not have behaved more outrageously had they been on the road to the shrine of Beelzebub.

Villages and towns were more afraid of these bands of roving pilgrims than they were of invading barbarians. The sight of the *cucullus,* the capuche, the cowl, the pilgrim garb, inspired greater fear than the coat of mail and the helmet. A-pilgriming became the excuse of robbers and adventurers, of pilferers and degenerates. When cries of "Hosanna! I am on my way to the Lord," were heard, doors were shut and women and children were hidden in deep caves and secreted in the mountains. "Pilgrims are coming."

Yet even among these bands there were some who united honestly for security and comfort, and who trod their way peacefully; plain peasants as well as grand seigniors. But who could have told the difference? They all wore the cross hanging from their belts. They were all garbed alike. They sang the same songs. They said they believed in the same God. They were on the way to the same shrine. Really only the Lord could have separated the sheep from the wolves.

Pilgrim groups reached in some manner and time the Holy Land; and though the Holy City was in the posses-

sion of the infidel, they found neither difficulty nor opposition after they had reached Moslem territory. Mohammed's followers had wrought order in Asia, order and tolerance toward the beliefs of other peoples. In their eyes as well the Holy City had been sanctified by Jesus. When they had opposed the entrance of pilgrims it was only because they did not believe, from the manner of living of these pilgrims, that they had come urged by a holy desire. For Moslem pilgrims behaved somewhat differently from Christian pilgrims. No matter what happened on the journey, the Moslems entered the Holy City in clean garb, bathed, tonsured, and truly penitent.

The Christian pilgrims felt safe only after they had reached Moslem territory. There they were not afraid of highwaymen and of pilfering robber bands headed by some grand seignior on pilgrimage. The Mohammedans succored the weak and the sick and took under their protection the old, the crippled, the women and children. Later on, the famous institution of the Knights Templars was patterned entirely after similar organizations of the Moslems. The Moslems had been tolerant and hospitable to individual Christian pilgrims. But when large and armed bands had made their way to the gates of Jerusalem, they changed the rule. The gates of the city were closed and the pilgrims were allowed inside only for a stipulated time, and one by one. No armed stranger was permitted within the confines of the city.

Those Christians who were in Jerusalem before the new rule was put in force were allowed to stay provided they remained unarmed. Their quarters were at all

times considered the most filthy and most unruly ones within Jerusalem. No one ventured alone in the Christian quarters. A considerable number of established pilgrims led holy lives. A still greater number had withdrawn from the neighborhood their coreligionists lived in and gone to live among the Moslems; many had accepted the faith of Mohammed and were living in a manner that gave no offense to the other inhabitants.

The quarrels and fights between the Greek and Catholic priests amused and perplexed the Moslems and shamed the more reasonable of the Christians. Greek and Catholic pestered the governor with their quarrels, each demanding that he forbid the other one access to Holy ground. Each group pretended to be the only lawful heir to His tomb, and accused the other one of usurpation and desecration. Back of all that was greed and petty thievery; the sale of relics, of remedies and potions. Rome was fighting Constantinople across Christ's tomb. Greek and Latin were spitting at one another and befouling His grave. And the Moslems laughed.

What percentage of pilgrims ever returned West will forever remain a mystery. It is improbable that more than a few out of every thousand ever got back home. Even when accomplished under most favorable circumstances, the trip from the West to the East had taken the fortitude out of most of them, and the anticipation of a return voyage must have been terrorizing. Beyond the confines of Turkish land, began the rule of the highway robbers and the cowled murderers and barbarians, heretics, wolves, beasts who had neither consideration nor pity nor respect

for a returning pilgrim. Indeed, returning pilgrims were robbed and killed by pilgrims on their way eastward. It was no great sin to send to his Maker somebody who had already done what they were on their way to do. Crawling through forest paths and byways, some succeeded in reaching their own homes to tell the most fabulous tales. The truth, alone and unvarnished, would have been enough to inflame the desires and awaken the cupidity of people in want, grossness, sordidness and filth. Add to this the natural inclination toward exaggeration of adventurous souls, and to this add also the desire to exaggerate one's own dangers and one's own accomplishments, and to this add also the glory of being pointed out as a hero, and you will still have only a faint picture of what these returning pilgrims portrayed to their listeners.

While the West had nothing that was beautiful, the East was rich in gorgeous silks and heavy brocades brought on the backs of camels from India and Persia. The East was rich in works of art, carved in ivory and encrusted in gold. The East had already discovered how to make steel. Eastern weapons were brittle but did not bend. The edges of the swords remained sharp and were not blunted at every blow. The East was already using gunpowder. The East was rich in fertile lands, immense herds of cattle, and had already advanced far in breeding the finest horses in the world. The Arabs had begun pedigreeing their horses fifteen centuries ago.

In Jerusalem, the Moslem Mosque of Omar, built on one of the walls of Solomon's Temple, overshadowed everything the pilgrims had ever seen. The most plainly

dressed people of Jerusalem were more beautifully dressed than the princes of the West. The streets fluttered with the colored garments and velvet brocades worn by men and women. The West had never seen such tints as came out of the vats of the East. The carriages of the rich were studded with gold. Horses were shod in silver. Saddles and harness were wrought in the finest leather. The West had never seen such beauty, such wealth. The East had wide roads lined with trees laden with luscious fruit. The East laughed and sang.

When these accounts had seeped through the minds and scaled the walls of castles of barons and kings, people began to remember the costly presents once sent by the East to Charlemagne. The memory of the gorgeousness of these presents had been dormant in the minds of people. Had they not been otherwise involved for three centuries, that memory would have aroused the cupidity and adventurousness of those who longed to test their strength and prove their worth. The open-handed calif who had sent those presents to Charlemagne had been on the brink of self-destruction.

Rome did not dare to excite Europe to war against the East. Such a dangerous undertaking needed a better excuse than the acquisition of loot. Rome was planning. Manuscripts brought by returning pilgrims proved the culture of the East. Refinements of manner and bearing, culture, conveyed to the uncultured monks and priests the erroneous impression of effeminacy. The idea grew that the brutal strength of the West could easily overcome the effeminacy of the East. Then the West would plunder, rob,

and abandon itself to the sybaritic pleasure the others had created.

But of open war no word was heard. The change that took place was in another direction. If during the previous three hundred years many of those who had gone on pilgrimages were moved by religious zeal, those who went in the latter half of the eleventh century didn't even pretend that this was their motive. They were knights traveling for excitement and adventure; in quest of pleasure and plunder. The aim was not the Tomb of the Holy Land, but the desire to see that fabulously rich land. Better organized than the former bands, these seigniorial pilgrims reached their destination and returned home with more exaggerated tales than the former ones. Others found the East so much to their liking they remained there permanently and joined, as mercenaries, the armies of the Infidel.

The East offered wonderful opportunities to these errant knights. The East was not as crowded as the West. The East gave the Western knight elbow-room—and freedom from the continual intercessions of the church, whose power grew daily stronger and spread wider, curtailing individual liberty even in the most intimate family affairs. At home, kings, barons, seigniors were at the mercy of the intriguing bishops, who contracted marriages for them and decreed divorces without consulting the parties involved. In the East the knights breathed freely—for a short span—until the arm of the church reached there also and the hand clutched at many a nobleman riding his Pegasus. Midway between the portals of the East and the extreme

range of the West, another power was rising. Venice's arms were reaching both limits.

During the eleventh century, there lived at Amiens, in Normandy, a family of nobles from whose midst had sprung many valiant warriors who had lent their prestige and weapons to those who had befriended them.

All Normans were reputed courageous and audacious in battle and both seignior and freeman were hiring themselves out at the highest pay to whosoever needed them. The laborer was worthy of his hire. The sword was worthy of the scabbard. When so hired the Norman swordsman did not receive pay directly in his hands, but allowed his friend to fill the scabbard with gold and silver and kept his sword unsheathed as long as the friend continued to fill its housing.

To this family of Norman nobles a boy child was born, and they christened him Peter. The boy was small of stature and very deformed. His father as well as his brothers and sisters turned their heads away from him in despair and disgust, when they saw him. The father was ashamed to call the deformity his son. The brothers were ashamed to call him brother. However, the natural love lavished by a mother upon her offspring encouraged and helped the child to live, grow, and overcome the illness that beset the little cripple from his birth on.

When the boy reached his tenth year, the family was bent on plying him toward the clergy. Yet, though weak and deformed, young Peter showed neither aptitude nor

desire for book learning. His courage was considerably greater than his strength. His valiancy and his ambition outstripped the same qualities in his brothers, though they were better built than he was. The heart of a soldier was housed in the body of a crippled dwarf.

Secretly at first, and then openly, little Peter engaged in physical drills, and allowed his mind to conceive ideas of conquests and power and to dream of supreme sway over the lives of men. He was not a cripple once only, but a hundred times. His nose was not in the right place. One of his eyes was set lower than the other. One ear was much smaller than the other, and much farther back upon his head. One shoulder was higher than the other. One leg was shorter than the other. Upon legs of a dwarf he carried the torso of a giant. It was so big and broad, the heavy load bent and bowed the thighs and the leg bones. Not a bone in his body was straight. But when he began to speak, his eloquence was irresistible.

In spite of his deformities he attracted considerable attention to himself. The mockery of his immediate family when Peter expressed the desire to join the army of the count of Boulogne, in Flanders, in 1071, the laughter caused by the announcement of his firm decision, did not deter him from doing what he wanted. Peter was eighteen years old. One can guess only the strength of his character when, in spite of all opposition, he did join the army in Flanders and went out to battle. Picture this small deformity in heavy armor, astride one of those big horses that carried the iron-laden grand seigniors of the day. Clothes and arms weighed more than the warrior.

The physical hardships proved to be insupportable, de-

spite the great spirit of Peter, and he had to return to the bosom of his family, concluding himself and admitting to others that the hardships exacted of men under arms greater strength than he possessed. Physically he was vanquished, but his spirit remained unbroken. He was still unwilling to learn the patter of the clergy of those days, and, soon after his return from Flanders, he married the beautiful Anne de Roussi, the daughter of a neighboring baron.

There are several legends concerning this marriage. One is, that of all the people in the neighborhood of Amiens, Anne was the only one who didn't despise Peter after his return from Flanders. He had bragged so much of his future military successes that when he came back without having accomplished them, he was jeered by everybody. Anne de Roussi, young and beautiful, courted by handsome and powerful barons and castellans, took pity and bewailed the injustice of the mysterious power which had placed so beautiful a soul, so powerful a will, in so small and ugly a body. Surrounded as she was by handsome and powerful warriors who fêted and courted her, she never allowed a tournament in her honor to go by without having Peter near her. While the noblemen bragged and sang of their successes and jousted and caracoled on their horses, Peter planned to vanquish them. He needed one great victory to win for himself the lovely maiden, despite his ugliness, despite his deformity. He matched his eloquence, his fervor, against the deeds and the physical beauty of the others and came out the victor from the clash. Men fight with such arms as they can handle best.

There is a legend that the young lady cried out in ecstasy one day after Peter had spoken. In the presence of many chevaliers and her own parents, she said that Peter was the handsomest among men, and that God had made them blind to his beauty so that she alone of all women could see it. She declared that she would marry Peter and no one else. Peter was her Prince Charming. Soon after, Peter married Anne de Roussi and broke the hearts and won the enmity of many powerful seigniors who had never thought of him as a possible competitor.

The marriage was a very happy one and Peter was soon the father of several children. It would be interesting to know more about this period in the life of this extraordinary character who played such an important rôle in the First Crusade, nay, who was the torch which lit the fire of the First Crusade. Unfortunately, we have nothing more than vague, unreliable, and apocryphal legends of the happy days of Peter's marriage to Anne de Roussi; legends, songs, which tell that the great love Peter bore the woman had straightened out his body and heightened it by several inches, that he bore himself like other men soon after his marriage; so straight, indeed, his grown children later refused to believe that their father had been otherwise than other men, except somewhat smaller in stature than they were themselves.

Neither are there any records as to the manner or the cause of his wife's death. Some legends say that she died in childbirth. Some say that she was killed by one of her former admirers when she had thrown herself between the desperate heartbroken warrior and her husband. There

are more or less plausible authorities who maintain that Anne de Roussi died childless. Other sources of information and misinformation deny even the existence of Anne de Roussi. What is one to say to a quasi-historical whisper claiming that the whole personality of Peter the Hermit is a myth?

The written word is the most untrustworthy record in history. That part of the eleventh century, and the century after, is shrouded and clouded in mystery. Documents, letters, were written frequently in such bad Latin that they confuse more than enlighten, and permit all kinds of interpretations. The clergy was careless, and ignorant, and wilfully distorted everything to suit momentary needs. Peter himself left no account of his travels. He was as illiterate as the others. Kings, barons, and grand seigniors considered all learning beneath their dignity, and despised the scrivener. The more the church associated with men of arms, the more it took on the same attitude. High dignitaries of the church prided themselves on their illiteracy. Why should anyone know letters when he could have revealing visions! It was manly and saintly to be illiterate.

Whether in childbirth or because she defended him, Anne de Roussi died ten years before the end of the eleventh century. Peter's grief was so great and intense, he forgot a father's obligation toward his children and retired to the mountains, where he lived alone, feeding on roots and herbs. When Anne died the world died. He had been a lover and not a father.

When the first stream of grief began to run shallow,

Peter began to meditate. Some well-meaning priest or monk had visited him from time to time, attempting to console him, trying to rouse him back to a more active life. This visitor stirred in Peter the desire to go on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. He began believing he had been punished by the Eternal for some sin he had committed; his own sin, or the sins of his father and his forefathers. By that time he had won for himself the title of Hermit.

Three or four years after the death of his wife, he donned the *cucullus,* the cowl, and started out alone on the long journey to win the salvation of his soul. Such journeys, though still freighted with great danger, had been made comparatively easier than they had been forty or fifty years before. The roads had been made safer by continual travel. Peter's physique had been a great disadvantage to him in the métier of arms, but it was of no disadvantage on that trip, except for the immediate bodily fatigue of a journey on foot. He was so deformed he inspired pity where strong men inspired fear and aroused cupidity. Not one of the slavers would have taken him as a gift. They let him be. They even fed him. He was just one more worm dragging himself in the dust of the road.

Because he was a cripple Peter arrived at Jerusalem in much better fettle than many who had preceded him. Did he form his plans while on the eastward trip, or did he conceive them when in Jerusalem? Had he had any plan at all? There are indications that he allowed himself to be the instrument of time and the turbulent spirit alive in Europe, and that he had relied on chance and a little imagination to do the rest. The Christian world needed

a Peter just then; he had the good sense not to hide himself. On the contrary, he trumpeted himself aloud: "Here I am, I, Peter the Hermit!"

Peter's enthusiasm and eloquence spread their wings when his feet touched holy ground. Joining the crowds of Christians in the Holy City, he soon gained considerable ascendency over them, exhorting and exciting all to sanctity. His striking personality, striking because of the oddness of such powerful speech in so deformed a body, made his presence felt immediately upon his arrival. He became the center of attention and of disputes of groups of pilgrims. Even the Christian inhabitants of Jerusalem, who were skeptical of the holiness of all the newcomers, and looked upon holy ground as a trafficking place where they could sell relics and remedies, raised their heads and listened to this monk. What did he say? How had he come there? Why did people listen to him? Why did everybody speak of him, for or against?

At that time Simeon was the patriarch of Jerusalem. A shrewd and naive visionary, he realized immediately Peter could be made into an instrument that could be used to pry open the doors of the gates of the Holy City. Simeon's great dream was to make Jerusalem a Christian city. Peter and Simeon met, and the eloquent hermit confessed to the patriarch that he had had a vision. Jesus had urged him to devote his life and his energy to the deliverance of Jerusalem from the hands of the Infidel. Visions had to be believed. Simeon could not tell Peter that he did not believe in visions. The patriarch gave Peter a letter in which he spoke of the horrible condition of the Faithful

in the Holy Land, the profanation of the Holy Sepulcher, and painted with energy and exaggeration the martyrdom of the Christians in Jerusalem and the humiliations to which they were submitted by the Turks. Simeon did not consider it was sinful to lie in the interest of truth, the true faith. Though it is not certain, it is probable that Peter's first stay in Jerusalem was not longer than a month, and that he visited Constantinople and had an audience with the Emperor Alexius Comnenus, before he visited Pope Urban II.

If Peter, before he had received the letter from the Patriarch Simeon, had been quivering with ecstatic zeal and eloquence, the Peter armed with the patriarch's missive was a thousand times more zealous and more eloquent. His imagination ran riot. The tales of cruelty which he told surpassed everything that had been told before. According to him the sufferings of pilgrims began only after they had crossed into Turkish territory, and the dangers and humiliations reached their zenith within the gates of the Holy City. All the pilgrims, all the Christians in the land of the infidel, were martyrs. The cruel Turk, Peter told, invented daily new forms of torture, new forms of degradation from which neither women nor children were exempt. The Turk was animated by the devil, to whom he prayed daily for the invention of new tortures to be used on the pilgrims. The Christian world should have mercy on their saintly brothers.

Alexius Comnenus, the Byzantine Emperor on the throne of Constantinople, was a calculating and diplomatic Levantine who had wrested the scepter of his empire dur-

ing a revolution which he had headed. To maintain himself on the throne he had to accomplish deeds greater than those of his predecessors, and had to aggrandize and enrich his country. Alexius had repelled the invasions of barbaric hordes and had beaten back the Lombards into Italy. He had organized his army and his fleet. He had expanded his dominion and power to the Balkans and was now, after fourteen years of successful administration and absolute dictatorship, secretly planning to engage in a struggle with the Turks for the possession of that part of Asia which was in their hands. Alexius Comnenus had not intended to claim that his proposed war against the Turks had any religious background. It was to be a war of conquest with the spoils going to the strong. But such a war would be extremely costly. Mercenaries were paid high wages. The patriarch of Constantinople, whoever he was, was of no great importance. Luck seemed to favor the emperor's projects when Peter appeared.

Constantinople was at that time the most beautiful city in Europe. Its markets were piled high with merchandise from all parts of the earth. Every luxury known to the Middle Ages, silks, brocades, gold, silver, jewels, bronzes, all kinds of reliquaries enameled and set in gold, rugs, cashmeres, and the most fantastically and daintily carved weapons found their way there. Constantinople was to Europe then what Paris came to be many centuries later: the center of art, of style, luxury, and pleasure.

During the reign of Alexius Comnenus, Constantinople had attracted a number of noblemen from the West, and the emperor had succeeded in enrolling them in his suite

and in acquiring through them numberless mercenaries from their countries or estates. Robert of Flanders, who lived in Constantinople months at a time, had already furnished him five hundred horsemen to serve in battle. Gifts of gold and presents, which Alexius distributed openhandedly, but adroitly, attracted still more noblemen to the salons of the emperor. Seigniorial mercenaries who had formerly joined the army of the infidel, abandoned Turkish arms and came to live in Constantinople, offering their arms to the Byzantine Emperor. Alexius Comnenus had come to the conclusion that with a little diplomacy and much gold he could buy all and every Latin in existence; that Latins were all at his disposal, for a consideration. Why Greeks, Levantines, of such undependable honesty, should consider other peoples to be still more easily influenced by gifts and gold is a mystery to be solved by psychologists.

Peter reached Constantinople at a time especially propitious to Alexius's grand plans. The Sultan Malek-Shah had died, and the anarchy which followed his death seemed favorable for the success of a Byzantine attempt upon Asia. Alexius didn't have a big enough army just then; and of this a great part had to be kept in the capital to maintain him in power, and another part was spread over a vast territory that had to be protected against robbing invaders and enemies within.

Alexius cared little for the religious differences between the Greek Orthodox and the Catholic Church, and even before the appearance of Peter the Hermit he had frequently and diplomatically given Pope Urban II to under-

stand that he would have no objections to the healing of the schisms between the two churches; the healing which meant, ipso facto, that the pope of Rome would be recognized as the religious head of the Church of Christ, the world over. Rome was feeling out the ground. Rome knew Alexius Comnenus was moved to make such an offer by calculated advantages and not by religious zeal. Rome acted slowly, afraid to pay more than it could obtain in exchange.

And now eloquent Peter appeared on the scene.

What a man! What a godsend! What power! What eloquence! He was like a magnet. People followed him willy-nilly, everywhere. Even those who did not agree with what he said loved to listen to him. He had received the "Word," *"Verbum,"* as a direct gift from God. Alexius joined his voice to the great cry of the injustices that were being committed against the Christians. He too, the emperor, cried out in pity for the martyrs. And because visions were the things, he began to have visions. He had grand visions, imperial visions. Yes. It was the duty of every living Christian to free Jerusalem from the infidel; to wrest from the Turk the possession of the Holy Sepulcher.

Jesus Himself had told him so. No one dared call Alexius a liar. Peter could not claim that he had exclusive rights upon Jesus's time and elements. After all, Jesus could go a-visioning whenever and to whomsoever He pleased, couldn't He? If it pleased Him to spend a few minutes with Alexius Comnenus, no one could say a word against that. It was the duty of every Christian to save the holy places from defamation and desecration. The crafty

Greek wept copious and bitter tears. Jerusalem! Jerusalem! Sacred Jerusalem!

The God Alexius believed in could have sent him no better ally than Peter the Hermit. The mercenaries he had been able to obtain until then had been insufficient in numbers and terribly expensive. He was soon to have a great army, one that wouldn't cost him anything, a tremendous army with which he could easily wrest the power from the Turks. Not Jerusalem alone, but the reins of the whole of Asia Minor were soon to be in his hands. He knew the East better than the Western people did, and he had learned to know the Latins. They were all susceptible to bribes and flattery. They were all uncivilized barbarians, children he could handle at will, with only half the consummate skill he possessed. Peter was a godsend, the very man he needed. Simeon had never done anything so good as to send Peter to him.

We shall later hear a little more about Alexius. But this much was needed now, in order to understand better what he did to Peter's wings, how he raised them for the rapid flight from Jerusalem to Italy. And Peter was willing. Under the strain of the strenuous activity he imposed upon himself he forgot his great sorrow, the loss of his beloved wife.

What else could Pope Urban II do after he had received Peter the Hermit, who had already aroused the world before he had remitted the Patriarch Simeon's letter to the pope, than listen to the cripple? He was the bearer of important and exalted messages. To antagonize Alexius meant to abandon all hope of ruling Constantinople. Re-

ligion was the pawn of both the Byzantine Emperor and the pope. What could Urban do but permit Peter to preach the crusade against the infidel? Peter's eloquence grew day by day. His power developed. He told hair-raising stories. The descriptions of the cruelties the Turks inflicted upon the Christians were so fearful, even the most hardened warriors broke out in loud cries. He made them see the tearing of the flesh, and smell the odor of the fetid blood and burning corpses. The Turk was the devil incarnate. Were they to sit still while the Turk was playing with the lives and the flesh of their brothers!

When Peter presented himself before Urban II, he had already, voluntarily or involuntarily, prepared the ground and created the enthusiasm that forced the hand of the vacillating pope.

The idea of a crusade was not a new one. Sylvester II and Gregory VII had already had such plans in their minds. At times these plans concerned a military expedition in the name of religion against the Moors, and at other times it was planned against the Greek Orthodox heretics of Constantinople, but only a vague idea of eventually wresting the Tomb of Jesus from the hands of the infidel was entertained. An expedition to Jerusalem was too costly and too involved, because of the Byzantine Empire. They did not want to take the chestnuts out of the fire to feed their enemy. When Urban II read the letter and looked at the man and listened to him, he doubted whether Peter was the right person; but Peter talked of visions. A great number of people believed in visions. The church had preached visions. To deny one man's visions was to deny

all visions. The church could not do that, unless the visionary was ordered to be burned at the stake. Urban II could not do that to Peter. It was just as dangerous to deny Peter as it was to follow him. The pope temporized and temporized, but was finally compelled to authorize the crippled monk to preach the crusade to the people, while he hoped that nothing serious would develop.

The Hermit of other days, invested with power, gained strength. No one before, except Alexander the Great, had created and set in motion so much human energy. No one's example was as infectious as that of Peter. Like a thunderbolt he had sped through Italy, France, and Germany. There was not a door at which he did not knock; not a street-corner, not a crossroad at which he did not preach. Whether he walked or rode a horse or traveled in a carriage, he was everywhere at the same time, eloquent, indefatigable, continually painting new pictures of humiliations and cruelties, continually denouncing the whole world who allowed Christian martyrs to be persecuted by the infidel, and permitted the Holy Ground to be desecrated and held by the very enemies of God.

What did he say and how did he say it? We have no record of his words, but we can measure his eloquence, his fire, his activity, by what he accomplished. People forgot everything when they listened to him: barons and seigniors their castles, their pleasures, and their grievances; peasants their fields; slaves their chains. They followed him. Soon hundreds, thousands, in his wake, went wherever he went and camped around him wherever he stopped, eager to listen, hypnotized by his voice and personality.

They didn't lead holier lives while they followed him, these barons and peasants. They raped, robbed, cheated, and killed as before. It was his dramatic quality and not the theme that held them spellbound. The spirit of Europe was still paganistic. What was beautiful was good. The Christian philosophy had not yet inverted the percept. The good had not yet become the beautiful. The preacher and not the preachment attracted the people.

Of course, there were some who sought to minimize Peter's importance; accusations, old sex stories, were revived and thrown at him. But Peter had grown too big: nothing could reach him. Peter had grown too strong to bother about quarreling with his detractors or to stoop low enough to answer them. He had climbed to high peaks of tall mountains. He was supernatural. He was not the spokesman of the Lord, he was the Lord. *Aquila non capit muscas.*

At the assembly of Clermont-Ferrand, convoked by the Pope Urban II in 1095, Peter the Hermit, crippled little Peter, the same Peter who only a few years previously had been mocked and jeered at by his own townspeople, Peter who had withdrawn from the world after the death of his wife, and had dragged himself like a worm along the road to Jerusalem, Peter the illiterate, dominated the high dignitaries of the church and even Pope Urban II, and swept off its feet the whole assembly when he spoke. Even Urban II was won over completely. The enthusiasm was so great that the thousands of people who had assembled there suddenly cried out all at once, as though it had been prearranged: "*Deus vult*—God wills it!" and then and there

red crosses were made out of strips of the lining torn from the cloaks of bishops and cardinals, and pinned upon the backs of those who enrolled themselves as soldiers in the Holy War. Peter, who had had no experience as an organizer, cheerfully undertook to lead the First Crusade to Jerusalem.

Had another one been chosen as leader, it is doubtful whether one-tenth as many men would have enrolled themselves immediately. It was Peter's Crusade. In company with Gauthier Sans Avoir, Peter began the organization of the grand army, if so it can be called. The Crusaders had no money, no means, didn't know the roads, had no arms, had nothing with which to start on such a long journey; nothing except Peter at their head and a spirit of adventure which animated them all. Thousands of people, men, women, and children, were so anxious to be on the way, they left before Peter had started. It was a new Exodus.

What were the conditions of the people of France at the time of this First Crusade? What were the conditions of these people, so ready to leave their own hearths and families?

Behind them were three centuries of hunger, starvation, pestilence, defeats, barbarous quarrels, deceptions, and sordidness.

What did Peter promise? What did he hold forth to them? Aside from the holy mission to which he called them, he hinted at the riches to be gathered on the way from infidels; he hinted at great adventures, fair lands, and beautiful women. He didn't promise anything of


VBI: VNVS: CLERICVS: ET
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all that in so many words. "God will provide." Peter said so.

Peasants, freemen, and slaves who joined Peter's Crusade were freed of all obligations toward the state, the seignior and gained their freedom. They were also absolved from past, present, and future sins. They were made into pagans again. All restraint was removed. People enrolled themselves by the hundreds, by the thousands. The army swelled as it marched along, as it gathered itself. There was no order, no discipline. It was an immense horde, that answered everyone and everything with the loud call *"Deus vult!"* They sang and cried the two words, clapping their hands and stamping their feet, marching to the beat of the roaring sound, and sweeping along with them all those they met. *"Deus vult, Deus vult!"*

The first money to defray the immediate expenses for the journey was gotten from the heretics immediately at hand: the Jews. It is not here the place and I have no heart to expand much on this subject. Groups of Jews lived in almost every large town of France, England, Spain, Italy, and Germany, in those days. They were merchant families who had been the intermediaries between the East and the West, to whom ships laden with goods had brought such luxuries as Europe wanted to buy and pay for. Rightly or wrongly, all the Jews were considered to be extremely wealthy. They were also heretics.

There was a time when these Jews had been persecuted by the natives as Christians. There had been no unfriendliness between them and the Christian population until the year of the Crusade. But Peter and his horde needed

money, and the leaders of this First Crusade were not the kind that had any scruples or that took past friendships into consideration.

The blood of these Jews was the first blood spilt in the name of the Lord, who Himself was one of their brethren.

The gold of these Jews was the first that went into the coffers of these unfortunate Crusaders. Everything considered, this was only a minor incident, a very minor one. Jew baiting and Jew killing were in order later on in London also, and in Manchester, when Richard the Lion-Hearted began to get ready for his Crusade.

How many were there that followed Peter? A hundred thousand? Two hundred thousand? No one knows. When the Crusaders arrived at the banks of the Rhine they swarmed as thick as crows upon carcasses. They slipped out completely from under the hand of Peter when they reached Germany, and pretending to be in the land of the infidel, they ravaged fields, raped and killed women and children, and comported themselves with the utmost grossness and stupidity, with the utmost cruelty and degeneracy, fighting the infidel for the glory of the Lord. There were many who, having acquired a sufficiency, returned immediately to their homes with whatever they could carry. Such "returners" were hooted and excluded from the community; not because they came back loaded with goods, but because they didn't continue their journey. News of the loot to be obtained, attracted great numbers of those who had not already gone. Horrified, terrorized, the peoples living in Germany then, the Prussians, or-

ganized themselves to oppose the invaders or to imitate them and join them in the good work.

Peter extricated himself and his horde from this immediate danger and passed swiftly into Hungary. There the pilgrims abandoned themselves to excesses that put their behavior on the banks of the Rhine and in Germany completely in the shade. They killed and robbed crying, *"Deus vult."* The iron crosses were used as crowbars to pry open doors, and as axes, to smash whatever was too heavy to carry. Locusts in the fields would not have laid the Hungarians' land more waste than these Crusaders.

But they had counted without Coloman, the king of Hungary. When Coloman's army fell upon Peter's disorganized, leaderless, undisciplined, unarmed bands, it was not a battle, but butchery. The arms of the Magyars slaughtered so many in one day, their hands hung down wearily. Fully two-thirds of Peter's Crusaders were left to fatten the despoiled soil of Hungary, and great toll was taken of the other one-third in the country of the Bulgars.

Perhaps Peter did cry out at the top of his voice as did his Master: *"Eli, eli, lama sabachthani!"* God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?

Peter, however, was not of the stuff that realized his mistakes. As long as he was not in personal danger, what happened to those who followed him was incidental to the great plan. Like Alexander the Great before him, like Cæsar, like many leaders, he considered human beings as the cheapest material to be had in quantities when a good reason was put forth. The world was short of leaders and

not of soldiers. A new crop of soldiers was born every hour.

Somehow and in some manner, pillaging the weak population, catering to the strong, and gathering from among the vanquished new adepts, Peter reached Constantinople at the head of less than one-quarter of the army he had set out with on the Crusade. But these bands were so hungry, starved, reckless, and undisciplined, so pitiful, dirty, and diseased, that Emperor Alexius Comnenus and Constantinople were frightened. Shops and markets closed at their approach and people bolted the doors. There was barely enough clothing on the backs of the pilgrims to hold the red sign of the cross. The hordes abandoned themselves to all kinds of lawlessness and threw the noble city into a panic. Alexius quickly realized that he had gotten more than he had bargained for, that he had stirred a hornets' nest, that instead of conquering Asia with these people he would lose the throne of Constantinople. They were a plight and a plague.

"Deus vult" now rang through the streets of the well-ordered capital of the Byzantine Empire.

Whatever was not anchored fast was pried loose and disappeared. Iron doors, porticoes, statues, paintings, marble balustrades even, were unhinged and taken. Whoever dared to oppose the Crusaders was pronounced a heretic and dealt with accordingly, without audience and without judgment. Absolved from past and future sins, each Crusader was sole judge of his own conduct.

How dared anyone withhold anything from them? Had they not come to save the Holy Land? While they

had suffered for the Lord these people, whom they had come to help, had been living in luxury and ease.

"Deus vult." Shops were broken into and robbed.

"Deus vult." Horses were taken by force.

"Deus vult." Women were dragged out from their homes.

"Deus vult." Children were made to do the bidding of new masters.

Alexius Comnenus had the choice of either ordering his army to destroy, right then and there, all Crusaders without exception, to save Constantinople, or to ship them as fast as possible in the direction in which they were headed.

Peter was pressing the emperor. His ardor had not been diminished by the decimation of his army, nor had his confidence in his hordes been shaken. The man who had, a short while before, appeared before the emperor and begged him to be the savior of the Christian martyrs in Jerusalem, now stood before him as an equal, as a ruler of men, as a representative of the Occident. Alexius hesitated some time between murdering the Crusaders and getting them out of the way. Finally, after taking his dispositions, he embarked them with Peter at their head into Asia.

To describe what happened to these vermin-ridden, pestilential people from the moment they set foot on Asiatic land until they were completely annihilated at Nicæa, at their first encounter with the regular army of the Turks, is impossible. Sufficient to say that Peter returned almost alone to Constantinople, a leader without

an army—still just as eloquent, as undismayed, still as convinced that God Himself had selected him and him alone for the great mission.

Had Alexius Comnenus taken upon himself to warn the Turks of the approach of the Crusaders? Had the Turks been informed by their secret agents in Constantinople? Had the Greeks sold the Crusaders to the infidel? Later on Alexius did this very same thing to other Crusaders. I believe he did personally betray Peter's army. He wished its complete destruction upon the Turks; hoping thereby to stop the formation of the new armies of Crusaders that were being gathered and equipped in France during Peter's absence, and to prevent any possible agreement between the Turks and the Latins against the Byzantine Empire. He wished their complete destruction.

Alexius Comnenus had reason to fear the organized armies of the Crusaders to come. At the head of these armies were proven leaders, capable administrators, ambitious and adventurous knights and warriors, who would not be as easy to handle as the disorganized bands of Peter.

Alexius Comnenus hoped that the destruction of Peter's army would diminish the zeal of these noblemen, or bring them to reason, and make them more pliable, when he should come face to face with them. The leaders of the Crusade that was being organized in the West while Peter was in the East, Godfrey de Bouillon, who eventually became king of Jerusalem, his brothers Baldwin and Eustace, Hugh de Vermandois, Raymond de Toulouse, and the Norman knights Bohemond and Tancred, each one at

the head of an army corps, were no strangers to Alexius. Though he did not know them personally, he knew their type: valiant daredevils, careful adventurers, hard-headed, stubborn noblemen who knew not only the intricacies of war but all the tortuous pathways of diplomacy, and would try to outguess him and outstrip him at every event, at every opportunity.

Meanwhile Alexius Comnenus kept Peter in Constantinople, so that his eloquence, which had inflamed so many thousands of people to follow him to Jerusalem, might be used to describe the difficulties encountered after leaving Constantinople, and the fierceness of the armies of the infidel. Alexius hoped that Peter's descriptions would deter many if not all the Crusaders and that bribes and gifts would dispose of the rest. He had indeed gotten more than he had bargained for, Alexius Comnenus. He had brought trouble upon his head. He had struck out for a few thousand free mercenaries, and the whole world thronged into his throne-room.

"What would Moses have done if an ocean had rushed upon him when he struck the stone for a little drinking water? Woe is me, woe is me."

While Peter was in Constantinople, hoping to join on the road another group of pilgrims that had taken the road before his horde had started, Godfrey de Bouillon organized his army. A descendant of Charlemagne, Godfrey's hosts were mostly of Teuton blood. This nobleman was thirty-five years old at the time. Until then he had not shown any religious zeal, and had, if anything, been a

more reckless and religionless warrior than other knights of his stamp. Inheriting the duchy of Lorraine from an uncle, after he had acquired great power and extensive dominions, he had had a series of serious disputes with the Church of Rome because its dignitaries had put forward some pretense to his lands. He had even burned down a church once and fought the army the bishops had raised to defend it. Godfrey de Bouillon, however, had not broken with the Church of Rome in any definite manner, and was not decided to fight against it in a permanent way. The burning of the house of the Lord was merely a manner of showing his displeasure at the attitude of the church in temporal affairs and of asserting his individuality.

Such little affrays were common between princes and church. Descending from a long line of princes and noblemen warriors, on both his father's and his mother's side, he was unwilling to yield his will to anyone but God, and that directly, after long disputes as between equals, and not through any intermediary. If God, or the Lord, was displeased with Godfrey de Bouillon, He knew his whereabouts and exact address.

In his former battles Godfrey had distinguished himself by personal bravery, always riding out in front of his hosts. But in the last years before the Crusade was preached, the opportunities for great adventure had become rarer and rarer. The Christianization of Europe was beginning to bind the people more or less together, denationalizing them by enrolling them all under one and the same banner, and thus diminishing the opportunity for war in the style to which these noblemen were accustomed. Barons,

counts, and kings continued to challenge one another to fight, but the church intervened too frequently and robbed them of freedom of action. It was too peaceful a time for active and intrepid warriors. The pope himself recognized this condition when he wrote:

"You are all too many in one small little area; all too full of the spirit of adventure and spoiling for a good fight. This is why you pick quarrels with one another on the most trifling excuses. You have no elbow-room in your countries. You need greater opportunities. Go East, and you will do the Church a great service, and you will meet there splendid opportunities to fight and to acquire riches. Incidentally you will leave a little more space in the countries you leave behind."

A previous letter, addressed to noblemen and commoners, sent by the Byzantine Emperor, had already elaborated on that.

"If the desire to rescue the Holy Sepulcher from the hands of the Infidel is not sufficiently strong to animate you, to enroll you among the Crusaders," the letter said, "then consider the enormous opportunity for acquiring priceless loot, priceless dominions, and extensive land that would tempt even the richest of you. And if neither religion nor wealth can set your feet moving in the direction of the East, then think of the beautiful Greek women."

After this, who can dare criticize the behavior of the knights? They were invited to loot and rape—in the name of the Lord—and they went.

The Church of Rome and the Church of Constantinople were bidding for the adventurous spirit of Europe,

and Godfrey de Bouillon was not long in hearing the offer. He rapidly organized his hosts. There is a legend that he had during a spell of malaria fever taken an oath to make a pilgrimage to the Holy Land upon his recovery. There was, however, a great difference between going on a pilgrimage and leading a Crusade. A German Kaiser also once promised himself a trip to Paris. The journey took four years. He never got there. Five million people were destroyed and ten generations will pay the cost of the interrupted journey.

Selling large slices of his land and turning everything into gold, Godfrey equipped his men and began to train them. He made his people believe that he had no intention of ever returning to his dominions. All his people were seized with the desire to sell their estates and land and goods. Their possessions were reduced to nothingness and still people continued to sell. The wealth they would loot on the way, and in Asia, was mirrored before them. Preachers made them feel that what they now possessed was worth nothing, and was bound to encumber more than help. Those who did not enroll themselves in the army of the Crusaders, because of physical condition, because of unwillingness, or because of age, acquired at the price of a song castles, lands, cattle, and actually laid the foundation, in the absence of the Crusaders, of a new nobility: the nobility of landed proprietors. The weak inherited the earth.

Still Godfrey de Bouillon enrolled daily more men into his army. Wives and children joined the Crusaders with the intention of forming a rear convoy. By the time

the army got on its way, it had in its trail a non-combatant army which outnumbered the combatant one. It was more or less well organized, though the commissariat was far from being adequate. The number of cattle driven in the rear to furnish food for the army was anything but sufficient. The leaders and the soldiers doubted not that they would be able to provision themselves on the way, buying, or wresting food by force from such heretics as they would meet on the pilgrimage. *"Deus vult"* was translated by these Teutons into "God will provide." Very few people knew how far the Holy Land was. Very few knew anything about the people living on the road thereto. Peter the Hermit was still in Constantinople. No one of his crew had come back.

Godfrey de Bouillon with his brother Baldwin near him, and his wife and children in the immediate vicinity, rode at the head of the cumbersome, clattering convoy. The minor noblemen and their families rode a little to the rear. The army was followed by a number of priests and monks who helped fire the enthusiasm of the marchers whenever it lagged. Onward, onward! Though it was evident to all that the Crusaders had set out for adventure and were not moved by a religious motive, the *"Deus vult"* was unceasingly emphasized. A hundred thousand voices piercing the cloud of dust that enveloped and folded over them. Even the horses learned to march to the rhythm of the holy cry. Large crowds joined the Crusaders daily, and clung to the rear of the army, until they filtered through to the ranks of the combatants. They were armed hastily, after receiving the cross from the hands of some priest

marching with the army. Who could carry, and not who could handle arms, only, was welcome as a soldier with Godfrey's hosts.

All went well until the Lord's Army reached the borders of Hungary. There they were met by the gently ferocious Coloman. The Hungarian, who had only recently had a taste of Peter's Crusaders, was not inclined to let this better equipped horde pass through his land. He feared that it would lay the land waste. His country was protected by narrow mountain passes. Coloman closed them, sealed them, protected them and began to parley afterwards with his uninvited guests. During the first conversation, Godfrey realized that one single false move would end his eastward march. On the other hand, Coloman had no knowledge of the number of Godfrey's army.

After long and devious discourses in which each party threatened the other with complete annihilation, it was agreed that the army should be permitted to pass through Hungary, but that Godfrey de Bouillon should leave his brother Baldwin and his wife and children as hostages to Coloman, to guarantee against any unfriendly act on the part of the Crusaders. Godfrey and his people were permitted to buy whatever they needed from the people of Hungary, in the open markets, on condition that bargains should be arrived at individually, without any force being applied by either party. The whole army of Crusaders was being made responsible for the acts of its members. The act of a single individual would endanger the lives of Godfrey's brother Baldwin, his wife, and his children. The Magyars had not yet fully accepted Christianity, and were

in no mood to make any concession. Godfrey and his men, who knew what had happened to two-thirds of Peter's army when passing through Hungary, had to make themselves believe that they had forgotten, or had no knowledge of Coloman's massacre of the Christians only a few months before. The two brothers, Godfrey and Baldwin, loved one another and had been faithful companions-in-arms. Their separation was painful and humiliating. The fear and the anxiety which entered Godfrey's heart when Baldwin and his family left him was so great, he turned gray overnight. And that fear and that anxiety increased daily, hourly.

The leader of the Crusade took stock of the people that followed him. The Crusaders were counted, divided into corps, sections, and platoons. Every group of ten men had someone who was responsible for it. Yet Godfrey de Bouillon could neither rest nor sleep while his brother was in the hands of Coloman. He was in mortal fear that one of his people might give way to the natural tendency toward the acquisition of loot. So anxious was he to see his army out of Hungary, that he led it in forced marches at top speed. Footsore horses fell by the wayside, or were led by cavaliers who divested themselves of their armor to march beside the infantry. Weary men and women stepped out from the ranks and lay down at the side of the road to be picked up by the rear convoy of monks and priests, who had organized an ambulance service; for they knew that the stragglers would be massacred by the hostile population as soon as the major part of the army should have passed.

The Magyars were fierce and cruel in the extreme. They hated all non-Magyars, and Crusaders especially. Though

Godfrey had given hostages for his behavior he had not received adequate protection against the behavior of the population. Coloman had managed to insure himself without giving assurances. When the Crusaders stopped somewhere, or when they camped, the natives came to barter, but always took advantage of the buyers. For a calf, which these Crusaders had sold before leaving their country for one silver piece, they had to pay a hundredfold to the Magyars. Flour was paid for by its weight in silver. Salt was bought for its weight in gold.

"Deus vult" was no longer a cry of defiance, a cry of war: it was the cry by which weary men encouraged one another. The rhythm changed. The tone changed. *"Deus vult"* was now chanted like the first words of a prayer; it was not a war cry. The leader's head was bent low over his chest. He prayed more fervently than he had ever prayed before, showed greater humility than he had ever shown, and promised to himself, and to the priests that surrounded and consoled him, greater piety than he had ever been praised for.

"Deus vult." Perhaps God was bent upon punishing him for the unchristian attitude he had had until then.

"Deus vult." He had quarreled with popes and bishops.

"Deus vult." He had burned a church and had defied the power of God. He had been arrogant and proud. *"Mater Dolorosa,* have pity on me."

They should be out of Coloman's land soon, and he would be reunited with his brother. The distance between the Magyar borders was greater than he had believed it to be. So far his men had behaved well.

When the army eventually emerged on the other side of the Hungarian borders and entered the country of the Bulgarians, the cry of *"Deus vult"* rose in a different tone of voice, and the original rhythm was recaptured.

Meanwhile the Crusaders had been disciplined, and taught not to commit any excesses and to pass peacefully through foreign territory. It was no longer an immense savage horde following one great leader. It was an army ruled over by men who trained themselves to rule while being ruled by ones of a higher rank. Another rest, during which count was taken of the army, and Godfrey's men sped over the Balkan hills and covered the Balkan valleys, fighting a little with the warlike peoples who had withdrawn to the mountains. Petchenegs and Turks descended upon them like vultures, attacking the rear convoys and plundering the commissariat, and even abducting women and children.

Finally, Godfrey's hosts landed before Philippopolis, the ancient fortified town named after the father of Alexander the Great. Men and women, children and priests were weary, tired, exhausted. They were sick, sore, hungry, cold, ragged.

While resting in Philippopolis Godfrey learned of the captivity in Constantinople of Hugh de Vermandois, who had set out with another army from Italy. Hugh had been captured by pirates and had been rescued from slavery or worse by Alexius Comnenus and brought to Constantinople. Yet, instead of giving the nobleman his freedom, the wily Greek held him captive as a hostage: to insure himself in advance against harsh treatment at the hand

of the oncoming Crusaders. The emperor had a guilty conscience. He had betrayed Peter's army to the Turks. Peter himself, who was still in Constantinople, was not as free as he thought he was. Hugh de Vermandois was Alexius's pawn.

The Greek was immeasurably perturbed at the approach of Godfrey's army and at the news of the formation of other armies ready to be launched out on the road to Constantinople. The Lombards, the Venetians, and the Turks looked on with satisfaction at the foolhardy enterprise. Asia was far away. The Crusaders had no competent guides. The Byzantine Empire would be weakened if not destroyed by the hundreds of thousands of men who came to its rescue. A dozen successful wars against the Byzants could not reduce its power as much as the Crusaders would. And Alexius knew. The rescue, and, afterwards, the holding in captivity of Hugh de Vermandois, was like hot iron in the hands of a thief. Its possession burned as much as it enriched. It was dangerous, but Alexius was rattled, confused. He did not know what to do. The Crusaders were coming.

Godfrey de Bouillon was on Byzantine territory when he learned of the emperor's duplicity. The fury, the enthusiasm, the warlike spirit which had been held repressed until then in both the masses and the leaders was unleashed. Before beginning to parley with Alexius for the freedom of Hugh, the whole country from Philippopolis to the outskirts of Constantinople was laid waste. What could not be taken was set on fire. It was the fall of the year. Wheat fields burned day and night for hundreds of miles to the

right and to the left of the marching, plundering army. Forests crackled and flamed, houses smoked. The Crusaders destroyed, killed and set fire to everything as they marched along, spreading wide, covering hills, crossing rivers, their faces set eastward, their lust enhanced by the fright they inspired and by the destruction they caused. Alexius Comnenus had extended an invitation to his country and promised them beautiful women.

"Deus vult." It was a welcome release to plunder and rape again after the pitiless restraint that had been imposed upon them while they had passed through Hungary. Their spirits were high. They had never sung *"Deus vult"* as loudly. It had not rung as happily. The burning fires illuminated and warmed them. The nights were dark and cold. The population fled and hid in the mountains. Yet there were soon innumerable convoys of captives, and slaves, in the rear end of the convoy.

When Godfrey's army arrived at the outskirts of Constantinople, the quantity of spoils was such, the Crusaders thanked God for having given Alexius the idea of keeping Hugh de Vermandois in captivity. Had Comnenus not blundered, they would have had to pass through friendly territory in a friendly way. Their purses would have become depleted buying what victuals were necessary to them.

"Deus vult," they had been enabled to revictualize themselves without paying. Truly, God had provided.

Frightened, terrorized, the Byzantine Emperor released his captive and offered a thousand apologies to Godfrey and his lieutenants. He assured Godfrey he had never

really held Hugh as a captive, that he had only rescued him from the terrible fate at the hands of the pirates and protected him like an elder brother.

The sight of the fortifications of Constantinople helped Godfrey to reach the wise conclusion there was nothing to gain by continuing his warlike policy toward the emperor. The apology of the Greek was met with diplomacy and Christian humility. After long discussions and practical arrangements concerning the army, it was agreed that the Crusaders were to winter on the coast of the Bosporus, beyond the Golden Horn. Godfrey and his knights were permitted to reside in Constantinople, while the army should wait outside until spring. Alexius engaged himself to give the Crusaders guides, arms and even proposed to lead himself an army beside that of the Crusaders, when they should break camp and go to Asia. The agreement was signed, the emperor and Godfrey became friendly, and Alexius began a series of subversive and underground manipulations. Bribing, buying, and overwhelming with his favors Godfrey's men, he assured himself of their favor and friendliness. Yet, even while he claimed to be the host of the Crusaders, he was in constant communication with the Turk, bargaining with him, using the Crusaders as a means of extorting favors for himself if he should succeed in turning the Christians from their objective, or, if this failed, if he should keep the Turks advised in advance as to the route the Crusaders would take, their numbers, and their weapons.

The events that followed make it impossible to doubt Alexius Comnenus's duplicity as some chroniclers have

been inclined to do. Religion had been used by the Greek Emperor as a cloak, as a means to an end. As he had himself said, he had struck for a little water when thirsty and an ocean threatened to drown him. He had played a poor game and was now trying to extricate himself from a bad impasse.

Godfrey and his lieutenants were not as cheaply bribed as the Latins were. It was costly to corrupt them. The wealth to be obtained in Asia, which had been mirrored before their eyes, and which they believed to be within their grasp, made Alexius's gifts, no matter how magnificent, seem paltry.

Peter the Hermit, who had become dejected after a protracted stay in Constantinople, where he was robbed of all opportunity to use his eloquence and the magnetism of his personality, had again become revivified at the sight of the great army of Crusaders led by Godfrey de Bouillon. He instituted himself in some manner as their religious leader. He preached, he cried, he tore his hair, he exhorted. His accumulated eloquence that had been dammed by Alexius and circumstances, suddenly let loose, flooded the minds of the people.

Instead of terrorizing the soldiers with the tale of the destruction of his army, he painted the savagery of the Turk, and described the Paradise to which all the Christian martyrs had gone. He could see them there. All the splendors of the earth were like rubbish when compared to the splendors in which these martyrs lived then, and would live for all eternity. It was even more glorious to die for Christendom than to live for it. That he had not yet

been gathered to his Maker was because he was still unworthy. He painted the riches, the wealth to be obtained from the heretics, from the land that extended before their vision. Asia was paradise on earth for Christians. Asia was the promised land. Christ still lived there in spirit.

Meanwhile the winter set in and the Crusaders started spreading their thousands of tents over the rolling hills facing the Golden Horn beyond the Bosporus. A new discipline was being enforced; a new commissariat was being instituted. Order was being wrought out of the chaos. The wheat was being separated from the chaff. Horses were being trained and equipped. War material was being manufactured. The Lombards and the Pisans offered their doubtful services, and sold goods and material necessary for the construction of catapults and stone-slingers. The population, from Philippopolis to Constantinople, who had taken refuge in the mountains when the Crusaders had passed through their fields and destroyed their homes, emerged from their hiding places, impoverished, their wealth destroyed, their houses burned, and joined the army, accepting the cross, in the hope of remaking their fortunes. They were joining the strong ones, animated by the infectious spirit of adventure which emanated from Godfrey's camp.

The noblemen were kept amused, were given a taste of the voluptuousness of Circassian women, of the Turkish and Armenian houris, of the languorousness of Persian eunuchs and the knowledge of the intricacies of love-making of Oriental experts. Even bishops were drawn into the sybaritic net which Alexius had spread for all. From

a thriving active merchant town, Constantinople became a city of pleasure. Compared to Constantinople, Sodom and Gomorrha combined were kindergartens in the realm of vice. The perfume of the whores of Constantinople reeked through the streets. Laughter and songs echoed day and night. The heavy wine which was poured into the goblets of the noblemen spilled over. By order of Emperor Alexius the town had become a brothel. The freedom of the city which had been extended to those wearing the cross on their backs was changed into license. Young women were ordered to entice into their arms all the Crusaders. It was their duty to do so. To rule the Teuton noblemen, Alexius had come to the conclusion it was necessary to give them the impression that they were the rulers. Weakened by pleasure and drink, they would not be able to endure the difficulties of the road. Then Alexius would be able to deal with them.

Godfrey, it is true, partook but moderately, if at all, of the emperor's table, of his wine or his gifts. His sense of responsibility grew from day to day, despite great temptations. That he was not able to enforce by example a similar conduct, is not much to his discredit. Consider the independence, adventurousness, and freedom of action every little nobleman had in those days! Perhaps Godfrey also realized that he had allowed the thing to go too far! By trusted messengers the noblemen were sending home the gifts and presents and slaves which Alexius Comnenus showered upon them. So far, the cry *"Deus vult"* had proven to be of great benefit.

"My dear wife: I already possess twice as much gold

as I have taken along with me. And this is only the beginning. We are not yet there. . . ."

While Godfrey de Bouillon's army camped outside Constantinople, another great army was being formed by Bohemond, prince of Taranto, and son of Robert Guiscard who had organized the Norman kingdom of Italy. Like his father, and very much like Godfrey de Bouillon, Bohemond had not been a constant friend of the church; and like his father and Godfrey, he had frequently fought and made peace with the pope and his bishops. Bohemond not only was an ambitious and courageous leader, but was a man of great plans; and he was animated by an even greater spirit of adventure than Godfrey. Before he had organized his crusading army, his name had become famed far and wide. His armies had reached distant objectives and had submitted everything to their leader's will.

Of all the Norman adventurers Bohemond was the most astute and the shrewdest one. Endowed with a wonderful appearance, towering inches above the tallest of men, and with a magnetic personality, he was undoubtedly the handsomest man in Europe. His blue eyes were cold as gray steel one moment and warm as the blue summer sky the next. His voice was so mellow it melted in one's ears, and yet could send shivers of fright when he was angry. Like the previous generation of Norman heroes, Bohemond had received some education and was not as illiterate as the other Crusaders. He had made a study of eloquence and could inflame his men as much by word of mouth as by example.

A man without principles, who had only one belief, that the end justified all means, a man without respect for the principles of others, who looked upon belief and faith as weak points that could be reached when necessary, Bohemond was a formidable enemy. There wasn't even a trace of humanism in him. All his gifts were used to further his own advantages. Every one of his actions was calculated to a fraction and then entered upon with all the heat and passion which he could command of himself and urge in others. If anything went amiss, Bohemond knew it had gone amiss because of an error in his calculation. He was the coldest logician of facts and consequences the world ever had known.

Bohemond was besieging the fortress of Amalfi when he heard that an army under the leadership of Godfrey de Bouillon was on the road to Jerusalem. When the great possibilities lying before Godfrey's army in Asia were mirrored before him, he inquired of those who brought him the news:

"What are their weapons? What is their badge, and what is their war-cry?"

"Their weapons are those best suited for war. Their badge is the cross of Christ upon their shoulders. Their war-cry is *'Deus vult.'* "

The Norman nobleman grasped the wonderful combination of those three elements. The last one was the best. It spelled mercenaries without pay. Almost overnight he became a pious Christian. Assembling his noblemen and his warriors before him, he made crosses from his own cloak for all who would follow him. His knights

were ready. His cousin Tancred was the first to join his new enterprise. The siege of Amalfi was abandoned. The Church of Rome had gained another strong ally. More land was being thrown on the market, to be sold, to defray the expenses of those who set out on the Holy Crusade. Hundreds of castles changed hands.

Bohemond was a better organizer than Godfrey, and his noblemen insisted that fewer women and children be allowed to drag along in the rear. Bohemond and his lieutenants wanted to lead a light and fast-moving host. Whether it be true or not that stronger means than persuasion were used to compel the people to join the army of Bohemond has not been definitely ascertained. What would today appear as extraordinarily cruel or inhuman was considered but mildly incentive then. What if slaves and even freemen were separated forcibly from their wives and children! We must remember that in the fifteenth century men were quartered publicly for poaching on their masters' hunting preserves.

The swiftness with which Bohemond organized his enormous army and the liberality with which he financed this great convoy surpassed many times in rapidity and costliness the work of Godfrey de Bouillon. Although he had only begun to organize his army by the end of October, he crossed to Durazzo and reached Kastoria by Christmas —footing it along the Mediterranean. In unbelievably rapid marches Bohemond's army arrived before Constantinople while Godfrey de Bouillon's army was still wintering there.

The meeting between Bohemond and Godfrey was cordial, though each resented the competitor for fame and

wealth in the other one. The meeting between Alexius Comnenus, Bohemond, and Tancred was of a far different nature. It was Norman meeting Greek; Norman meeting Greek and outguessing and reading him like an open book. It was Greek meeting a calculating Norman, afraid of him, knowing that he was being outguessed, knowing that under the thin veil of brotherhood and brother-love, which Bohemond affected when greeting him, he had met another pagan who had little use for religion and principles, except when they could be made to serve. Alexius Comnenus noticed how his own lieutenants and counselors quivered and trembled before this enormously tall, broad-shouldered, and blue-eyed warrior, who knew how to question, how to answer, and how to make it clear that he knew how to separate the meat from the bones. In Bohemond, Alexius met his counterpart.

Bohemond's immediate ancestors, his father and grandfather, had been no friends of the Byzantine Empire and had warred against it, and now the son and grandson of the enemies of the empire was at its gates, ready, on the slightest pretext or the most favorable occasion, to overpower and conquer the great city. The Greek and the Norman soon arrived at a secret understanding between themselves, that Alexius would assist Bohemond in the acquisition of an independent kingdom in Syria. Talk of the religious motives of the expedition was disposed of. They understood one another well. Godfrey de Bouillon had already signed an agreement which read that all the conquests that the Crusaders were to make of cities, fortresses, or land which had formerly belonged to the empire

of Byzantium should be returned to Alexius, while the other towns should also recognize the emperor of Byzantium as overlord. In exchange for these agreements, Alexius had promised to Godfrey assistance, food, and transportation. It was also agreed that a conquered fortress should belong to the nobleman whose standard was first floating on the ramparts, regardless of how many nations had been engaged in the attack or the preparation of the attack.

While Peter's army had been destroyed in Nicæa, and Godfrey's and Bohemond's had neared Constantinople, two other crusading armies were being prepared: one under Raymond de Saint Gilles, count of Toulouse, and the other under Robert of Normandy.

Raymond's elder brother had been killed on a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and a desire to avenge his brother's death, which he wrongly ascribed to the heathen, had had considerable weight in deciding Raymond to go a-crusading. He was older than the other crusading chiefs and had had longer experience in carrying on wars in distant countries. Still, his army contained a great number of priests and included and boasted of a papal legate. This crusading force had a considerable number of minor knights from southern France, who, unable to raise large armies by themselves, had joined that of Raymond, while still keeping their own standards and harboring their own plans. Europe was Crusade-mad. People thought and spoke of nothing else.

Raymond's army toiled over the barren mountains of Dalmatia, where snow was already falling upon them. For

forty days they saw neither beast nor bird nor human being. When they finally came down upon inhabited valleys, having left a considerable number of frozen corpses in the mountains, the rude inhabitants received them with battle axes and spears and plundered and harassed them unceasingly. The Dalmatians were sturdy northern Slavs who protected their fields and their flocks against all invaders. Crusaders were but another kind of savage to them.

Of all the knights Raymond was perhaps the most sincere and the most religious one. Yet even he cut off noses, ears, and gouged out the eyes of his prisoners. Trudging in the snow, fighting every inch, the host met with Bodin, king of the Serbs, at Skutari, and had to give him battle before they could proceed further. The weak, the sick, and the women were left in the hands of the Serbian king, in the haste to reach Durazzo, on the border of the Byzantine Empire. Voudin disposed of them promptly. The vultures grew fat that winter. At Durazzo, Raymond met more enemies, though he had been assured by letters of Alexius that he should find friends there. Turks and Comans harassed them continually, lying in wait for them, lopping off heads and limbs, and gathering like hyenas at the rear to take the frightened laggards. One-third of Raymond's soldiers and women had been left on the mountains and in the valleys so far. At Rodosto, Raymond left his camp and hurried on to Constantinople to meet Alexius, who had urged him to come there to meet Godfrey and Bohemond and Robert of Flanders.

Because he was convinced of Alexius's treachery, Raymond refused to take the oath of fealty to the emperor, an

oath which the others had already taken. To force the nobleman's hand, the tricky emperor sent out word to his lieutenants that Raymond's Crusaders should be attacked. When Raymond heard of that, he called upon the other Latin chiefs to join him in the sack of Constantinople. Nothing would have suited them better. The armies waiting outside the gates of the city would have relished nothing more than an opportunity to enter the gates of the fabulously rich and beautiful city. But Bohemond knew that he had little to gain from such an attack, that Alexius was a better ally and of greater value than all the Latins put together.

Godfrey, too, refused to bear arms against a brother Christian; though he had fought against him when he had come to the rescue of Hugh de Vermandois. Finally Bohemond offered himself as hostage to Raymond until the Emperor should compensate him for whatever loss he had had.

No entreaty, promise, or threat, however, could induce Raymond to do homage to Alexius Comnenus. He also refused to sign the agreement of fealty the others had signed. Because he could not drive him, and could not coerce him, the Byzantine Emperor loved and respected Raymond more than he did the other noblemen.

The last of the crusading hosts spent the winter in Calabria. Robert of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror, felt himself entitled to lavish hospitality from the children of those Normans who had conquered Sicily and the south of Italy. Yet while he was spending the cold

nights in the warmer climate his followers suffered so much from want of food and the inhospitality of the people that they sold their arms for bread, and many returned to their homes, though they knew they were to become vile before God and man. An empty stomach has no ears . . . and a full one does not hear.

When Robert returned to his camp, sometime in April, he ordered his men to the boats that he had hired to glide them down the Mediterranean. The first boatload of five hundred Crusaders sank within sight of the shore. Panic-stricken soldiers refused to embark on the other boats. Robert ordered that all the trumpets be blown, at once, and incessantly. The deafening blare made it impossible for men to talk to one another. The Crusaders were then driven like cattle into the ships and were miles from the shore before they had time to organize a rebellion. It was one of Robert's greatest feats. Neither force nor eloquence could have accomplished what the blare of trumpets did. It was a fine piece of strategy.

Disembarking at Durazzo, Robert's hosts marched across Thessaly to Constantinople. The leaders went to pay homage to the emperor and to be entertained. Alexius was at the end of his wits. His coffers had been emptied. His treasures were gone. Food was expensive, when it was obtainable at all. Those who were willing to sell demanded gold, but more people hoarded whatever they had against greater scarcity. Christian noblemen demanded open markets to buy food. When the inhabitants consented to sell, they brought only little to the market place, having no faith in assurances of peace that came from

pilgrims. They weren't very wrong. The Crusaders never hesitated before full stores. They stole and robbed. The leaders protested loudly, but winked at what was done.

Alexius Comnenus now refused to give the Crusaders facilities for the journey through Asia Minor, and refused to procure them ships, until Raymond agreed to take the oath of fealty. Finally, Godfrey, Bohemond, and Robert pressed so hard upon Raymond that he took the oath, in modified form; but he refused to do homage to the emperor. Then the Crusaders were started on their way; not as one army, but as many units, marching in one and the same direction.

Early in May, the first contingent of the Crusaders reached Nicæa: Nicæa, where Peter the Hermit's army had seen its doom. The first attack on the fortress was beaten back by the Turkish garrison. Ten days later an immense Turkish army was on the way to the relief of the city, each soldier carrying a rope with which to bind his captive. Asia was now seething with religious fervor. The Turks, too, fought a holy war. Nicæa was their city. The giaours were besieging it. But they had counted without Raymond's bravery and experience. He flung his hosts between the besiegers and those who came to the relief of the city. When the battle ended, Kilij Arslan's army, or what was left of it, retreated hastily, while the Crusaders were busy cutting off the heads of captives and throwing them over the walls into the fortress while chanting, *"Deus vult."* Still Nicæa refused to surrender. The Crusaders attacked again and again. They hoped to find there tremendous loot, gold, precious stones, and fine horses.

The siege of the fortified city was not complete. The besiegers did not have enough soldiers to surround the fortress and encompass it. One section of the fortification was protected by a wide lake that lapped the wall. Alexius' boats finally besieged that part of the city, and closed any possible avenue by which the besiegers might get food, or try to escape. The Crusaders were certain that the city must fall, and were already getting their bags ready for the plunder. Still, just when the soldiers had been ordered to a last assault, that would capture the city, the Byzantine banners were seen floating from the walls.

While the Crusaders had been fighting, Alexius Comnenus had been parleying secretly with the governor and had convinced him that the people of his city would come to less harm if they surrendered to him than if they surrendered to the Latins. Long before the Byzantine banners had been made to fly from the ramparts, the city's tremendous treasures had been transported and loaded into Alexius's boats. The emperor gave gifts of gold and silver to the leaders of the Crusade, and of brass coins to the soldiers. Nicæa was his. It had been agreed that the city belonged to the one whose standards were first on the walls! Alexius was within his rights.

If there had been any doubt in the minds of the leaders and soldiers as to the emperor's duplicity, the doubt vanished. They knew they had nothing to expect from him; that he was not an ally but a traitor. They could do nothing against him as long as he was master of Constantinople, the gateway between the East and the West.

The end of June saw the Crusaders a little more united

than before, marching in two great armies, one led by Raymond, Godfrey, and Robert of Flanders, and the other with Bohemond at its head, accompanied by Tancred, Hugh de Vermandois, and Robert of Normandy. Think of thousands and thousands of tired, harassed, bearded, long-haired, unwashed, half-naked, ragged men tramping in disorderly rows upon unknown roads under a broiling sun. They had no food, no water, no tents, and no fuel for the cold nights. Bohemond's army was separated from the rest, and while thus separated, was attacked by the Turks, and almost annihilated. But Robert of Flanders came to the rescue. This first encounter in the open between the army of the Crusaders and the Turks, this first battle, was one of terrific intensity, and should have taught the Crusaders never to separate again. But as each one had his own plans, as each one desired his own aggrandizement and the enrichment of his own treasury, they refused to learn anything.

Plodding over the flat lands of Asia, men, women and children, cattle and horses, perished by the wayside of thirst. When they reached a little stream, after days and days, the rush to its banks was so brutal men killed one another in their haste to reach the water. Hundreds of men died, drinking themselves to death.

Decimated, hungry, thirsty, tired, in rags, this great army arrived before the walls of Antioch, on October 21, 1097.

While the main body of the Crusaders had been marching toward Antioch, Tancred, Bohemond's cousin, and Baldwin, Godfrey's brother, each at the head of a large

band of troops, had detached themselves. At Heraclea they began to march in the direction of Cilicia and Armenia.

At Nicæa, Bohemond's cousin and Godfrey's brother were met by some Armenians from Edessa who had painted the cities of Cilicia and Armenia with golden colors, and promised to deliver them into the hands of whoever paid them. The two leaders were tempted. Like other cities of Asia Minor and Syria, Tarsus was inhabited by Christians living under Turkish dominion. These Christians within the walls of the city betrayed the Turkish garrison to the Crusaders. Tancred got ready to take the city. Tarsus's treasures were to fall into his hands.

Baldwin's army, which had remained behind, also approached the walls of Tarsus, and as Baldwin had superior forces, he compelled Tancred to leave. When Tancred and his men were gone, Baldwin entered the city. The Turks surrendered. Yet, though the inhabitants of Tarsus had welcomed the Crusaders as friends and had hoped for delivery from the Turks, they were treated as conquered enemies by Baldwin and his soldiers. The citizens of Tarsus, Christians and Turks, were squeezed dry.

While Baldwin was amusing himself in Tarsus, and getting loot, women and slaves, Tancred arrived at Messis. Baldwin overtook him. Enraged, angered, Tancred ordered his men to attack Baldwin's troops. The enemy, the Moslems, watching from the city walls, saw how the Crusaders were destroying one another.

In Turkish chronicles this event is described as follows: "God had sown dissension amongst the heathen to save his own people from perdition."

The battle lasted a day and a night, before the priests intervened. A peace was patched up between the two leaders. Messis was garrisoned by Tancred's men. Baldwin continued his adventures deeper into Armenia; Tancred proceeded to Antioch.

Looting, fighting on the way, Baldwin arrived at Edessa, the most beautiful city of Armenia, ruled by Prince Thoros, a subject of Alexius Comnenus. Though well received by the Armenian prince, who even adopted Baldwin as his own son, Godfrey's brother was soon the head source of a hundred intrigues. Thoros was imprisoned by his own people. Baldwin promised to rescue him and send him to Melitene. Thoros gave up his treasures to his adopted son. Baldwin let him down a rope from the walls of the city. However, the poor prince was riddled with arrows before his feet touched ground.

Lord of Edessa now, so laden with plunder and so rich that he wondered how he would carry all his treasures home in safety, Baldwin, nevertheless, sold the city of Samosata to the Turks for a talent of gold and proceeded to conquer other towns in the neighborhood of Edessa. He married an Armenian princess and gave such lavish entertainments, his finances were soon depleted and he had to think of replenishing them. His guests bathed in the costliest perfumes brought from India and Persia. The finest wines were spilled on the ground. Silks and brocades were used as blankets for the horses of the messengers. He gave banquets at which five hundred noblemen feasted on tongues of small fowl.

The knights under Baldwin, as well as the commoners

and soldiers, treated the conquered cities not as newly acquired dominions but as enemy territory. The badge of the cross upon the back was the emblem, the insignia of the army. The delivery of Jerusalem was forgotten. Indeed, the very purpose with which the Crusaders had set out was forgotten. Each man was bent upon acquiring as much for himself as he could get. Those with more ambition than others dreamed of individual kingdoms in the plains of Cilicia and Syria, banded themselves and went out on private expeditions in all directions. The whole affair ended in a revolution of the people of Edessa and the most shameful destruction of a beautiful city. Men can suffer that much and no more. When the cup overflows the juice runs out.

When that revolution was suppressed, Baldwin was still lord of Edessa, but his situation was anything but enviable, for the inhabitants now wished they still had Turkish rulers. They hoped and prayed that the Turk might come back. Edessa, beautiful Edessa, had been transformed into a pigsty. Rich Edessa was but an empty shell, a dirty empty shell.

Today the city of Antioch is but a fragment of what it once was. Only the old walls surrounding the city, which were built by Justinian, give the measure of what Antioch once was. A city of gardens, surrounded by green hills, situated on the bank of the Orontes River, it was the center of culture in the East, and a seat of the patriarchate of the Eastern Church. A thousand years labored to make Antioch a beautiful city and gave it all the advantages of man's

ingenuity. Antioch's citizens were proud of their city, of its buildings, its cleanliness, its order and peace. The aqueducts of Antioch were reputed to be the most magnificent in that part of Asia; even Damascus bowed to their efficiency and solidity.

The army of Crusaders before Antioch numbered over four hundred thousand men, yet the task of besieging the city was immense. The walls could hardly be encompassed even by that number. Fed by stories of wealth and treasures within the city, the besiegers undertook the great task joyfully. Part of the soldiery was stationed at the gates, while another part went out on foraging expeditions, in the neighboring country. During the long siege, Baldwin sent to Antioch food and fodder from Tarsus and Edessa. But this was insufficient to keep the Crusaders alive, and soon the foraging expeditions, the large army and the thousands of followers were perishing of hunger and cold. These foraging expeditions destroyed twenty times as much as they took and had to pay dearly later for their vandalism. They literally burned down barns to broil the calves inside of the buildings.

The Christians within the city, Armenians, communicated with the besiegers and gave them valuable information. But many of these Armenians worked in the interests of the Turkish garrison and spied on the Crusaders, informing the Turkish commander of what was going on outside. Every attack on a gate was forestalled by the inside garrison with a sortie. The Turks inside and the Christians outside could keep no secrets from the Armenians.

Winter came and with it greater hunger. Bohemond

and Robert of Flanders detached themselves from the main army and went out for loot on a grand scale. Betrayed by the Turks, however, they were forced to retreat, leaving thousands of captives and hundreds of slain in the fields. The leaders began to quarrel among themselves. No one would obey the command of another. Each one felt himself responsible for the welfare of his men only.

Bohemond threatened to leave the Crusaders forever. Godfrey was ill. Raymond of Toulouse was ill. Alexius's messengers and spies urged them to withdraw, to abandon the Crusade there and then and renounce all plans for the conquest of Jerusalem. Alexius knew the Turks would destroy the army on the road between Antioch and Constantinople, and save him from all future troubles. He had informed them of his plans. The Turkish garrison, though only five or six thousand men, continued to make unexpected sallies from such gates as were pointed out to them by the Armenian traitors. When peace was reestablished between the leaders of the Crusade, the besiegers built small fortresses around the walls of the city. Battles between the army of the besieged and the besiegers were being watched from the walls by women who encouraged and mocked the fighters. When Turks came out after a battle under a flag of truce, and buried their dead, the Crusaders broke open the graves, disinterred the corpses, beheaded them, and tossed the heads over the walls of the city. Unable to conquer by feats of arms, they expected to conquer by terror. The Crusaders were responsible for the belief of the Turks that the Christian armies were composed of cannibals.

Bohemond, who was in secret negotiations with the besieged, promised leniency to the enemy if he would deliver the fortress to him personally, and allow him to float his standards first upon the wall. When this was agreed upon through messengers, and a date was set, Bohemond called the leaders of the Crusaders together, and by trickery and cajolery exacted from them the renewed admission that the city should belong to the one whose standards should float first from the ramparts. Some of the other leaders were also in secret communication with the Turks. Each one hoped to see his standard float first. They betrayed one another to the enemy. There was neither hostility nor honor in their deals. The Templars and the Hospitallers were also enmeshed in deals with the Crusaders and the Moslems. Meanwhile thousands perished of hunger and disease.

The fall of the city seemed so remote, the leaders agreed, hoping thereby to raise the failing courage of Bohemond and his men. When the pact between the tricky Norman and the Crusaders was concluded, one of the gates opened to Bohemond's men during the night, and the Crusaders saw with amazement the following morning the Norman's flag and standard flutter from the citadel.

What happened afterwards is too gruesome to tell in detail. All promises to the inhabitants of the city and to the Turkish garrison were broken. Bohemond, who considered Antioch his own looting ground, resisted for a while the encroachment of the other Crusaders upon his territory, but it was of no avail. All the Crusaders gave themselves over to riot and plunder. "Forgetful of their God, men gave themselves over to banquets and the blan-

dishment of pagan dancers." Had Bohemond and his men attempted to resist the other looters or tried to stop their debauchery, they would have been slaughtered like lambs.

It seemed as if the whole Crusade would come to an end then and there; that the adventurers had already gotten more than they had set out for, enough to last them until the call to eternity; that they had enough for years of riotous pleasure—at banquet tables, and in the arms of houris and the pleasant odor of the costliest perfumes.

But the enemy came to the rescue of the Crusade. While the Christians were rioting within Antioch and softening themselves, by the abuse of pleasures, a large Turkish army had been gathered and marched toward the citadel. Bohemond and the rest of the Crusaders within Antioch and around the walls of the city woke up one morning to find themselves besieged by Kerbogha's army. The Turkish commander raised a wall of flesh and steel around the city. The besiegers were besieged.

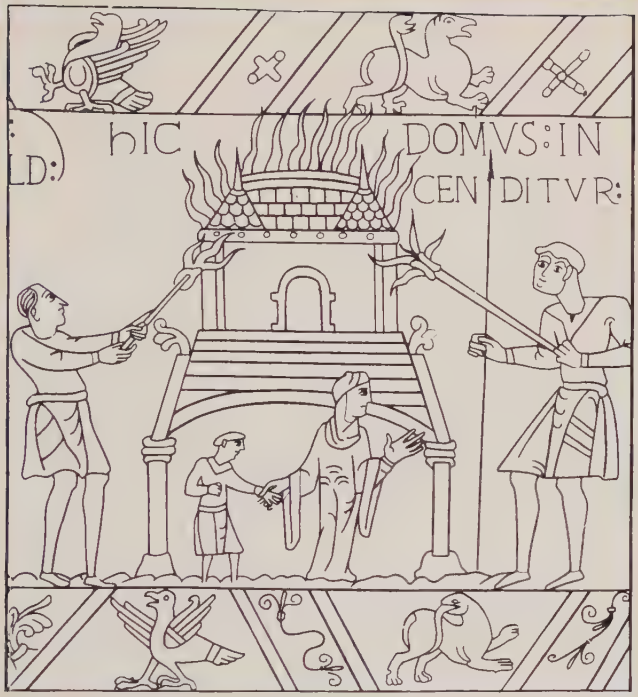
The hearts of soldier and nobleman sank at the sight of the immense Turkish hordes camping beside the walls on the south side of Antioch. Noblemen and commoners let themselves down the wall on ropes at night, and disappeared in flight over the western hilly slopes of Asia. Even Stephen of Chartres, son-in-law of the great conqueror, scaled the wall and ran away to Alexandretta. The leaders as well as the soldiers were panic-stricken when they saw themselves trapped like mice. And they had wasted and destroyed the warehouses of the city! They had poisoned the wells and slaughtered the cattle.

Godfrey, Bohemond, Raymond, all the leaders of the

Crusaders dispatched messengers to Alexius Comnenus, begging for assistance. After long entreaties, dealings, and mutual promises, Alexius started from Constantinople at the head of a considerable army to come to their rescue. It was only to win time, to temporize. For, while the besieged Crusaders were rejoicing at the approach of the emperor and his army and chanted his praises loudly in order to keep up some morale, he turned back to Constantinople after a few days in Asia. He had nothing to gain at Antioch. The Crusaders had taken everything of value. The Turks offered compensation if he stayed away and did not interfere in favor of the giaours.

The rich stores of Antioch had been exhausted during the days of orgy. Commoners as well as lords and noblemen were reduced to feed on garbage, on boiled fig leaves, on ox hides softened in water. Kerbogha tightened daily the inexorable ring about the city. The Moslem soldier not only was a great general, but also possessed knowledge of refined cruelties. He did not intend to overpower the Crusaders with one blow. He wanted to see them suffer long and slowly of hunger, cold and thirst. His ring of flesh closed tighter, inchwise every day—just that much and nothing more.

The Crusaders' seizure of Nicæa, of Tarsus, of Edessa, had stirred all Asia. The Mohammedans too had their Peters and their Urban II's. Turkish knights and noblemen organized armies and moved them across the face of Asia to the battle front. The cry of the Mohammedans was against the barbarians: barbarians who destroyed everything in their path.


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"Allahu akbar" met the cry of *"Deus vult."* The Christians living in Mohammedan lands, who had until then enjoyed a special status, suffered vigorous persecution, and thousands of them, tens of thousands of them, accepted the Mohammedan faith to escape death. Out of these new Mohammedans shock troops were formed. In generations that followed, the children of these new Mohammedans were raised to give battle to the Christians, for, because of the treachery of the Crusaders, the Turks loathed to come in bodily contact with them. The new Mohammedans were good enough for that.

The Eastern Christians who remained faithful to their religion looked with horror at the Crusaders after they had experienced their behavior. Neither the Christians at Nicæa, nor those in Tarsus or Edessa, had been advantaged by changing rulers. The rule of Baldwin, Raymond, Tancred, or Bohemond was anything but kindly. The taxes exacted, impoverished the richest men. The population of every city conquered by the Crusaders was reduced to poverty and want. The Turks had been angels compared to the Crusaders.

In connection with the harrowing incident related before, when the Turks had come out under a flag of truce to bury their dead and the Christians had disinterred and decapitated the corpses to toss the heads over the walls, an Arab chronicler relates the following story:

The Turkish general of Antioch had had a Circassian woman in his harem. Kilidj was a good Christian, as good a Christian as her lover was a Mohammedan. She had been

sold to him years before. He was so very fond of her that he took her along with him to the battlefield, to seek in her arms, and in her company, relaxation after the arduous task of the day. As courageous as she was beautiful, and having grown passionately in love with the Turk, she spoke frankly with him about everything. The two had frequent discussions as to the specific merits of their religions.

At Antioch, where the general was stationed, defending the fortress against the Crusaders, her heart was torn in two. She prayed for the success of the people of her faith, and knew that such a success would mean the imprisonment or death of the man she loved. She watched every sortie of the Turkish army from the gates, with a mixture of joy and despair at every move. A Turkish success brought her as much pain as it brought her joy. A Christian success brought her as much despair as it brought her hope. It is precisely because of such unfortunate possibilities that Mohammed has in his wisdom forbidden to the faithful to associate with people of other faiths.

The Christian population of Antioch knew that Kilidj had great influence with the commander of the fortress and sought her aid when in need. Though priests and populace frequently begged her to interfere in their favor with her lover, they never referred to her otherwise than as "the whore in the commander's house." The Christians made use of her situation but despised her. Her lover was seldom able to resist her entreaties, and the Christians accepted one favor after another from the woman they despised. Cursed be he who seeks favor from people he does not respect.

One day a servant approached Kilidj and told her one of the priests wished to talk to her. The priest first proposed that she persuade the commander to surrender the citadel

to the Christians. Kilidj refused to interfere, and in a heated discussion she told the priest she did not believe the Christians of Antioch would fare better under the rule of the Crusaders than they did under the rule of her lover. Defending Antioch, she said, he was defending the Christians as well as the Moslems. She refused even to breathe a word of the conversation to the commander. Then she asked a special favor from the priest. With tears in her eyes she asked him to intercede with the besiegers for permission to the people of Antioch to bury their dead that lay in thick clusters around the walls: Christians and Mohammedans, pell-mell. It was sinful before God to allow those corpses to serve as food for dogs and vultures.

The Christians had not asked any truce for that purpose and had been prevented from burying their own dead by the Turkish soldiers on the ramparts.

The priest agreed to communicate with the Crusaders and soon after brought back the demand that the Christians be permitted to bury their dead first. That night Kilidj spoke to her lover. At first he refused.

"You know well," he told her, "that the Crusaders have never respected a truce. They have always been treacherous. We must bury our dead first."

Kilidj did not tell him that she had been the one to ask for the truce, but she wept and cried and assured him that this time the truce would be kept. In her zeal she offered to guarantee with her own life the carrying out of the agreement between the Mohammedans and the Christians. She believed the priest of her faith. She believed what he had promised. Unable to withstand her tears and blandishments, the Turkish commander agreed. Kilidj called the priest to her room, told him of her success, and told

him to tell the Crusaders that she had guaranteed with her own life the carrying out of the agreement.

Under a flag of truce, the Christians came to the walls of Antioch, disentangled from the heaps of corpses those with the sign of the cross on their backs and buried them far away, outside the reach of the weapons of the Turks.

The whole population of Antioch, Christian and Mohammedan, assembled on the walls and looked on.

When the last of the Christians had been buried, the Mohammedans went out to bury their dead. Hardly had the last Turk been buried, while friends and relatives of the dead were still weeping on the walls, when the Christians decided to strike terror into the hearts of the Turks. Disinterring the dead, they cut off their heads and tossed them over the ramparts to the wailing multitude.

Mohammedans, who had been taught to expect every kind of cruelty from the Christians, barbarism and inhumanity, were terrified. The Turkish commander ran to his home. He had not forgotten what Kilidj had said: how she had guaranteed the carrying out of the agreement with her own life. When he opened her chamber she was already dead. She had committed suicide because the people of her faith had broken their agreement. The harlot had more honor than the priest.

The Turkish commander outside Antioch did not give the Crusaders an occasion to fight. Having surrounded the fortification with his army, he left the besieged no possible outlet, closed the ring tighter every day, and watched the slow death by hunger, thirst, and pestilence of all those within. He had realized the value of time in war and ex-

pected greater aid from this element than from the courage or valiancy of his men.

Kerbogha amused himself playing chess and watching the antics of dancers and acrobats. His lieutenants and soldiers did likewise. The camp of the Moslems resembled more an immense fair than a bivouacking army. Kerbogha laughed at the proposals of the besieged. Nothing of what they proposed was acceptable. They were like mice in a trap and he refused to open the door, even for the cats. He did not want to kill them; he wanted them to die.

"Your men are not worthy of the edge of the sword," he replied to the Christian messengers.

Kerbogha bathed daily in the most exquisite perfumes. His servants bathed daily in the most exquisite scents ordered by him. He was a voluptuary of the highest order. It took hours and hours to make the messengers of Antioch presentable to the Turkish general, and even then Kerbogha insisted that they remain at a distance.

Hunger, thirst, disease, and despondency changed the Crusaders into more savage barbarians than they had been when they had seized themselves of the old city. Men went about with ax and spear and destroyed what was before them, using their last ounce of energy to annihilate and destroy.

Women and weaklings began to have visions.

The Asiatic climate had always been conducive to miracles. All the religions were born in Asia. The miracles of antiquity were performed there. The color of the sky, the intensity of the heat, the vast stretches of sand dunes, and the tropical enervating air were more responsible for

the birth of new religions than study, inspiration, or a human desire to explain the unknown, the mystery of the universe.

It was evident to the people in Antioch that they could not be saved by any human effort. No hope for relief from Alexius Comnenus. He was deaf to all entreaties. The besieged were now cut off from any communication beyond that ring of flesh and steel; and yet they did not want to perish, did not want to meet their Maker. They had sinned too heavily. Though they had been absolved from sin by the pope, they felt that they had gone beyond the limits, and were afraid to die. And there was no escape. The odor of cooked food, of fresh water, was wafted from the camp of the besiegers' army. Crusaders, so weak they couldn't drag themselves on their feet, still dragged themselves to the walls to die sniffing the odors of roasted and broiled meats from the primitive field kitchens of the enemy. It was difficult enough to master such a horde when all went well. It was impossible to do anything with them or for them in the conditions under which they lived. Softened by idleness and the debauchery of the first days in Antioch, they had no resistance, no will. The leaders, hungry and despondent themselves, could do nothing.

Just when things were at their worst, appeared one Peter Bartholomew, a young, illiterate, blue-eyed peasant from Provence, who claimed that he had had a vision. St. Andrew, he said, had revealed to him the place where the very lance with which the Roman soldiers had pierced the side of Christ was buried. The bishop, before whom Peter

was brought, scorned the whole story, but the leaders of the Crusaders thought better of it. Peter's vision was the very thing which they needed to raise the morale of their soldiers for one last effort against the Turks.

A miracle! The priests had promised miracles. This bird in the hand was worth a thousand in the bush. Encouraged by the leaders, Peter related a few days afterwards that he had had still another vision. Christ himself had appeared to him in his dreams and told him where to find the lance that had pierced him. With the aid of this lance the Crusaders could gain their freedom. Christ had told him so. The bishop demanded that Peter be imprisoned and brought to trial for heresy. The crusading leaders refused to deliver Peter to the representatives of the pope. The bishop insisted. The leaders refused. The ring of steel and flesh outside the walls was tightened.

Sometime in the middle of June, Peter Bartholomew, accompanied by a number of knights, began to dig under the stone floor of St. Peter's Church in Antioch. They dug hours and hours without finding anything. Those inclined to believe with the bishop that Peter was a fool, if not worse, began to laugh at the noblemen digging in the pit with shovels.

"Dig, dig, fools! Better throw Peter in the dungeon. Feed him to the dogs. He has made a fool of you."

Peter divested himself of his clothes and shoes, jumped naked in the hole, and emerged with the holy rusty blade. The army at Antioch gained heart. A miracle. The Lord was with them again.

Inflamed by the leaders and priests, the Crusaders were

convinced that if they carried this blade with them to battle, the infidel would succumb before it. The army was reorganized into battalions, armed with whatever was at hand, and sent forth at once against the enemy, accompanied by bishop and priests with crosses held high in their hands.

Kerbogha and his lieutenants had relaxed, and were not even thinking of the besieged when news came that the Crusaders had made a sally. The Turkish commander was playing a master game of chess. Without deranging himself, without raising his eyes, he continued to move his pawns, telling his lieutenants: "Slay them. Do not put them to flight. Don't derange me again. I am interested in the game I am playing."

The Crusaders were allowed to approach nearer the main camp while the Turks sent out a regiment to take them from the rear. The Mohammedans were so sure of success they made their movements leisurely. As luck would have it, at that very hour, an army of relief had arrived to help the besieged. Kerbogha found himself hemmed in by the fresh troops behind him and the fanatical ones in front. He gave hasty and careless orders. He was mad. They should let him finish the game of chess with the master player from Persia. He would teach them not to disturb him again. No quarter. Break through the gates of Antioch and make an end of everything.

The Crusaders were sure that no harm could befall them as long as they had the relic in their possession. The priests abandoned their crosses and took hold of spears and swords and fought beside the soldiers. Kerbogha's army

was caught in the vise between the two armies and pressed hard from both sides. After repeated zigzagging in which thousands of troops were moved this way and that, and in which the Christians were as much in danger of being annihilated as the Mohammedans, the Moslems were routed. They had been caught off balance. They were not given time to regain their feet. The Crusaders drove on mercilessly. They fought like demons. The cry of *"Deus vult"* revivified them.

When night came the slain covered the land within sight of Antioch. Cattle, horses, and the treasure of Kerbogha were in the hands of the Crusaders.

The Persian chess player was still on his stool, in Kerbogha's tent, before the chess table, waiting for the return of the Turkish commander to make the next move. The pieces were undisturbed, as they had been when he had left his stool. The food found in Kerbogha's camp was so plentiful, many Crusaders ate themselves to death. Others had already drunk themselves dead with water.

Antioch was free again, and though all the Crusaders had helped him, Bohemond set himself up as king of the city. The quarrels began again. The booty had not been distributed equally among the leaders.

After the battle, the leaders of Antioch split into two factions: those who believed in the genuineness of the lance Peter had found, and believed that unseen hosts had fought beside them against Kerbogha; and those who believed the bishop who denounced Peter, and refused to believe in the genuineness of the lance.

Quizzed, questioned, Peter maintained that his vision

was true, and that the lance was genuine. The two factions grew more antagonistic to each other every day. The army believed in miracles. The priests did not believe. The bishop, dreading the power of the party that possessed that lance, denounced his opponents fiercely and accused them of heresies.

Long after Antioch had been freed from the blockaders, after repeated meetings and discussions, the cunning bishop proposed a test that would decide whether Peter was an impostor or not.

Peter accepted.

It was agreed to build a bower over a hundred feet long, of wood and dry twigs, with enough space under it for a man to pass through. On the appointed day and hour, in sight of fifty thousand Crusaders, Peter appeared, bare except for a shirt that reached to his knees, barefoot and hatless, and carrying the holy lance in his hand.

Those who believed in the genuineness of his vision ranged themselves on one side and those who didn't believe, with the bishop at their head, ranged themselves on the other side of the bower.

After fervent prayers made by Peter's friends, prayers laughed and mocked at by the bishop and his friends, the bower was lit. When it was all crackling and aflame, Peter raised the holy blade over his head and entered the tunnel of flame, singing at the top of his voice. In a wild rush, the onlookers ran to the other end of the bower. Peter Bartholomew was already there with the lance in his hand. The bower of fire collapsed behind him.

But the bishop and his party would not be outdone.

They flung themselves on the man who had come out alive from the test. What fire had not done, men did. Peter was smothered to death by the bishop's men.

The dispute as to the genuineness of the spear continued after Peter's death. His friends claimed that he had come out alive, unscathed by the fire, and that he died from the wounds inflicted by the bishop and his men.

The bishop claimed that Peter died in the test, and that the furious, swindled populace had merely trampled on his unworthy corpse.

Thus perished the man who saved Antioch.

The quarrels over the spoils began immediately after the banquet following the victory of the Crusaders. The leaders denounced their agreement which gave the Norman the city. Instead of starting out immediately for Jerusalem, they remained in and about Antioch, bickering and fighting with one another, and going out, each on his own account, to conquer the cities between Antioch and Edessa. "Why should we go to Jerusalem! So that another Bohemond should crown himself king!" There were other cities just as wealthy as the one that boasted of the Holy Sepulcher.

Godfrey de Bouillon went to the Highlands of Armenia, where his brother Baldwin had already preceded him and captured several cities.

Raymond possessed himself of the castle of Tellmannas and tried to impose the Christian faith upon the Saracens of Albara.

It was at Hazart that Godfrey learned something about carrier pigeons; for Saracens who had come to him on a

mission drew pigeons from their breasts, attached to their feet little scrolls and let them loose to fly back home and report.

It was at Hazart that Godfrey's men were joined to the army of Baldwin.

The whole summer was spent in fighting inconsequential battles, taking possession of fortresses and cities, acquiring loot, imposing tributes, strewing corpses, desolation, and fire everywhere.

"The Crusaders slew without discrimination, so that there was no corner without a Saracen corpse, and one could scarcely ride through the streets without trampling on the dead bodies." This from a Christian eye-witness. *Deus vult, Deus vult.*

Meanwhile the Turks organized themselves. They were alive to the great danger, and the pettiness and the bickerings of the Crusaders gave them time to prepare their destruction. Had the Crusaders continued toward Jerusalem after they had saved Antioch, nothing would have stopped them. The Turkish army was routed and demoralized. The Christian army was burning with fanatical zeal.

Like Alexius Comnenus, when they were in Constantinople, Bohemond was anxious to see the Crusaders depart from Antioch. They devoured the city, his city. He urged them to leave. He even threatened to set his soldiers against them. It was his city.

Finally in January, 1099, Raymond and his followers started out from Marra to Jerusalem. The Crusaders had spread such terror before them, cities, fortresses, and towns opened their doors wide. The leaders of the Crusade had

learned something about military organization and commissariat. Ships were sent out from Antioch to Cyprus to bring food and war material. The Crusaders had taken native guides with them, and the Templars and Hospitallers had learned something of military medicine and surgery.

Crossing the great Lebanon instead of taking the route to Damascus, Raymond and his army arrived before the stronghold of Arca, which refused to surrender. While they besieged the fortress, they amused themselves scouring the surroundings and filling their carts with loot. They captured male and female slaves, without exactly knowing to what purpose they were going to employ them. .There was no immediate market except for the younger women, who were bartered for cattle with those in the rear of the convoy.

On the grand march of the army, along the coast of Cæsarea, they encountered small bands of Turkish troops and gave them battle. Raymond could not obtain the surrender of the fortress of Arca. He waited there until the middle of May for the promised help of Alexius Comnenus, and to harvest the new crops the inhabitants had sowed. Raymond had to abandon all hope of taking the fortress and proceeded further when the commissariat had stored away part of the crops and the soldiers had learned from the enemy to preserve and carry water in skins of goats and calves. It is beyond human intelligence to understand why the leaders of the Crusade still appealed to Alexius Comnenus for help when they should have known he was no friend of theirs. It is difficult to understand why

the Crusaders did not return from Nicæa to Constantinople to make an end of the city and the Byzantine Empire. As long as the city of the Bosporus was in unfriendly hands, the Crusaders had an enemy in their rear.

At Ramleh the leaders assembled and held a grand council of war. The knights were far from being of one mind. Now that they had had a taste of power, a good many of them measured the advantages of taking Alexandria and Babylon. Both these cities were far richer and better stored than the Holy City, and offered possibilities for greater loot. Over two hundred cities and fortresses in Asia were already floating Christian banners, claimed by noblemen and petty knights, each dreaming of an individual kingdom. Later on those towns and cities were surrounded by the Moslems. The inhabitants who did not accept Mohammedanism were killed or sold into slavery.

The older chiefs refused to betray the faith and trust the people had had in them. They had gone out to rescue the Holy City from the hands of the infidel. They must accomplish this and not step aside when so near the goal. Accusations of heresy, greed, and heathenism rained thick. It looked as though the number of knights ready to continue to Jerusalem would be no larger than any pilgrim band that had gone before them. Finally, however, when a number of Crusaders under the leadership of priests had gone out of Ramleh with naked feet and denounced the commanders for their lust and desire for gain, the order was given to the whole army to march on Jerusalem.

Alexandria, Babylon, and the other cities should be taken afterwards. The Lord first. Treasures afterwards.

Once in a great while the people were moved by the spirit of righteousness.

Between the time Peter the Hermit had first visited Jerusalem and the time the Crusaders had arrived before it, many changes had taken place in the city. During the interval Jerusalem had passed from the hands of the Turks to those of the Egyptian calif. The califate of Bagdad, though Mohammedan, belonged to the sect of Shiites, and was engaged in serious religious warfare with the unorthodox Turks. Religious differences between the Turks and the Shiites were no greater than the differences between the Church of Rome and that of Constantinople, yet they had caused great troubles and had cost rivers of blood in Asia.

During the siege of Nicæa, the Crusaders on the advice of Alexius had communicated with the calif of Bagdad, and they had received messengers from him even while besieging Antioch. The leaders of the Crusade informed the calif that they were not at war with him but with the Turks, and assured him of their friendship. It was understood that the Crusaders would respect the calif's territory, of which Jerusalem was a part, and not cross its boundary without permission. And now to the astonishment of the Shiites, who believed themselves in a pact with the Christians against the Turks, the Christians had betrayed the trust, and appeared before Jerusalem arms in hand. While the Crusaders were at Ramleh, the calif of Bagdad was still convinced that Bohemond, Baldwin, and the other leaders' advice would prevail, together with Alexius Comnenus's explanation as to why the army should not go to Jerusalem.

The calif was certain that the advice of the knights would have enough weight to outbalance the decision of the priests, who wanted to conquer the Holy City.

The calif reminded the Crusaders of their agreement. It was in vain. A decision had been reached. The Turks then sent messages to Bagdad and pointed out the error of Mohammedans fighting one another, even if there were small religious differences between them, when the danger of a Christian invasion of Asia was facing them.

"All the Mohammedans should join and fight the barbarians who have laid waste most of Asia," the messengers said. "We can settle our own quarrels afterwards. They, the Christians, are the enemies of the Shiites as well as of all the Moslems."

The calif hated the Turks but dreaded the Christians. He sent messengers to the leaders of the Crusaders, laden with gifts and presents, and offered to admit three hundred unarmed pilgrims, at a time, into Jerusalem, and to make suitable arrangements to continue to admit such pilgrims in the years to come. That was as much as they had a right to expect.

In answer to that offer the Crusaders announced that, if the city were not given up at once, they would lay it waste and strike at the heart of the califate by marching upon Babylon. Agreements with infidels, they said, were not binding. They were fighting *for* God, and not *with* men. Let the calif beware of their wrath. Every day that passed from the day they had asked the surrender of Jerusalem would see more stringent conditions.

The calif refused.

Though too few to encompass Jerusalem, the Crusaders distributed themselves all around the city, at the most advantageous points, and began to lay siege to it.

The usual carelessness and wastefulness of the commissariat of the army made itself felt immediately, in the food and water supply. There was only one source of water supply for all, a mountain stream, and that source was abundant one day and dry for four days. Instead of providing against such contingencies, the Crusaders crowded the mouth of the well in such numbers they smothered one another to death. In a few days the entire stream was choked with the corpses of men and beasts.

Says one eye-witness, Raymond of Agiles: "Near the fount lay many weak folk, unable to utter a cry for the dryness of their tongues; there they remained with open mouths, and hands stretched out to those who they saw had water. Horses, mules, oxen, lay rotting where they had fallen, till the stench of the decaying flesh became abhorrent to the camp."

Some soldiers discovered still another water source, but it was ten miles from the camp in the mountains, and the ambushed Saracens killed the men and the cattle every time they went there to drink.

Soldiers sent to Jaffa to unload ships of provisions which had been sent to the army dallied at a feast given them by sailors, and got so drunk during the night, the enemy surrounded them, and took the whole boatload of provisions; even the ships fell into the hands of the Saracens. Everywhere, at every point, there was waste, carelessness, and criminal thoughtlessness.

If hunger and famine were not enough to torture the Crusaders, Peter the Hermit, who had behaved like a coward and run away from the battle front on several occasions, was now again at work. He had visions. He had a new vision every day. He toiled like a madman to recapture his lost popularity. The leaders had lost faith in his usefulness, but were not yet certain that all the soldiers had lost faith in his godliness. They tried to make use of him. He was obstreperous and overbearing. He was neither soldier nor priest.

While Raymond, Tancred, and Godfrey were planning an assault against the city, Peter announced that he had had a vision in which it was revealed to him that the city would fall only if the Crusaders encompassed it in their bare feet during nine days. This didn't help the preparations of the troops to assault the city. The generals were getting ready their battering rams and Peter planned to take the city with barefooted fools.

Before the assault, the chiefs began to bicker among themselves for portions of Palestine and for portions of the loot to be found in Jerusalem. The soldiers waited while the affairs of the leaders were being settled.

Meanwhile the power over the great mass of the Crusaders' army was slipping from the hands of the warriors into the hands of the priests, chiefly into the hands of Robert of Normandy's chaplain, Arnulf, afterwards patriarch of Jerusalem. To the younger leaders of the Crusade, Jerusalem was but one more jewel to adorn the crown of their achievements. To the soldiers and the crowds of pilgrims, Jerusalem was the end of their travels, their goal.

While the chiefs were fighting, quarreling, mistrusting one another, while they were celebrating reconciliations that ended in new quarrels because they couldn't decide whom to elect king of Jerusalem after the city should fall, Peter and the priests got the reins of the soldiery into their hands.

The Crusaders were made to pray with greater exaltation than they had ever prayed before, and were marching barefooted around the city, to fulfil Peter's nine-day vision. At the sight of this the leaders awoke to the real danger: the danger of losing authority over their men. They ordered the construction of towers, the felling of trees in distant woods, and ordered them carried on the backs of men around the walls of Jerusalem. In this way they used up some of the energy and enthusiasm which Peter and the priests had raised in the soldiers. The Crusaders were so exalted and hysterical they actually fought with one another as to who was to accomplish more work for the glory of the Lord. Peter was made to listen to reason. Of course they believed in his visions! But it would not hurt if one aided the fulfilment of the visions with towers and battering rams.

While one half of the army was busy constructing towers, the other half continued the procession around the city. White-stoled bishops and priests marched barefoot, cross in hand, chanting hymns and praying. And they all cried at the top of their voices: *"Deus vult, Deus vult."*

From the walls of the fortress the enemy watched this novel method of warfare. Keeping without the range of

the Saracens, the Crusaders halted every time a holy place was pointed out to them in the distant city, fell on their knees, and prayed. *Deus vult, Deus vult.*

The ninth day was approaching. The fall of Jerusalem seemed yet far away. That day the attack was begun from many sides at once. The Crusaders used stone-slingers, fire-bearing arms, catapults, and other engines of war.

Peter, anticipating failure, had another vision: that the delivery of Jerusalem was retarded because of Saracen witches in liaison with the king of the demons himself.

The Crusaders brought up ladders against the walls. Though the Saracens killed the Christians faster than they could come up, the ladders were always groaning under the number of men who kept climbing up, hoping to reach the top, on many sides at once. Peter and the bishops urged the soldiers to die for Christ if they could not live for Him. Men died chanting, *"Deus vult."* The Saracens poured boiling water, hot peat, and molten lead into the open mouths below, but couldn't still the chant, *"Deus vult."* Days of continual assault and murder and slaughter before the walls had followed one another. Peter had had visions. The bishops had had visions. Other people had visions. Christ, Peter Bartholomew, and God Himself appeared to them. Jerusalem was taken the ninth day. Peter the Hermit was again the hero.

"When our men had taken the city with its walls and towers," says Raymond of Agiles, "there were things wondrous to be seen. For some of the enemy, and this is a small matter, were reft of their heads, while others riddled through with arrows were forced to leap down

from the towers; others, after long torture, were burnt in the flames. In all the streets and squares there were to be seen piles of heads, and hands, and feet; and along the public ways foot and horse alike made passage over the bodies of the dead."

Tancred was the first one to be appalled by the horrible and unnecessary slaughter of the people of Jerusalem. He offered refuge to all those who would enter Solomon's Temple. But when the temple was packed with women and children and cripples, the bloodthirsty soldiery, regardless of Tancred's promises, broke through the gates and the doors and even let themselves down from the roofs into the halls crowded by the fugitives and butchered and hacked away until not one single human being remained alive. "Horses waded up to their bellies in blood within the Temple of Solomon."

Raymond of Toulouse had also offered security to those who would take refuge in the Tower of David. The leaders and priests sought in vain to restrain their men from useless bloodshed. The city was in their hands and the population offered no resistance. But the Eastern riffraff from the Christian quarters of Jerusalem had joined the Crusaders and had their own quarrels to settle, their own plans for loot, their own lust and greed to satisfy.

Væ victis. Animus meminisse horret. Claudite jam rivos, pueri, sat prata biberunt. My heart trembles with horror at such deeds. Close the dam, children, the fields have drunk enough.

Forgetting their holy errand, for which they had come thousands of miles, and suffered so much hunger and thirst,

the Crusaders were blood-drunk. The leaders had to step aside lest they themselves fall victim to the fury of the mob.

It took several days to still this hunger and thirst for murder which had taken possession of the Crusaders.

It took weeks to calm this madness, and more weeks before order of a kind was established. The streets of the Holy City, the houses, the alleys, and the cellars, were filled with corpses. The surviving Saracens—God knows there were few—were brought forth and compelled to carry the dead bodies of their brothers and kin outside the walls of the city. There the corpses were heaped in rows of hills of putrefied flesh, covered with débris of wood, and burned.

It took weeks for the blood which remained on the stones of the pavements to be washed off by the Saracens. Months later, the spattered blood on the walls of houses had not yet disappeared. "Such slaughter of pagan folk had never been seen or heard of. No one knows the numbers, save God alone." This from an eye-witness.

Godfrey de Bouillon was crowned king of Jerusalem: a title which he refused to accept, preferring a humbler one. The choice of Godfrey as king of Jerusalem was the best that could have been made. But what is one to say of the choice of Arnulf as Latin patriarch in the Holy City!

Arnulf had led a "life of lust" before he had joined the Crusaders, and his notorious amours afterwards, his lechery and debauchery, had been the theme of popular songs that had amused the Crusaders all along the march to

Jerusalem. *"Il arnulfe une fille"* is part of the French slang today. It was Old French for raping a girl. Arnulf caused the death of Peter Bartholomew, not because he did not believe in the genuineness of the holy lance, but because he disliked Raymond of Toulouse, the most Christian of all the leaders, in whose army Peter Bartholomew had fought. And it was this Arnulf, this godless, conscienceless scoundrel, that was elected patriarch of Jerusalem. To place him on the Holy Seat occupied by Jesus in Heaven, a million men had been butchered. A living spiritual conscience was being made to serve as a tool in the hands of the deadliest, the most conscienceless, rogue of the end of the eleventh century.

And now Arnulf began his work. The Sepulcher was made into a show place: an undignified, cheap exhibition behind the curtain of a tent in a market fair. Religion, faith was dealt out with a ladle at so much per drop. Concessions were sold for gold and silver to whosoever paid for them.

Lands and slaves were being apportioned to the favorites. Titles were bartered. Knighthoods were offered.

The gibbets groaned.

The church bells rang.

The dispute between the Greek patriarch and the Latin one was carried on.

For months and months Jerusalem, the city where the Prince of Peace was buried, reeked like a charnel house.

THE SECOND CRUSADE



THE SECOND CRUSADE

THE capture of Jerusalem by the first Crusaders did not put an end to the strife between Moslem and Christian. On the contrary, the Mohammedans did not lie down defeated, and the Christians did not know how to retain their advantage. To retain a conquest is more difficult than to conquer. Visions are of no earthly use in the administration of countries and cities. The enemy within Jerusalem was as perverse as the enemy without was strong. The quarrels and fights of the leaders, each of whom desired to retain under his own standard some portion of Jerusalem and of Palestine, laid the seed of defeat in fertile soil.

Hardly had these quarrels been pacified when knights marched out in several groups, each one taking a different direction, into Syria, to conquer lands and cities for themselves, while a number of Crusaders, knights and leaders, started on the return journey, hurriedly, hastily, to carry home the fruit of their labors and dangers. There were some thrifty spirits among these men, who wanted to carry home their hoards, to secrete them there. Many had had enough of fighting and longed for their homes and lands.

As yet, the Crusaders were masters of only a narrow corridor leading from the sea to Palestine. The Moslem tribes and armies formed moving walls on both sides of this road and frequently choked them up completely, thus cutting off the returning hosts from the sea and the Jerusalemites from the source of Western supplies. The looters

were looted by the Turks on their way home. Christian noblemen also were not below the work of the highwayman and preyed upon the "returners." There was no faith among themselves. This kind of guerrilla warfare was one in which the Moslem desert tribes were past masters and in which the Crusaders had not yet served their apprenticeship. The nobleman-highwayman had to disgorge his loot to the Turks.

The Mohammedans were still the masters of the fortified cities of Damascus, Ernessa, Hannah, and Aleppo. The Crusaders held Edessa, Antioch, and other fortresses populated by a majority of Greeks and Armenians, who were more pernicious to the Crusaders than were the infidels, because of their professed but doubtful friendship. Each Eastern Christian was a weeping friend and a grinning traitor to every European on Asiatic soil. Greeks and Armenians vied with each other as to who could better play both ends against the middle. Hypocrisy was their chief sport and occupation.

Long before the sea corridor had been firmly secured to the kingdom of Jerusalem and made safe, Godfrey de Bouillon died, a year after he had been made king.

The trumpet calls which rang in Europe heralding the great victory of Christ merged with the sound of the church bells announcing Godfrey's death, and echoed at the same time the cry of Jerusalem begging for relief. It was somewhat disturbing to the Church of Rome to have to beg assistance for those who had taken possession of the Paradise of Earth. The church had spread the information that once in Jerusalem, men would have no more

troubles; that God provided there for all His children. Had He not once rained manna into the desert!

Thousands of pilgrims in France, Germany, and Italy who had taken the long road to Jerusalem at the announcement of its deliverance from the infidels, pilgrims whose motives were far from devotional, adventurers going in the direction from whence had come reports of wealth and tales of opportunities for the display of personal bravery, suddenly discovered themselves enrolled in fighting battalions. Jerusalem had to be freed. Pilgrims who had waited for the deliverance of Jerusalem to accomplish their devotions, were also made to realize that it was much more difficult to reach Jerusalem after it had fallen into the possession of Christians, than it had been while under the thumb of the Moslems. One couldn't go to Jerusalem at will. The Venetians and the Greeks plied their boats between the Mediterranean ports and Jaffa but did not guarantee their travelers transportation to Jerusalem. The boat captains were in league with pirates and robbers, Christian and Moslem, with whom they shared all loot.

Jerusalem had ceased to be a sanctuary when it had become a military objective. Here and there one heard recriminations against the negligence, tactlessness, and weakness of the French warriors who had failed to secure the victory after it had been obtained at so much cost. Accusations and recriminations flew from Rome to Paris, from Paris to England, and returned, amplified and detailed, via Germany and Hungary, where the Magyars, recent converts to Christianity, showed greater zeal than the older believers. The world was willing and anxious

to forget Coloman's deeds of yesteryear. It was dangerous to stir up memories. "Better leave the manure pile undisturbed."

Those who pretended to organize relief armies thought also of the independent principalities they could acquire, like Antioch or Edessa. Companies were being organized for the exploitation of lands as yet unconquered. Fiefs were being sold, bishoprics were promised. Lands and castles at home were sold for copper instead of gold, to hire mercenaries and to charter boats for the transportation of troops. There were great possibilities in Cilicia and Persia.

The Britons too were awakened, by the noise of the apparent success of their neighbors. The Normans had carried to the Britons the strong spicy flavor of conquest in far-away lands.

Rome had never ceased for a moment to agitate against the Moslems. Rome lived by the creation of animosities. The capture and the captivity of Baldwin was made a strong telling point in the propaganda for the organization of a Second Crusade, before the count had been made of the cost and the value of the first one.

The object of this expedition was to be not only the deliverance of Jerusalem, or the conquest of small principalities, but the complete annihilation of the infidels of Asia. All the infidels of Asia! What a morsel! What a grand opportunity! The Christianization of Europe had deprived a primitive people too soon of the grand sport of murder. The annihilation of the infidels of Asia! That was something worthy to live for. Death to the infidel!

Nobles, clerics, and knights were by then not ignorant

of the duplicity and the treachery of the Byzantines, and though this wasn't preached openly and frankly, it was understood that Constantinople and the power it extended over the whole of Eastern Europe was to be part and parcel of the new conquest, even if it necessitated the complete annihilation also of the "false Christians," as the Easterners were now called by the Church of Rome. No one urged the conquest of Constantinople for military, for strategic reasons. It is difficult to believe that none of the leaders had as yet realized that the Byzantine capital was the key to Asia. The lust of the loot there blinded them. And those "false Christians" were reputed to be as wealthy as were the Jews. Constantinople was painted as choked with treasures that deborded into the streets. There were palaces of gold incrusted with precious stones. Silver was the meanest metal of the Golden City. Women bathed in golden waters, scented with perfumes obtained from crushed pearls. The venereal diseases the Crusaders had brought back from Asia had so infected their own womenfolk as to make them undesirable. "There was not a fair woman in France." These men had seen and known the most voluptuous creatures of the East, Greek and Armenian women.

Whenever the enthusiasm of the Crusaders waned, possibilities of grand loot and conquests would be mirrored and laid on the top of the existing ones. Clerics entered competition of orgiastic imagination. No picture was too wild, too arrogant. Loot, gold, and voluptuous pleasures were promised to a starving, poverty-stricken population that had nothing to lose in the adventure. That was

preached from pulpit, street corner, and crossroads. When pestilence followed pestilence, the clergy called the disease God's punishment for those who did not go to the rescue of the martyrs in Jerusalem.

Men who had taken part in the conquest of the Holy City came creeping back into Europe, inching slowly their way toward their homes. Most of them were so crippled and diseased their nearest kin refused to recognize them. But there were also some who came home laden with loot. Each one brought home a different tale of his experiences. One group called Palestine and Syria a cesspool, the other praised it as a paradise. People believed those they wanted to believe. And the church called, beckoned, urged and blessed and anathematized. What a confusion! Jerusalem was taken. Jerusalem was in danger. The Moslems were defeated. The Moslems menaced again.

The poor, ignorant human mind could not disentangle the web of lies and treacheries, and so it took the simplest means, cut the whole thing into pieces, and called each bit of thread its own truth. *Deus vult.* The people preaching the Second Crusade called those preaching against it traitors. The "traitors" retaliated by calling the Crusaders heretics.

While this was happening in Europe, the Mohammedans were taking stock of the great danger menacing them. They knew that what they had till then was as nothing compared to the fate that awaited them. Had there been any guiding intelligence among the European Christians, or had there been any real religious urge to

keep Jerusalem outside the hands of the "heathens," the Mohammedans not only would have ceded Palestine and the corridor that led to the sea, but would have made other concessions which would have forever avoided waste and bloodshed to the Europeans.

But the Byzantine Empire, rightly or wrongly, was more anxious to form an alliance with the Moslems than it was to help brother Christians from the West. The emperor at Constantinople knew what the others did not: that his city was the key to Asia, and that sooner or later the leaders of the Crusaders would realize that no one could hold Syria unless he was master of Constantinople. Because of this the Byzantine rulers were interested in widening the breach between Moslem and Christian to insure their own safety. Moslems forgot for a while their own religious quarrels which had separated them in factions, and organized as a whole to preserve their existence. The religious war preached by the Moslems was the cloak of their life-preserving instinct. To the sign of the cross the Turks opposed the sign of the crescent moon. The people of the two prophets sitting to the right and to the left of God killed one another. *Allahu akbar* against *Deus vult.* And the Father of both of them looked on without interfering. Towns, fortresses, and cities became war camps. There were as many Moslem preachers and generals with personal ambition of aggrandizement as there were Christian ones. As many miracles were performed in the Moslem camps as in the Christian ones. Terror was met with greater terror, and lies with greater lies. The inhumanity of one was opposed by the inhumanity of the other. And the

Byzantine Emperor Manuel wove black intrigues on the white looms of human stupidity, with one hand in the East and the other in the West. The Moslems were convinced that the Crusaders were cannibals. The Crusaders were convinced that the Moslems communicated daily with the devil. Emperor Manuel spread both lies diligently.

He told the Moslems: "Rely on me. I shall deliver the Crusaders to your speared arms."

To the Christians he said: "Follow me. I know the road to the infinite abyss into which we shall drive the Moslems."

And while the honeyed words pearled from the lips, the busy hands also distributed gold to convince those who doubted the veracity of the speaker. He bribed, entertained, corrupted, flattered, and cajoled all those he could not make serve him by force. Threats, prayers, and punishment. Those he could not make his tools by any means were poisoned or disappeared in the waters under the bridge that connected the throne-room with his chambers.

The Christian rulers of Edessa, Tarsus, and Antioch helped the Mohammedan cause by their treachery, by their repeated abuse of truces, by their occasional alliance with factional Mohammedan rulers, by the readiness of the knights to sell, for gold, their friends to the Moslems.

"How can we trust you? We have bought from you the lives of your own friends," wondered later on a Mohammedan general. It was true, only too true.

The quarrels between the Christians, fights between the Hospitallers and the Latin ecclesiastics of the East—

each one anxious to obtain more power than the other; each one anxious to put more gold into his coffers than the other—were used by the Mohammedans to denounce to the Moslem world not only the Christians but Christianity as a whole. "The Christians are a race of corrupt and disreputable scoundrels. The hand of God erred when he gave them human form."

The Templars were being openly accused by the Crusaders of having taken money from the Moslems to advise the Christian leaders to raise the siege of Damascus. And it was true. Only too true. They had taken money from the infidel to help his cause.

A legend tells that the gold the Templars had obtained from the Mohammedans as price for their betrayal turned into copper in their hands.

The religious orders in the East and in the West began to measure one another by their wealth instead of their piety, as if they were banking institutions and not followers of the Man who had preached humility and poverty. They were more anxious to secure their wealth and to increase it by financial manipulations and by intrigue, than to spread His teachings to the world. Had He come back he would have cried out: *"Adam, Adam, lama sabachthani?* Man, man, why hast thou forsaken me?"

"The sight of a Templar soured the milk in the breast of women feeding their children. The rich hated them as much as the poor. Their hands were behind the thrones of kings, behind the seats of bishops and popes. They were so powerful, so wealthy, so heedless of right and wrong!"

Edessa fell again into the hands of the Moslems, because

of the unwillingness of the other knights to come to its rescue.

Pope Eugenius renewed the old absolution from sin, and the other privileges of the old Crusaders which had been given by Pope Urban II.

Bernard of Clairvaux, son of a Burgundian nobleman and nephew of the grand master of the order of Templars, a stubborn and eloquent monk who had nipped in the bud a culture begun by Abelard in Paris, and crushed every attempt at rationalism, even religious rationalism, was at the height of his power a few years before the middle of the twelfth century. Combining his own influence with that of his uncle behind him, Bernard soon gained such popularity, such an ascendency over the people, that both Louis VII of France and Conrad III of Germany succumbed to his call to join the Holy War against the Moslem. The waters were troubled. The wise ones fished influence, power. What could the poor people do! They were prey to everyone. The whole of Europe was sick, starved, and tortured with plagues and misinformation.

Louis, king of France, was only twenty-five years old. While at war with Theobald of Champagne, Louis had burned a church at Vitry, in which thirteen hundred old men, women, and children had taken refuge. This act of savagery had not been forgotten by the people when Louis VII, son of Louis the Fat, donned penitent garb and turned apostle of the same church he had burned down. Yet no one dared open his mouth. The man who had burned a church now shed tears for the martyrs of Christendom in Asia.

Conrad III, grandson of Henry IV, hadn't been a saint either. Before he had hoisted himself on the German throne he had rebelled against the former king and come to grips with Leopold of Austria and Welf of Bavaria. He had raised his hand against his own father and put his knee on the chest of his brother. Yet now he too craved to appear like a saint. The pope said nothing against him. The bishops were ordered to chant his praises. Instead of Conrad the patricide, the regicide, he was hailed as Conrad the saint. The Church of Rome had both a long and a short memory, and it used either at will. Enrolling himself with Bernard and the Crusaders, Conrad brought the Templars' influence to play in his own difficulties with Hungary, Poland, Bavaria, and Lorraine.

Louis took the cross from Bernard's own hands at Vézelay in the presence of thousands and thousands of people whose enthusiasm was raised to such a pitch by Bernard, they killed themselves crowding to join their king.

From Vézelay, Bernard, like Peter the Hermit in the First Crusade, passed quickly into Germany, and there he repeated Peter's tactics. He had visions. He performed miracles. The lame, the crippled, and the sick followed Bernard wherever he went. His reputation as a miracle worker became so great the blind saw and the lame walked when he made the sign of the cross over them. His followers were all under a hypnotic spell. He preached as he marched along. He seems to have been everywhere at the same time. People believed he owned the seven-league boots. His voice was as loud as a trumpet call.

He converted to crusading Conrad III on Christmas Day, in Conrad's church. Like Peter's, Bernard's eloquence was pictorial. Having stirred his audience, he portrayed a scene in Heaven where God himself asked questions, demanding of each one why he had not gone to the rescue of the Sepulcher of His Son from the hands of the infidel! Suddenly, unexpectedly, Bernard tore down the banner from the altar and placed it in the hand of the king of Germany, declaring it to be the banner of the army of the Crusaders. And Conrad was convinced. It was perfect theater. Bernard had used the paralyzing effect of the unexpected. What else could Conrad do? When it was too late to withdraw he realized what had happened to him. To do that, he would have to declare Bernard a heretic and order him burned at the stake. Louis would then have fallen upon him and destroyed his lands and killed him.

Though he had not been the first to enroll himself in the army of Crusaders, the German king was the first to obtain the pilgrims' scrip from the pope. Stealing a march on the French, with his hosts, before Louis was ready to march at the head of his army, he started from Ratisbon.

Louis had made an elaborate code for the behavior of his army. Though Conrad never thought of such a thing, there was little to choose in conduct between the armies. They were more arrogant, more rapacious, than the hordes that had gone before Peter's army, than Peter's own army, and than the bands of knights that followed them. Everywhere Conrad's army seized provisions without payment and crippled and killed all those who opposed them. Louis's army did the same thing. The barbarians, the Greeks

avenged themselves, ambushed and killed those who came within the reach of their poniarded fists. The Crusaders, marching in disorderly groups, following caravan wagons, astride horses, mules, donkeys, and on foot, covered the highways and byways like huge swarms of black ants. No one turned his head backwards to see what happened to stragglers, to women, children, to the old and to the sick. It was "Onward, Christian soldiers!" "Follow the row of dead on the road. It leads to the golden tent occupied by the king."

Conrad's host camped between Adrianople and Constantinople and, like Godfrey's a few years before, treated the inhabitants as enemies.

Emperor Manuel, successor to Alexius, ruler of the Byzantine Empire, tried to dissuade the Crusaders from such behavior. Conrad answered by drawing nearer to Constantinople, anxious to loot the golden capital before Louis arrived with his host.

Conrad did not doubt for a moment that Louis had the same intentions as he had. He had stolen a march on the French king because of that, and not because of his haste to fight the enemy of the cross. The wonders and the wealth of Constantinople had been an old dream of Conrad's. Crusading offered the best opportunity and the best excuse for fulfilling it.

Manuel retaliated by poisoning the food and water that was distributed and sold to the Crusaders. One-fourth of the army lay down and died. Their bowels were literally burned out by the poison they had eaten.

"The faces of the agonizing and the dead were as green

as mold. The corpses were ashen and cold before the last breath had been exhaled from their mouths."

The two rulers called the affair a draw. The gates of Constantinople remained closed.

Finally, upon hearing of Louis's approach with his host, Conrad, anxious to be the first where there was any loot, obtained guides from Manuel and crossed the Bosporus, reserving Constantinople for a more propitious day. These guides were well chosen by Manuel. They guided Conrad into the maw of the Moslems. The Turks had been so well informed that barely one-tenth of the invading army returned to Nicæa. Conrad himself was severely wounded.

The Byzantine ruler had kept his agreement with the Turks and fulfilled the one with the Christians. They had demanded guides to lead them to the infidels' camp. He had given them what they had asked for.

Louis was before the gates of Constantinople when the news arrived of Conrad's disaster. Louis too had desired to "see" Constantinople, and he would undoubtedly have made an attempt to "see" it in his own way, had his enemy, Roger of Sicily, not declared war on Manuel just then. Despite the advice of the other noblemen, Louis befriended the emperor of Byzantium.

The bishop of Flanders urged the Crusaders to take Constantinople first, and openly accused the emperor of having made war against the Christian ruler of Antioch. But Louis was an enemy of Roger of Sicily, and therefore a friend of Manuel, with whom he visited the churches of Constantinople, arm in arm. Manuel called him his "dear brother." Manuel was worth ten bishops of Flanders. Man-

uel was at war with Roger. He would beat Roger and conquer Sicily, and then hand it over to Louis. Let the bishop rave. Jerusalem could wait. Eventually Constantinople would fall into Louis's hands; until then he was Manuel's friend.

When the Bosporus was crossed by Louis's host and Nicæa reached, the Frenchman and Conrad agreed to combine their armies and march together. But when the Turks massed troops to oppose their progress, Conrad suddenly decided to withdraw and to go to Constantinople, where he desired to winter and to cure himself. He was sick. He had already done his share. He would return to the battlefield later. He was sick.

The Greeks who had joined Louis's army began to desert the ranks, at first one by one, and then in larger numbers as they approached Damascus.

The advance troops under Geoffrey de Rancogne and Amadeus of Savoy, the king's uncle, instead of halting on a ridge, descended to pitch their tents in the valley. The Turks, advised by the Greeks, came through to the heights above, and sent down a hail of arrows, stones, and tree trunks that crushed everything and everybody below. Dumb animals would have hesitated to give such an advantage to newly acquired friends, and would certainly not have placed themselves in a position that put them at the mercy of their enemy. One really must believe in miracles when reading of the amazing stupidities which the Crusaders had gone through. There was not one rational act in a hundred.

Louis ran to the assistance of his vanguard, but he had

only a few knights with him, and was hopelessly outnumbered. Hampered by the crowd of panic-stricken pilgrims running backwards, Louis's knights too were caught on the slope, where the heavy horses and long lances were of no avail. From the top of the hills, the Turks poured down a steady storm of death.

Night came, a night of agonies and tortures. The wounded, pinned under boulders and heavy trunks of trees, cried and begged for relief or death.

The Turks laughed.

The monks prayed.

And it was so dark, the Crusaders could not see their hands held before their own eyes. At dawn the valley was still. The Turks had disappeared from the hilltops.

The sad and dispirited army resumed its march.

The Greek governor had given Louis a safe-conduct, but as on previous occasions the Greeks betrayed the Crusaders to the Turks.

The plight of those that survived the battle and the flight was such that, wearying from massacring them, the victorious Turks took pity on the wounded and diseased Christian stragglers, sat down beside them, bandaged and succored them and offered them bread and drink from their own water-skins. Hundreds of Crusaders were so moved by the attitude of the enemy they forsook their own faith and accepted Mohammedanism on the spot. Later on these new Moslems were more bitter enemies of the Christians than the old ones, not only because they had to prove that they were good Mohammedans, but also because they genuinely hated their former coreligionists.

After a while the army of Louis was reorganized. The plans of action were changed again. It was decided to march on Antioch, where Raymond, Louis's wife's uncle, was master. The meeting between the king and the nobleman was very cordial. The Crusaders were well received by the Antiochites, and were in a fair way to recuperate from the terrible blows they had received. But Raymond and Louis could not agree about the future movements. Louis's objective was still Jerusalem, while Raymond asked the king to lend him his hosts for the conquest of Aleppo and Cæsarea. Jerusalem held no charms for Raymond. He cared naught in whose hands it was, while its importance had become every day more exaggerated in the mind of Louis VII.

Young, impetuous, hot-headed, stubborn, Louis had a one-track mind. He looked upon the disasters that had so far befallen his army as God's punishment for the sins he had committed. Every defeat pitched higher his religiousness. His mind was burdened with all kinds of superstitions. His tortured soul echoed the beliefs of his savage ancestors. He saw omens and signs in the most ordinary and everyday happenings. He was interested in the old pagan reading of the viscera of dead animals. His Christianity was really a jumble of all the old mumbo-jumbo trickeries of ambulant sorcerers and workers in magic. He surrounded himself with clergy and lived within the sound of their preaching and prayers and the odor of incense.

Eleanor, Louis's wife, did not share her husband's fears and quivers. She amused herself with her old and gallant uncle Raymond. She carried on a love-affair with the master of Antioch under the nose of her distracted

husband. Louis knew what was going on, but was afraid to interfere. He was practically in Raymond's power. He had to endure his wife's faithlessness without protesting, even after he had left Antioch, lest Raymond fall upon him in the rear. Following the example of the queen, the wives of the knights led an active life of debauchery with Raymond's servants, while on the road to Jerusalem.

Meanwhile Conrad had returned by sea to Acre, where the Crusaders held a grand council. There, after long parleys, it was decided that the German and the French hosts should march side by side, with the Holy Cross at their head. The combined armies were swelled daily by new arrivals come to join the decimated hordes. They were soon before the walls of Damascus.

The old fortress of Damascus was surrounded, miles deep, by gardens and fruit trees. The French soldiers marched in front, prepared to take the city by storm. The Saracens, in ambush behind small walls of gardeners' homes and behind trees, mowed them down as fast as they advanced. Conrad and his hosts were far behind, waiting to hear the trumpet call of the victory of their allies. Alarmed by the silence, perhaps afraid of treachery Conrad and his Teutonic hosts broke through the French ranks and rushed forward with such impetuousness, the ambushing Saracens were overpowered by the sudden weight of running flesh, and flew within the city gates.

Though the Christians, combined once more, attacked again and again, they were repulsed by the besieged every day with greater losses. There were stout hearts behind

the mud walls of that fortress. The folly and the bravery of the attacking hosts inspired admiration in the enemy: Damascus refused to be taken by storm and refused to surrender.

Then the siege of Damascus began in earnest. The gardens were destroyed. The trees were cut down. The houses outside the walls went up in smoke. However, like most other endeavors of the Crusaders, this enterprise also ended in a crushing fiasco, because of the intrigues between the kings and the treachery of the knights, and because of the bribes distributed right and left by both parties. To the treachery of the Greeks was now added the faithlessness of the Franks who had settled in Damascus years before and who were as anxious to see the Crusaders defeated as were the Moslems. They had lived peacefully under the rule of the Moslems and did not anticipate the same degree of security under Louis's or Conrad's rule. The Christians living in Damascus were the worst enemies of the Crusaders. Many of the Damascans had fought beside the Franks in the First Crusade and knew how the conquering Christians treated a captured city. They had themselves not been saints on such occasions; but now the shoe was on the other foot.

Accustomed to waste and destruction, the hosts of Louis and Conrad destroyed the vegetable and fruit gardens surrounding Damascus, and with carcasses choked the wells and the flow of rivers until the waters were unfit to drink. Unable to feed the hosts, cut off from any source of supply from the rear, the knights told their soldiers to forage for themselves as well as they might. Hemmed in

between the wall in front and the enemy behind, men lived like animals on roots and mice and, if one is to lend an ear to the tales of the Arabs, and interpret correctly the writings of eye-witnesses, on human flesh. Hunger knows no master and no repugnance.

The noblemen and the knights, however, had their tables supplied by the people they besieged. Queen Eleanor and some of her ladies had made contacts with influential Moslems within Damascus. The gates of the city were not as tightly closed nor as well watched as they were supposed to be. While the soldiers starved, the ladies amused themselves at the tables and the couches of the generals and officers of the enemy. And Louis had to refrain from recriminating. He was afraid of his wife. She went in and out of Damascus, brazenly, almost openly.

There is no doubt that the concentrated army could have taken the city by storm, by sheer weight of numbers. It is doubtful whether this would have done them any good, whether they would have kept Damascus for any length of time; yet, since it was the goal of the Crusaders, it could have been accomplished, had there been a little less jealousy and a trifle more honesty among the leaders.

The vizier of Damascus laughed at the Christians. "It is better to have one dog eat another, than to use the arm of a man to destroy them," was his dictum. The Knights Templars, and the handsome ladies, supplied the vizier with all the information he needed about the enemy outside his gates. Seldom before or since has an army been in a position where the besieged starved out the besiegers.

After months and months of stupid inactivity, Conrad,

followed by a handful of men, sailed home in disgust, through with Crusades and Crusaders, forever and ever, happy to save his skin.

He had received messages from home that his throne was in danger. One bird in hand was better than a thousand in the bush. Louis stayed on in Palestine till Easter of 1149, and then he too turned homeward.

While embroiled in the quarrels and intrigues at Antioch, while in the power of his wife's uncle, Raymond, the king had not been able to deal with his wife as she deserved. Many of the knights and husbands of the ladies in waiting were anxious to get home again to settle their accounts with the women. Domestic unhappiness preyed on the poor minds of these noblemen more than defeat. Jerusalem could wait. Damascus could wait. They were sick and tired of Palestine and Syria, of hunger, of thirst and disease.

The debauchery in which some of the Crusaders reveled, as well as the abstemious lives of some of Louis's followers, had had its effect upon the women pilgrims. The passion of women also stirs their ire. The women who amused themselves in Damascus scorned and mocked their husbands in the army camps; Eleanor and her companions accused their husbands of impotence and not themselves of lechery. It was rumored that the queen, who had not been beyond reproach before she married the king, had carried on an amorous intrigue with her uncle brazenly, openly, though he was much older than she and much older than her husband. Raymond was a gay cavalier, not burdened with principles or ideals. Eleanor was charming and

desirable. It did not matter that she was his niece. It did not matter that she was another man's wife. The other ladies had picked up for themselves such men as were young and agreeable. Louis was not ignorant of the doings of his wife, or ignorant of what was happening in the gilded tents of his nobles and knights. Raymond endeavored to use Eleanor to his own advantage, that she should convince Louis to lend him his army to defeat Cæsarea. The affair with her uncle, if the fact, was only a small episode in the life of Eleanor. Before Damascus she improved upon it, so it has remained to this day one of the legends of the desert. Told at the camp-fires of Bedouin and Arab camel-drivers and sheep-herders from one end of the Lebanon to the other, it sounds somewhat like this:

Saladin was only a young boy, still living in the home of his father Ayyub, and surrounded by teachers and such friends as had been selected by those who watched over his destinies. But he was already taller and broader and stronger than other boys years older than he was. The light in his eyes was a mixture of saint and warrior, and it made everyone be quiet as he spoke, sit still when he rose, and rise when he appeared. His father did not know whether Saladin was to be a saint or a soldier, a poet or a man of action. Selah! The masters were occasionally offended by the boy's haughtiness, but were rapidly repaid by his kindness and humility. A whisper was heard in the Lebanon; a whisper that was carried like a zephyr wind further north and east into the lands where Arabs dwelled.

This quiet whisper murmured that a savior was being bred somewhere in the desert, and was as yet only known to those who guided his destinies. Selah!

"Bear patiently and trust unto Allah, and Mohammed who is His Prophet. For when He 'The One' will reach manhood he shall sweep out from our lands the unbelievers, and do it with such strength their dust will be carried by the wind over the sea. Selah!

"Then, of the thousands of thousands who carry the cross, there shall not remain one with a foot on the Holy Land. Allah be praised."

And in those days, while Saladin was yet young, there appeared a Frankish king at the gates of Damascus. And he and his hosts camped for a long while before the walls of the "Pearl of the Desert." The people of Allah and the Prophet had never witnessed such destruction. Because their swords and axes could not slay our people they hewed down trees and vines—God's own work.

And in the wake of that Frankish king traveled his wife and a goodly number of other women who walked about, as is the custom with those heathenish shameless people, bare-armed and with unveiled faces, laughing and touching hands with men at every opportunity. And the gates of Damascus were secretly opened nightly for these women who were faithless and traitors to their husbands. The people of the Prophet who let them in within the gates had their reasons for doing so. Selah!

One day, Saladin, accompanied by one of his friends, stole out from one of the gates of the besieged city, to gather some lemons and oranges that had remained hanging on a few trees, after the infidels had destroyed most of the fruit-bearing gifts that had surrounded Damascus. Those oranges and lemons were destined to be for Saladin's father, who happened to be ill just then. The truth was, that the vizier and his friends who entertained the Frankish women so lavishly at their tables, did so to impress the

enemy with the inexhaustible abundance of the city; to make them feel that they could never starve out its inhabitants. In reality the people of Damascus lived on little bread and less water. Selah!

While Saladin and his friend were busy filling the bag with yellow-green lemons, they heard women's laughter in back of them. And lo, before they had had time to hide or run away, two women of the faithless appeared from behind a grove. They were on horseback. At the sight of Saladin, the two women ceased their laughter, struck by the light in the boy's eyes and by his beauty. Saladin gripped the bag which he had filled and looked straight into the eyes of the queen.

She dismounted.

"For whom the fruit?" she asked.

"For the greatest enemy of the faithless," Saladin answered.

"And who is he?" the queen questioned.

"My father." And Saladin looked at her again.

He was of an age in which there were beginnings of dreams. He trembled as she put her warm bare arm about his tender neck. He almost swooned when her red, hot lips pressed upon his. Her lips were hot and perfumed. She drank his breath as if it were wine. His knees weakened. His head was in a whirl, as if a thousand wheels had been set in motion in a thousand different directions. We have all been young once. We can understand. Selah!

What did she tell him?

What did he answer?

When Saladin gathered himself to leave, the queen laughed heartily, for he had forgotten the bag of oranges and lemons which he had come to gather for his father

at the risk of his life. Had a besieging soldier seen him, an arrow would have pierced his heart. An ax would have split his head. And yet he forgot to gather the fruit after the queen had kissed his lips! Selah!

At sunrise the following morning, the Frankish queen arrived, riding alone, to the very spot where she had met the boy the previous evening. Saladin, trembling like a leaf in the wind, was waiting for her. The queen took the pale, trembling boy in her arms. She opened her cloak. She was bare, from head to foot. Frankish women are like that.

Morning after morning, Saladin came to the same place and the two hid behind a grove and laughed and embraced until the sun was high above them. Saladin forgot his father and neglected his teachers. He was in the first throes of love and the queen drank his sweet young breath.

Sometimes afterwards, the queen asked Saladin to bring some of his friends with him, so that she might see them. When they came, accompanying Saladin, the queen was followed by a number of beautiful young women, all of them bare under their red cloaks.

As long as the Frankish king and the Allemand king remained under the walls of Damascus, Saladin and the queen, and the youths with the other women, spent their mornings together, in forbidden and godless pleasures. Saladin was heartbroken when they left to return whence they had come. And he never forgot her. He remembered her to his dying day. Selah! The story of Saladin and the Frankish queen is at an end.

When Louis divorced Eleanor, upon his return from Palestine, she was accused of intimate relations not only

with Raymond of Antioch, but also with a number of infidels. The scandal shook to its foundation the loose edifice that was France in those days. Eleanor of Aquitaine did not attempt to excuse herself. She enrolled powerful allies to help her intrigue against the king. Her husband Louis, however, had had enough of her, and risked the security of the throne to obtain his freedom from the faithless wife.

Other nobles divorced their wives when the truth was aired. The fall of Damascus was ascribed not only to the weakness of Louis and the treachery of the nobles, but also to the conduct of the queen and her women friends. Like Penthesilea, she had ridden out from her camp every morning at the head of a hundred naked women.

The Templars, who had actually sold the Crusaders to the infidels, were most anxious to divert the attention of the world from their actions. They were also too powerful then to be accused openly, even by kings. Everybody knew what they had done, how much gold they had accepted from the enemy; but no one said a word—meaning that no one said a word and remained alive.

The failure of Louis's and Conrad's Crusade fell hard upon the heads of Bernard who had preached it and the pope who had indorsed it. It was impossible to admit that the enterprise had failed because of lack of organization, because of inner treachery and debauchery, and other excuses were invented daily. When conscious imagination was exhausted, those that had visions announced to the rest of the world that they knew the reasons of the failure. The Crusaders had been unworthy to achieve the deliverance of the Sepulcher of the Lord, because of the looseness of their

lives, because of their unchristian behavior, and because their minds had not been pure when they set out for the conquest of Jerusalem.

The holy mission could be better carried out by unarmed saints than by armed sinners. This claptrap later on led to the disastrous Children's Crusade, which cost the lives of thousands of innocent boys and girls. And the king of Jerusalem continued to send forth to the Christian world panic-stricken messages. The Holy City was a little island in the midst of a sea seething with monstrous spears wielded by grinning devils.

While Louis and Conrad had gone out and impoverished themselves, the English had assembled a considerable fleet, and had conducted a small Crusade of their own in a more immediate vicinity, for more immediate profit. The English had wrested Lisbon from the Moors and possessed themselves not only of a strategic city, but also of immense treasures that surpassed everything the Crusaders had ever laid their hands on. The English had skimmed the cream while the French and Germans had been churning the milk of religion.

The two crusading monarchs also met with other disappointments. In their absence, the conditions of life in their kingdoms had become worse than before. Barons and lords had arrogated to themselves more power than they had been vested with. The new nobility of landowners was more arrogant than the old one, and squeezed land and people dry. It refused to pay taxes to the crown and hired mercenaries while tax collectors pressed for money.

Priests, preachers, and bishops had entrenched themselves behind considerable possessions of land bought from impoverished pilgrims and from those who were anxious to go on a pilgrimage, and claimed that their holdings were exempt from all taxes forever and ever. The peasantry, that long-suffering gentry, was rearing its head. French secret associations of peasants were being organized all over the country. Houses and barns went up in flames. Cattle were killed in the fields. The roads were not safer in daylight than they were at night. When pursued by mercenaries in the pay of noblemen, the peasants took refuge in churches, and rang the bells calling their neighbors to the rescue. The more patient and oxlike Teutons were also beginning to shake their heavy, shaggy heads.

Hunger, pestilence, serious and repeated agricultural failure, the disintegration of families, induced a disregard for life that had not been equaled by the bravest of warriors. A mushroom growth of magic and sorcery replaced all over the country the belief in the church.

Italians were going back to the *vecchia religione.*

Teutons were going back to their half-forgotten worship of fire and water.

The French and the Normans invented "rigamagics" after they had exhausted faith in deviltry and different other cults that would have shamed the African savages two thousand years before.

The spirit of adventure seized young and old. The example of the English Crusades was fatal. Why should one travel so far across seas and deserts, when there were even greater possibilities near at hand! Why go to Constan-

tinople when Tunis was nearer! Why go to Jerusalem when Spain was within reach! Why bother to join an army and subject oneself to a knight, baron, or king, when one could do better acting independently!

Men banded themselves together armed with forks and axes, and marched away, leaving their homes to be plundered by those who came behind them, and plundering the homes of those who had gone before them.

Because of habit, some of these highwaymen still wore the sign of the cross upon their backs, but most of them dispensed with the insignia, trusting to amulets and bits of bones given them by sorcerers and miracle workers.

"Jedermann Feind." Everybody was an enemy, including the friend with whom one fought, ate, and slept.

The Christian church was again competing with paganism, with a heathenish paganism grown from disillusionment and hunger. Paris became the center, the abode, of all the hideous practices of black magic, of cults of Isis, of sodomy and Pygmalionism.

Tabernacles became taverns.

Churches were used as brothels.

Monasteries were lupanars and rendezvous of thieves and degenerates.

Children, orphans of Crusaders, roamed over the whole of France and Germany, without shelter, without raiment, without food, disputing with rats the roots in the fields.

The church had forgotten it had once promised to take care of them.

Louis VII was too busy divorcing his wife.

Conrad had his hands full in his own household.

The Templars were too powerful to busy themselves with such unimportant matters.

The Hospitallers were too occupied organizing another Crusade.

God shall eventually take care of His own children His own way. . . . Pray for them.

The Greeks, the Lombards, the Venetians, and the Pisans were crowding the healthiest of these children on boats and selling them as slaves to the Moors and the Turks.

While Europe was stewing in its own blood the kingdom of Jerusalem was not resting on a bed of perfumed roses. The king's crown was one of thorns. The people toiled in despair and lived in agony. "The wind carried the odor of the enemy to the nostrils of the inhabitants of the Holy City."

At the death of Godfrey de Bouillon, Baldwin, his brother, became king of Jerusalem. More enterprising than the dead king, Baldwin, upon seizing power, began to organize the land in a military fashion, disregarding the rules and laws which his brother had established and enforced. Baldwin I was essentially a military man and thought in terms of citadels and fortresses, of towers and strongholds. The quarrels he had with Tancred for the possession of Tarsus, and the fierceness with which he possessed himself of Edessa tell something of his character. The scepter of Jerusalem meant that much more manpower for his armies. He did not have the patience for administration and was too impetuous to be an organizer. He

was a brave soldier. War was the only sport, the only occupation worthy of man. His ideas of life were in terms of spears, horses, towers, coats of mail, and fortresses. He had more respect for a fighting enemy than for a peaceful friend. Hands were not given by God to toil and to harvest, but to wield weapons.

He had no sooner mounted the throne and been anointed king than he issued forth, at the head of a considerable, but badly organized, army against the Moslems, and came to grips with them before Rama. The crushing defeat did not change his warlike attitude. He avenged himself at the gates of Jaffa, and carried on the war before Ptolemais, Beirut, and Sidon, for nine years. Baldwin lived in his field tent within the sound of horses' hoofs, groans, and the smell of fire and blood. Meanwhile Jerusalem was administered by the patriarch and some of Baldwin's friends. The surrounding country was organized in "casels," groups of families, and paid taxes to different barons and knights. Whole families changed hands, like cattle, when their lords gambled them away at dice or exchanged them for other possessions.

Pilgrims from the West, who still came to visit the Holy Sepulcher, were forced into Baldwin's army, regardless of origin, age, and frequently of sex. . . . Baldwin needed masses of flesh with which to oppose the more advanced means of warfare which the Turks and the Egyptians employed. Baldwin had no illusions about help coming from the West. He knew that he would have to pay for such help, if it came, more than it was worth.

Baldwin's accession to the throne of Jerusalem had not

been easily accomplished. The patriarch, Dagobert of Pisa, who had intrigued Arnulf out of his seat, had agreed with Bohemond the Norman to seat him on Godfrey de Bouillon's throne. But Baldwin had not been idle while his brother was dying. His agents and his money succeeded in arousing the easily bribed and loud element of the population. Taking possession of the Tower of David, Baldwin and his riffraff followers opposed the patriarch with all the means at their disposal. The Tower of David was the key to the power over Jerusalem. Whenever the city changed hands, the Tower of David was drenched in blood.

Having secured for themselves the central fortress, the erstwhile Crusaders sent messengers to Baldwin, asking him to come and take possession of his kingdom. The population of Jerusalem wanted no other king than Godfrey's brother.

Baldwin left one of the noblemen, his cousin, at Edessa, and started out for Jerusalem with only a small company of knights, followed by a few troops on horse and on foot. They fought their way through the passes of Lebanon and Beirut, which were manned by Turks, before they reached the capital of Palestine. The shouts of joy of the populace when Baldwin appeared at the gate forced Dagobert's hand.

The new king was anointed. The people were wild with joy. The bought enthusiasm of Baldwin's agents injected itself into the Jerusalemites. People chanted the new king's bravery and audacity. Jerusalem needed then just that kind of king. He would stem the tide of Moslems pouring upon them: Long live Baldwin, Christian King of Jerusalem!

The patriarch never forgot his own dreams and never forgave the new king for having upset his plans.

As Dagobert controlled whatever gold came into the treasury, Baldwin was immediately confronted with great poverty. The patriarch believed he had the means to lift the new king out of his throne. He knew very little of the character of Godfrey's brother! This robber baron anointed king did not hesitate before anything. He found it much more convenient and expedient to organize a band of devoted highway robbers who should turn over the proceeds of their conquests to him, than to collect taxes, or to arrange the financial affairs of his country in such a manner as to have ample funds in the treasury. He left Dagobert to sit on the treasure chest. He was in no hurry and knew that when absolute necessity dictated he would have no difficulty in tumbling the old patriarch from his position. For the moment he had to and could look for money elsewhere.

Baldwin bargained with everybody and promised concessions in Palestine and in the rest of Asia, to whosoever would help him. He gave deeds to land in countries he had not yet conquered, and offered loot of which he had not yet possessed himself, to Italy and to Norway, in exchange for the hire of their fleets. He paid with such concessions for the help of the hundred English and Westphalian ships which arrived to rescue him at Jaffa. They would not have raised a sail for him otherwise, and the story of Baldwin and his army would have ended then and there. What cared he, Baldwin, about what would happen afterwards! He wanted to fight as long as he lived. Jerusalem, Palestine, sepulchers and religion were the excuses of the weak and the hypocrites. He wanted to fight.

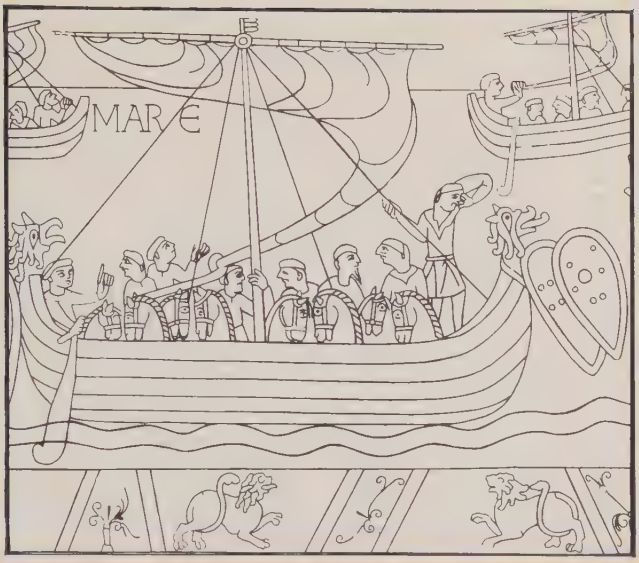
Another English and North German fleet came to help him before Sidon. Baldwin paid with more concessions. The Italians and Genoese and Venetians were drawn to his assistance, and were paid with the same coin. When it was profitable, expedient, or necessary, he betrayed his allies to his enemy, and used the money he obtained to fight the very same enemy elsewhere.

The tribute paid by conquered towns and fortresses went to swell the army of mercenaries, Crusaders, and pilgrims which Baldwin was continually massing. He believed in weight, in numbers. He cared not for the quality of his men as long as he had the quantity. He was as lavish with promises as he was reluctant to fulfil them.

When Sidon offered more money if Baldwin would raise the siege than he could hope to get by imposing fines and taxes, Baldwin didn't hesitate to raise the siege for which he had enlisted the English and the Germans.

Still, because of Dagobert's manipulations, the king was in continual financial straits.

Returning from one of his military expeditions, Baldwin was so incensed against the patriarch that he entered forcefully into the holy man's home and threatened to melt down all the gold in all the churches of Jerusalem, even the ornaments of the Sepulcher, if Dagobert should continue to oppose him. Dagobert had been taken by surprise in his banquet hall. Baldwin, King Baldwin, threw the silver dishes and plates to the floor and threatened to set fire to the house if money were not forthcoming immediately. Dagobert disgorged half of the treasures he had accumulated and sparred for more time.


MARE

Jerusalem was the best chosen center for certain enterprises. While the pilgrims from the West traversed snowy mountains and roads infested with robbers, walking barefoot and dressed only in pilgrim's garb, Baldwin, king of Jerusalem, waited like a huge spider who had cobwebbed the road from the sea to the Holy City, and fell upon them. The king of Jerusalem was in reality the directing head of several bands of highway robbers operating within a given area. Some of these robbers shared equally with the king while others paid in advance for a year's privilege within limited confines.

For greater convenience, the pilgrims assembled in vast numbers and pooled their provisions for the last leg of the journey.

When informed of the arrival of such caravans, Baldwin allowed them to approach Jerusalem. At night, beyond the Jordan, he and his robber barons attacked the pilgrims, wounded and killed those who opposed them, carried off their provisions, their women and children, their horses and camels, and left to those who remained alive only their bare feet to tread upon the hot sands of the desert. This was the king of Jerusalem's manner of collecting toll from those who set foot on his lands.

Bands of pilgrims who disembarked at different points on the seashore were treated in like manner by Baldwin's lieutenants.

He treated the Mohammedans no better than he treated the people of his own faith. Putting forward the excuse that one need not keep faith with unbelievers, he made and broke trusts with his allies.

To fill his coffers he married the widow of Count Roger of Sicily. She arrived at Acre with a dowry of ships laden with gold and silver and gems, and brought with her a thousand mercenaries. Baldwin drained her of her gems and her money, secured to himself the thousand mercenaries, and then dismissed the woman ignominiously from his home.

He was so involved, needed so much money to carry on his unending wars, his fights and battles, when his own knights were taken into captivity, even his best friends, that he let them be executed, or rot in dungeons, when ransom was asked for their release. Gervase, one of Baldwin's best friends, was shot to death in Damascus because the king had not ransomed him in time. Yet Tughtigin, the Moslem general who had ordered Gervase shot, succeeded in obtaining from Baldwin, for gold, the raising of the siege of Sidon. Baldwin didn't even think of avenging the death of his bosom friend. It was expensive. Gervase was dead. There were at least ten wars alive just then. Baldwin could not indulge in the luxury of principled vengeance. Gervase was dead—well, life, war, would provide another friend that would not cost him any money. His business was war, and not the rescue of friends stupid enough or unfortunate enough to be caught by Turks and Saracens.

When not fighting, Baldwin was constructing strongholds and fortresses. He stedfastly refused to give money for the repair of churches or for the conduct of any religious endeavor in Palestine. He refused to succor the destitute, following the terrible earthquakes and the plagues and the locusts which destroyed men, fields, and crops alike during

his reign. To succor the poor was God's business. Why should anyone interfere with His plans!

Eventually, however, somewhere in the West, an attempt was made to organize another Crusade on a grand scale. It is possible that these powers had drawn a lesson from the forty years' travel of the Hebrews in the desert, during which time those who had lived too long under one régime were allowed to die off. A generation of Crusaders was needed, that did not remember what had been done previously. The year 1118 saw the death of many of the old Crusaders; of many of those who had taken part in the First Crusade. Emperor Alexius Comnenus gave up his soul to his God. Patriarch Arnulf departed from the living. Adela, Baldwin's wife, died. King Baldwin I expired in an obscure little town in Syria, after he had eaten a meal which had been specially prepared for him. Who had prepared that feast so well! Had the Knights Templars or the Hospitallers been cooks? Had the long arm of Rome or the crooked arm of Constantinople reached him? Mystery! Some secret power was doing its work. It is improbable that the reaper of his own accord made and kept so many rendezvous with this one class of people.

All that was left of Baldwin's tremendous activity was the memory of a powerful and unscrupulous personality; an adventurer of the first water, who didn't hesitate before anything that confronted him on the road.

His greed and his wide activity had taken him over too wide a territory. He had beckoned too frequently to the Greeks, to the English, and to the Italians, to the Genoese and to the Norwegians, with whom he had suc-

cessively allied himself. He had played too often into the hands of the Venetians, a merchant folk par excellence, who looked upon the Crusaders as a means of extending their own dominions everywhere, for ports and havens on distant seas. He had paid too great a usury for what he had gotten. He had fought their wars. Baldwin had thought they were his tools, while he was actually in their pay, and served their ends, for fewer returns than a humble lieutenant received in those days. Ten lives rolled in one would not have been long enough to fortify and secure all that Baldwin I attempted to arrogate to himself. He had not been much interested in successful enterprises. It was the sport of conquests that appealed to him. Even his most intimate friends, even his own biographer does not hesitate to say that he never gave a thought to religion, and that he encouraged rather than discouraged the debauchery of his knights, and that his own life was licentious, *even for those days,* when everything was permitted to those in power: "The King knew naught of what God had forbidden to man. He took what he wanted of life. He was not a sinful man, for he knew naught of sin and still less of righteousness. He could go for days without food and drink, but when he sat down to meat his gluttony was unimaginable. When he relaxed from warring, the devil blushed at the sight of his couch."

Despite the enormous sums of money he had exacted from the conquered towns and cities, despite highway robbery and pilferage, Baldwin I left his treasure chest as empty as he found it. When he died, Jerusalem as well as Palestine was much poorer because he had lived. He had

treated Jerusalem also as a conquered town. He had despoiled the wealthy and robbed the poor. When he entered a monastery or a church abbots and priests hid the holy images under their cloaks, lest the king send them to his foundry.

Baldwin II, a cousin of Baldwin I, who had once been left by the king of Jerusalem to administer Edessa, now inherited together with Edessa the crown of the new kingdom of Judæa. This second Baldwin was less capable and more unfortunate than his predecessor. Anxious to step into the boots of his cousin, he had no sooner been anointed king than he too went out against the infidels. Though he had gained a notable victory over the Mohammedans at Antioch, he fell into their hands and was carried away into captivity. His plight aroused every knight in the East and the West to come to his rescue. Crusading knights, at the head of powerful hosts, attempted to deliver him, and even took Tyre, but it was of no avail. The captors carried him with them every time they had to flee the Christians. Fettered like a wild beast, he was dragged from one place to another, an object of contempt and derision. In the West, in France especially, popular poets composed long ditties about his misery and chivalry, and about the cruelty of his captives. They failed, however, to do more than amuse the Sadistic populace. Baldwin II died in a dark dungeon.

During Baldwin's captivity and for some time later, Fulk of Anjou, Baldwin II's son-in-law, administered the affairs of the Holy Land. Fulk's wife, Melisinda, had inherited the recklessness and adventurous spirit of the Bald-

win strain. The truth is that Melisinda was the uncrowned ruler of Jerusalem while her husband lived. A tall, handsome woman, with the strength of a man, she arrogated to herself that freedom of action which the knights pretended was their privilege only. Fulk deferred to her in all the important matters of state and let her decide everything without consulting him. Melisinda was allowed to have her will so long she could suffer no will except her own in all the land. The queen was the most important person. Patriarchs and bishops bowed before her. She was the head of the army and of the church.

With the adventuresome spirit, she also possessed a keener and more calculating mind than any of her ancestors had had, and began even during the life of her husband to put some order into the affairs of the country. She had not abdicated any of her prerogatives to Fulk, who was neither a warrior nor an administrator. Melisinda was both. She took things in hand. Jerusalem and all the land around it was treated like a huge estate belonging to the Baldwin family. As her son, Baldwin III, was only a youth when Fulk died, Melisinda kept the reins of the country in her own hands. Unfortunately for her, her son was not so inclined to literature and religion as she thought. She had fostered and nurtured those inclinations in her son so as to remain at the helm. She had become accustomed to wielding power and refused to relinquish it. However, soon after the death of his father, Baldwin III raised his head above the books in which it had been buried and gave signs that he had inherited the warlike spirit of ancestors on his mother's side. Anointed

king, Baldwin III disregarded the advice of his mother completely, and sheared her of the power which she had exercised until his coming of age. In the second year of his reign, against the decision of his mother and her party, he allied himself with the Moslem governor who had risen against the vizier of Damascus, and lent his troops to the governor. Christian and Moslem troops fought side by side. Christians learned the finer qualities and the bravery of their erstwhile enemies, and gave a good account of themselves under the circumstances. But Baldwin's enterprise was greater than his military genius, and he and his followers barely escaped with their lives when Nureddin attacked the troops he led. The king of Jerusalem had hitched his horses to the wrong chariot. Returning to Jerusalem from this unfortunate expedition, Baldwin III found that his mother had again possessed herself of great power. Her party was stronger than his. She had many devoted admirers and friends and knew how to choose her servants. Baldwin had but few friends, and those were on his side only because it was repugnant to them to be lorded over by a woman. After much bickering and threatening, it was finally agreed upon that mother and son each should rule over half of the kingdom. Hardly had this affair been settled, when, with true Baldwinesque spirit, the son broke the promises to his mother, and besieged her in Jerusalem. Thus, following the vicissitudes Jerusalem had had to undergo since falling into the hands of the Christians, it was also made the theater of a struggle to the death between mother and son—the mother of the king and the king himself.

It is sufficient to disentangle the truth from the lies that were spread when that unfortunate struggle broke out. Was the son or the mother badly advised? It is quite possible that Melisinda would have broken the agreement with her son as soon as she thought it was to her advantage to do so. With the personalities involved, it could not have happened differently. The Baldwins were strongly individualistic and did not bow to or acknowledge any other force, duty, tradition, than their own. Each Baldwin was an entity, a world in himself. They were neither fathers nor mothers, neither sons nor brothers, they were Individuals.

Melisinda and her soldiers took possession of the Tower of David, and threw down a hail of arrows into the followers of her son's army. The mother of the king directed the battle. From below, from under the walls of the Holy City, Baldwin at the head of his troops encouraged his men to kill the enemy.

The battle was of short duration but was unequaled for bitterness, and no deed had done so much to weaken the belief in true Christianity, and to raise the hatred and contempt of the infidels. This struggle for absolute power between mother and son was so unnatural, the Moslems stood aghast at the fight. They remembered now what one of their viziers had said: "The Christians would soon destroy one another and eat one another, as dog eats dog."

At no time had the pariahs in India been considered so polluted as were the Christians in Jerusalem by the Moslems during the struggle between mother and son.

The two armies fought close to the very odor of the incense that was burned in the Sepulcher: within reach of the Tomb of the Founder of their religion. The two parties involved were so engrossed in their hatreds, they had no thought of the effect of their activities nor of their sacrilegiousness. The Christians on the Tower of David killed the Christians under its walls. The followers of Baldwin promised themselves to annihilate every one of Melisinda's soldiers.

It was only too true that Baldwin had broken his word to Melisinda. Yet, it was most unnatural for a mother to stand up and fight her son as if he were an enemy. It is just as true that it was most unnatural for a son to fight against his mother. But consider Baldwin's ancestry; his male arrogance; his indisposition to share power with a woman. She was not his mother, she was a woman.

After days and days of violent resistance, Melisinda was forced to capitulate to the son she had failed to kill. Baldwin allowed her a semblance of power and freedom. Melisinda didn't try to fool herself. She knew that she had fought and lost; that the reins had been wrested from her hands. Whatever sorrow this caused her, must have been softened by the thought that it was her own son and not a stranger that had bested her. From then on to her death in 1162, she lived a life of semi-captivity: an eagle caged by her own offspring.

Baldwin III followed her to the grave a year later. He died as mysteriously as Baldwin I, after having taken some pills from an Italian doctor. Rome was beginning to take an active interest in the affairs of Jerusalem.

The ten years that elapsed between Baldwin III's coronation and his death marked no improvement in the conditions of Palestine, but they increased the power and the wealth of the fighting knights, as well as the power and the wealth of the Templars and the Hospitallers. The mercenaries paid by these two orders followed the crusading expeditions in such numbers that the Templars and Hospitallers were able to dispute frequently with the leaders of the armies as to whose standard should float over the captured cities, and as to who should loot first the conquered towns. Such concessions and privileges were farmed out to the heads of these far-reaching and ambulant institutions. In lieu of pay for their mercenaries, the Templars accepted four or five days' exclusive looting privileges in the town or fortress next conquered. When the Hospitallers offered better conditions, they obtained the privilege for themselves. But these organizations hired out trained mercenaries at so much per head and per day. In continual need of money, the Baldwins were always indebted to one or the other of these orders, and not in a position to refuse them anything. While the king and his army were busily engaged in mopping up the enemy, the knights filled their coffers, and closed bargains with friends and enemies. These religious fighting orders wove schemes that so helplessly tangled up the West with the East that the threads were not only difficult, but impossible to follow.

One day Baldwin and Kilerich of Flanders were the best of friends; the next day they were the bitterest enemies, because Constance of Antioch, who had given her principality as dowry to Raynald of Châtillon, a French ad-

venturer, had her own ax to grind against the Flemish count. The Templars were to blame for this.

Baldwin sues one day, and obtains in marriage, the Byzantine Emperor Manuel's niece, a girl of thirteen. A few months later he is in mortal grips with the same emperor. The Hospitallers were to blame for that.

When defeated, however, Baldwin complied with Manuel's arrogant demands, and humbled himself, riding beside him, stripped of all the royal ornaments. Baldwin never forgot that.

Baldwin allied himself with Nureddin, the Moslem, against Manuel. But the Mohammedan general abandoned his Christian ally when he found that the Byzantine Emperor's hosts outnumbered his own considerably. The Templars and the Hospitallers were to blame for the alliance and for the breaking of the alliance.

After Manuel's return to Constantinople, Baldwin flew into battle against Nureddin and began to ravage the territory around Damascus. But Ayyub, Saladin's father, knew the psychology of the Christian noblemen only too well. He got Baldwin away from Damascus by paying him four thousand gold pieces. It was less than what he had paid to the Templars, some years before, for the same deed. It was worth any sum to get the giaours away from the gates of the Pearl of the Desert. Raynald of Antioch was left captive in the hands of the infidel, and Tripoli and Harenc were delivered to the most bloodthirsty of Nureddin's troops.

THE TEMPLARS

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THE TEMPLARS

THE rôle played by the Templars and the Hospitallers during the centuries of crusading was so considerable one is tempted to inquire a little deeper into their history and their organization. No other institution ever rose so rapidly from a romantic and modest beginning to such immense power, as the Knights of the Temple. No organization except the Templars ever wielded such many-sided power in so many directions at once. They coerced into seemingly harmonious cohesion many conflicting interests, many irreconcilable attitudes, they were friends and enemies at the same time with the people they dealt with. The history, the actual history of the Templars, reads like a legend invented by a too fertile imagination. Truth not only is stranger than fiction, but makes fiction read and sound like an unimaginative tale composed by a dull schoolboy.

Sometime in the eleventh century, nine begrimed knights who had hewn their way through human flesh with their battle-axes, and gotten drunk on blood, became tired of their strength, and satiated with battle and strife and the desultory successes derived therefrom. They had fought beside one another. They got together and, being of one mind, decided to form an inseparable company.

They had not been without religious impulses, but in the long struggle against the Saracens and in the bloody encounters with people of their own faith, religion, war, charity, debauchery, physical needs, and spiritual longings mingled and left a great void in their hearts and minds.

In a sense this feeling, this ache of the great void, separated these knights from their companions whose thoughts and ideas had not yet received the great shock theirs had received. Above all, having seen and contributed to so much bloodshed, and watched so many men expire, they were disgusted with the uselessness and the futility of it all.

Like most overfed and satiated people, they had lost faith in human nature and had become inveterate pessimists. Underfed people also reach the same conclusion, occasionally, but their pessimism seldom reaches the acme that turns the milk of human kindness into the sourness of charity. The strong, whose contacts have always been with the strong, turn to the weaker brother for relaxation. Charity is frequently the occupation of those who have too much contempt for the weak to strike them down.

Pomp, women, glory, and success had lost all color for these knights. They had had all of that and it had not made them permanently happy. They admitted that they preferred being dirty to being clean. They liked being gross better than being delicate. It pleased them more to be blunt than to be subtle.

Proudly they admitted to themselves and cried from the housetops that uncleanliness, grossness, and bluntness were far more advantageous to man than delicacy, subtleness, and cleanliness. They had not reached such conclusions as Diogenes had by deep inquiry into their souls, or by the exercise of a deductive philosophy, or by an inductive method of thinking. They did not preach theories. They wanted to live as they liked to live: in filth, grossness, and freedom.

They wanted to return to savagery, to the primitiveness of their ancestors, and they loved to appear like animals crawling out from their lair, more than to resemble human beings that pretended to further civilization, with cross, crowbar, and battle-ax. What they objected to most of all in their fellow adventurers was pretense, the pretense of fighting for a spiritual value. These cavaliers had emerged from the midst of pretenders with a disgust that bordered on nausea.

And so these nine knights banded themselves, threw their loot together, and called what belonged to one, as well as what belonged to the others, theirs; forsook thereby private property and individual freedom, and housed themselves in a dilapidated little house near the Temple of Solomon, in Jerusalem.

Because of the singularity of their appearance and of their actions, the Jerusalemites called these nine long-haired, uncombed, unwashed savages Templars; they lived near the Temple, they looked more or less alike, did not pretend to any names or titles, did not preach, did not beg, and did not interfere for or against any individual or any particular manner of worshiping God.

Within a short time this original company of nine grew. Other men from among the knights and nobles, likewise tired of strife and the stench of blood, but still unwilling to forsake completely the cravings of the flesh, heard about the existence of "The Nine" from the armies of Crusaders that were continually pouring into Syria, Palestine and Jerusalem, and joined themselves to the Templars. And these knights brought their loot and their private wealth to swell the treasure chests of the original

nine. Each individual, upon joining the Templars, took a vow of poverty; but inasmuch as each lived like a poor man and cared nothing for women or luxury, the organization became richer and richer as the number grew. The poorer the manner of their living, the higher their gold piled up. They were happy. No theories. No obligations. They were as contented as oxen in clover.

Within a short time, when more knights and more noblemen had joined the organization, this swelling wealth, lying idle, found its spokesmen among the Templars. Money talked, and talked loudly and insidiously. It had to be employed.

"What are you going to do with me?" money cried. "You cannot keep me idle forever and ever!"

In a weak moment a decision was taken to give money its head; and the whole fabric of the organization changed.

The original thought that had bound and held "The Nine" together was one of military charity; to help the wounded, sick, and poor; and to console such poor fools as still believed in things the Templars no longer believed in. They had also planned eventually to ship home the pilgrims who had undertaken more than they could see through; and to help even the poor and the wounded of the enemy. All fighters were poor misguided, beguiled human beings. They had wanted to do that, "The Nine," as soon as they could take hold of themselves, cure their wounds, and rest. They had figured out that they had ample means in their hands to accomplish what they desired. But now some new companion showed them that they had more than they could use, and told them that the

surplus must be employed, preserved, and swelled for better or worse times ahead. They could not exist outside the fabric of society unless they were stronger than those surrounding them. To be different from the others, they first had to become stronger than the others. There were farms and lands and estates and manors in Palestine and England and France and Germany that could be bought for very little money. These estates could be made to pay. They could be bought for a song from knights and noblemen intent upon joining the Crusades, who either needed money or had no heirs to take charge of their estates during their absence. There were splendid opportunities just then.

That first spokesman must have been an eloquent devil, perhaps the devil himself, to sway "The Nine" to his way!

At first the Templars employed their money in the immediate vicinity, lending to people in need and buying up small farms and estates in Palestine. Every investment was successful. The number of Templars grew daily. Noblemen and knights whose estates they bought joined them and brought them back at least part of the money they had paid out. The original Templars were soon unable to administer the vast holding. The more money they invested the more came back. They had wanted to be free of worry, and had chained themselves to it forever. The more remunerative these holdings proved and the greater the profits derived from them, the more knights were kept busy administering the fortune.

The nine begrimed knights, who had banded together because they liked one another's company, had to part

and go to responsible posts to watch the loot that had worked against their original intentions. One went east; another west; one north; another south. Instead of returning to savagery they had to become business men and stand ready to compete with Venetian and Genoese usurers and merchants.

The new heads of the Templars, after the founders had died, though still demanding of the knights a vow of poverty, really accepted only such men as were in the habit of living in great luxury, surrounded by servants and slaves. The Templars became an organization of aristocrats and snobs. They still affected an extraordinary simplicity, and a disdain for life and manners; but it was a mock simplicity. There were several grades of Templars already, rich and poor; masters and servants.

Their wealth continued to increase by leaps and bounds. They spread everywhere. Agents. Institutions. Hospitals. Industries. With manors in France, in England, in Portugal, in Spain, in Hungary, in Syria, in Palestine, they were compelled to secure to themselves by hook or crook political influence in all the countries where they had placed their gold. The best men of the institution were lobbying in the reigning courts and disputing ascendency over the rulers with statesmen and princes. The Knights Templars owned international banking, agricultural, and industrial institutions.

While this vein of the business was being worked by one element of the Templars, another branch was developed, that of armored and armed knights who fought as a separate company under the banner of the Templars: as

separate companies they followed each army while adhering to their own rules and obeying only their own officers. The men who made up this mercenary army of the Templars were selected carefully from among the lesser knights, great attention being paid to physical strength and endurance, to recklessness and to bravery. The Templars had their own trained armies everywhere from England to Palestine: soldiers ready to go to any place where they were ordered. Instead of depending on gifts to carry out their planned charities, they depended on their own business ability, their power, and their sagacity. Incidentally, their war industry also created objects for their charity. Still, the books balanced well.

No leader of any crusading army dared antagonize them; for they owned the best mercenaries. These companies, or regiments, were hired out to the Christian kings at so much per head, and their pay was always higher than that of other mercenary troops. Because they were so well organized, the Master Templar would always exact conditions which no others could obtain from a general or a king for hired troops. They were expensive but worthy of their hire.

The crusading hordes were unreliable, undisciplined and worth very little as fighting material.

A hundred years after the nine original Templars had banded themselves together, the Knights Templars were such a tremendous organization they were left in charge of fortresses and towns by victorious generals and kings. Asia and Europe were honeycombed with their stations and retreats. They sat at the hearts of palaces and hovels.

Their herds of horses grazed in the marches of Brittany and on the hills of Hungary.

Whenever they felt they could turn the tide of battle in their favor they bargained for additional privileges, with the king who employed them, before attacking the fortress or stronghold of the enemy. "What do we get out of this?" was their eternal question before a battle. And they always got what they wanted. To refuse them anything was to lose everything.

Their military reputation was so well established, one hundred years after they had first organized, that the Saracens frequently concluded private treaties with them; private and secret ones, against the very interests of the Crusaders.

Not being certain of the ultimate success of the Christians and owning much territory in Syria and Palestine, the Templars were not overanxious to antagonize the Moslems forever. They stood ready to help them occasionally. The Templars did not put all their eggs in one basket. They were men of considerable experience and impersonal calculation. They weighed every situation carefully.

Their attitude toward the Turks changed according to the general aspect of the war map. Yet, when they had forced an infidel general into such straits that he despaired of holding his head against these reckless and savage beings, they treated him mercilessly. They had neither a definite code of conduct nor any guiding principles. They were opportunists in the fullest and most dangerous sense of the word. Unlike the other Crusaders, they did not have to put on a mask of piety to cloak their deeds. Their

mercenaries had no say in the matter. They were hired to fight, where and when sent.

In an attempt to save his own people and his own riches, Amalric, a Mohammedan general, suggested to the Templars that he and his followers would turn Christian if he could thereby obtain a peace. Amalric was then the guiding power of the Assassins, the hashish-eating Moslems. The Crusaders had come in contact with those fanatics and had tasted the edge of their broadswords. The Templars agreed to receive the delegation Amalric sent to discuss with them conditions of surrender. But these delegates had no sooner arrived in the camp of the Templars than they were butchered. The doctrine that one need not keep faith with the infidel was invoked again and again. The Templars explained that they had murdered Amalric's messengers so that he should know they would offer no quarter to their enemies. True, it wasn't the first and it wasn't the last time that the Christians had abused the flag of truce during the Crusades, but there is no doubt that this one action alone steeled the hearts of more Moslems than all that had gone on before. Amalric's worst enemies rallied to him. The Assassins that remained alive exacted terrible payment for their dead. The Templars had had enough experience to know beforehand what would happen. Yet, they did what they did because it was to the momentary advantage of their organization. It is possible that they merely used an opportunity to teach an object lesson to the Christians! On another occasion the Templars intervened in favor of the infidel and balanced in his favor the scale of the war.

Another branch of the Templars was engaged in work of war charity. But in this it found itself competing with another organization, the Hospitallers, older than the Templars by thirty or forty years. Of course war charities are in a class by themselves. They were in a class by themselves in those days when no organized charity of any kind existed.

The Hospitallers had originally organized themselves by permission of the Egyptian calif of Damascus, to succor the sick Latin pilgrims that passed through the city. The Hospitallers soon found themselves confronted with the necessity of forming a strong military organization. What profits were there in such kind deeds to impel men to fight in order to carry them out? The original Hospitallers were recruited from among the Christian merchants living in Damascus. Admitted that they had been moved to organize by purely Christian motives, it is doubtful that they were willing to lay down their lives for such principles.

Whether they were not as lucky as the Templars, or were not set in motion by an impulse as strong as that which gave rise to their rivals, the Hospitallers never grew to wield such power. In the late European war charitable organizations fought to the last ditch to obtain the privilege of doing charity. At the end of the war they were all richer than at the beginning. To judge by the rate of their growth, had the war lasted another ten years they would have become the wealthiest organizations in the world.

The Hospitallers were not babes in the woods. They were as reckless a band of charitable cutthroats as ever held the highways and byways of life. But the Templars

had the edge on them. When troops of Hospitallers and Templars happened to fight side by side with an attacking force of Crusaders, they fell upon each other with spear and ax at the first occasion, to settle the question as to who should first enter the fortress whose walls they had helped, or were helping, to crumble. The percentage of the loot was decided upon in advance, before battle, before victory.

Between themselves Templars and Hospitallers formed an intricate mesh of power over Asia, Europe, and part of Africa. They helped the sick, took care of the wounded, but they also worked manors, intrigued with kings, accepted and gave bribes. They saved some people from death and sent thousands of others to their doom. They preached poverty, but lived in great luxury. They preached charity and the religion of Christ, but killed like madmen, and hired and trained the best killers obtainable. No single Templar knew all the ramifications of his order in Christendom. No single Templar dared to act without orders. And their wealth grew. No king, no statesman dared lift a finger against them or without their knowledge, one hundred and fifty years after they had first organized. No king dared to make an alliance or to declare war without first assuring himself of the opinion of the Templars. And he did not have to go far to inquire; there was always at least one influential Templar in the neighborhood of the throne-room, or in the gilded tent.

Before Richard the Lion-Hearted organized his hosts for the march eastward, the king of England mouse-heartedly first assured himself of the friendship of the

Templars; of their friendship and their financial assistance. And when the Templars advanced money it was guaranteed by valuable securities paying a huge rate of interest and giving special privileges. Best of all, they liked land, land and peasants: whole villages, townships.

The king of France and the king of Germany, Louis and Barbarossa, made like inquiries before they closed their alliance for the great Crusade, that unfortunate Great Crusade, which failed to decide, forever, and definitely, the superiority of the Moslems.

To realize the difficulties of these crude, illiterate, and unreasonable potentates in dealing with the Templars, it is well to know that the Hospitallers, though not so wealthy or so well organized as the Templars, could not be neglected or slighted in a deal with the rival organization. The Hospitallers had to be pacified and made to feel that they were as much needed as the others. Favors had to be apportioned. It is only a few years since countries in Europe went to war for the privilege of lending money to China. When the Crusaders were ready to start for the Second and Third Crusades, the Templars and Hospitallers bought for very little money the estates, manors, and possessions of the noblemen, of the knights and freemen. The new nobility of the landowners stood ready to offer more than either of the organizations for the fiefs and lands of departing noblemen, but dared not compete with the Templars or Hospitallers. Who dared paid with his life for the courage.

At their peak the Templars owned and administered seven thousand manors and estates in Europe. The Hos-

pitallers owned only about half that number. Between them they were masters of half the arable land in the West, and lorded over more than two million souls. These two were the first international institutions; more powerful and more efficient even than the Church of Rome had been. Because they called themselves charitable organizations, they were exempt from all taxes and had much of their work done free of charge. Before every war they forced those in a position to do so to grant them more land, more fiefs, more privileges. The largest financial institutions in the world today could not begin to measure their power and influence with the weight of the old Templars. And this happened because nine Knights decided to live according to their own desires!

One Templar was almoner to Philip IV of France. Another Templar was almoner to Henry III of England. There wasn't one important position in the court of any reigning house which a Templar didn't fill or control. Not a single family of importance in Europe that was not indebted to them. There wasn't a secret in any of the reigning houses which the Templars didn't know, or didn't take advantage of at the opportune moment. They were never in a hurry. They waited as long as it was necessary to wait. There was always something to do in the meantime.

Discipline and *esprit de corps* were so wonderfully instilled in these men that each Templar gave the organization his force and strength, his mind and body, without feeling that he was humiliating himself or obliterating his own individuality in doing so.

At the pinnacle of their development, the Templars had achieved such perfection of organization that the individual had ceased to exist within its bosom. A single body, composed of thousands of souls who mutually strengthened one another, feeding on their own strength and on their own life, formed the Knights Templars. Every single Templar was the whole organization. The force of all the Templars was behind every member of the society.

But they exceeded themselves. As long as the hope for a great victory in the East was maintained in the West, as long as the Templars could talk and preach victory, as long as the most energetic of the noblemen were Templars, there was no incentive to look into the shortcomings of the organization. No one dared say a word against them. No one dared to question their methods, their theories, their religion, or their behavior. People groaned quietly under their yokes and forced themselves to believe that all was for the best. Here and there a popular song writer attacked them or ridiculed them a little, but such things were of no consequence. The Templars did not dignify any accusation with a reply or an explanation. They had taken advantage of the Crusades they were preaching and helping to organize to despoil the Crusaders of their wealth. That was nobody's business. It was strictly an affair between the man who had to sell his property and themselves. They frequently bought castles and manors, fiefs and villages as an act of charity. And God repaid them ten and twenty times for every kind deed. Was it a sin to anticipate God's kindness and pay only one-twentieth of the value of these lands and castles? No one criticized.

While their mercenaries were falling by the wayside, of bullets, hunger, cold, and thirst, the masters, the noblemen, those who were nearer the treasure chest of the institution, were living in luxury and permitting themselves all kinds of debauchery. "He eats like a Templar" replaced "He eats like a hog" in popular language. "He drinks like a Knight" stood in the same sense as "He holds his liquor like a gentleman." When a woman gave birth to twins, the people sang: *"Il y avait un moine, un moine par ici"*— There has been a Templar, a Templar very near. People were even willing to forget betrayals, the treacheries, the many intrigues, and the many times the Templars had looted the looters. The ability to forget was the healthiest faculty when it concerned the Templars. For they themselves had very long memories and never forgot to deal effectively with those who did not forget.

But the time arrived when the Templars had become the most deeply hated and suspected organization in Europe and in Asia. Nobleman and peasant hated them. The Crusades had failed. As yet, no one was strong enough to reproach the Templars openly for their conduct. No one had the courage to do so, because everybody knew how swift and terrible the retribution would be.

The cupidity of kings and princes whose coffers had been depleted by useless wars in Asia, wars from which the Templars had grown every day fatter and fatter, became stronger and stronger. When the mercenaries the Templars had used were no longer needed, and had been disbanded, some remained in Asia and others returned to their homes. These mercenaries reached the conclusion that

while they had been fighting, while so many of them had lost their lives, those under whose banner they had shed their blood had wallowed in prosperity and luxury, in spite of the vicissitudes of the defeats. "How is it," they questioned, "that we have lost everything in the defeat and the Templars nothing? Why are we so poor and they so rich? Why have we come out as beggars from the enterprise when they have lost nothing?" People said that the Saracens had shared their loot with the Templars after every Christian defeat. It was known that they had taken a large share of the loot after every Christian victory. People reasoned that he who had not been defeated was an enemy.

The Templars failed to understand that heavy things break of their own weight; that a time comes when the understructure, no matter how solidly riveted together, must be crushed by the top weight.

Philip IV of France was the first man to plunge his fists into them and incidentally into their deep coffers. French knights had returned from the Third and the following Crusades, bringing with them not only the diseases generally met with on the fields of battle, but also a particularly vicious one, and such sexual habits as they had acquired while living side by side with the Greeks, the Turks, and the Arabs. Upon their return to their homelands these knights continued their debaucheries. Their orgies and carouses were of a disgusting nature that even the French of those days had never heard of and could not condone. Sadism, masochism, voodoo rites, homosexuality, and every kind of perversion men were able to ferret out in their sick imaginations, were practiced by

these returning cavaliers of the cross. These cavaliers had brought home the deadliest of all narcotic weeds, hashish, *Cannabis indica,* the use of which changes men into ferocious beasts. Under its influence the kindest individuals become monsters and murderers. Philip IV, whose knights had never been credited with innocence or modesty, saw that the propitious moment had arrived for destroying the Templars and their power, and taking possession of as much of the wealth as he could lay his hands on. Pope Clement V had also been fretting in the chains of this tremendously wealthy, powerful and intricate organization, which dominated every one of his movements and dictated his bulls and decisions, directly or indirectly. Philip would never have dared to raise a finger against the Templars had he not been certain that Clement was in agreement with him. There was no danger of a popular uprising in favor of the Templars. The people hated them, their arrogance, their power, their rapacity, and their brutal cunning.

Accused of shameful and unnatural sexual intercourse, sixty Templars were burned alive, by order of the king. The trial was swift, the execution prompt. The imprisonment of the accused, their confessions, whether forced by terror or by guilt, followed so rapidly that the heads of the organization were given no time to parry the blows. The grand master of the order, Jacques de Molay, was imprisoned and tortured for two years, to make him tell where all the gold of the organization was hidden. He too was burned alive, without disclosing the secret.

Clement V not only condoned the burning of the sixty

knights, but agreed with Philip on the necessity of the complete suppression of the order.

This development in France and its acceptance by the pope stirred the cupidity and the hate of most countries against their erstwhile benefactors and oppressors. The Templars were declared enemies of Christianity. Every day they were accused of new sins, of new treacheries, of new orgies. Every failure of the Crusaders was laid at their door. They were described as the most hideous monsters fathered by devils. When a child disappeared, when a maid or a youngster did not return promptly from an errand, the Templars were accused of abduction and murder. Three hundred years of hate and fear resolved themselves in a few days. A dam that had held in place a growing river for hundreds of years broke loose in an instant. The lairs and monasteries of the Templars were invaded, and they were accused of contempt for everything Christian. False or true, this strengthened the belief of the destroyers in the righteousness of their action.

No doubt the looting instinct of kings, rulers, and people played an important rôle in this sudden rise against the powerful organization. All Templars were declared *hors la loi,* outside the pale of the law. They were hounded, tortured, and burned, until not two stones of the grand edifice which they had built remained standing upon one another.

Wolves had fattened upon sheep. Larger wolves fattened upon them.

The accumulation of centuries was broadcast in a few weeks. A construction of four centuries was torn down

in a few mortal hours. In those days when wealth was so unevenly distributed and the chariot of commerce was traveling in narrow circles, looting was the only means by which accumulations passed from hand to hand. The stock exchange, the train, and the airplane have modernized this ancient function of wealth distribution.

The Hospitallers were lucky. Not being so well organized, they had never arrogated to themselves so many privileges, and never exercised all the influence and prerogatives that were in their hands.

Fortunately for them, they had finally recognized the superiority of the military branch of the Templars, and developed their activity wholly in charitable channels. Their power hadn't bred such arrogance as the Templars had exhibited. They had never been strong enough to defy kings, and had never been accused of defying the rules of nature. They were not saints, but they had not become devils. Their hands were not exactly clean, but they were not so black as the claws of Templars, with whom they were compared. Not having demanded of the knights who joined their organization so strict a vow of poverty as the Templars exacted, they had never been guilty of such luxuriousness of life, and had never stirred the antagonism of hungry stomachs, as the Templars had done in the later years, with table extravagance. While the Templars had risen to tremendous military power, the Hospitallers had been satisfied to develop more and more their charitable work. They were the first to carry military charity to its logical conclusion, and assisted the wounded

of the enemy with as much care and devotion as their own wounded. They were the Red Cross of antiquity and modeled themselves upon a similar institution that existed among the Moslems.

The Hospitallers could not be held responsible for the military failure of the Crusades. Still, when the houses of the Templars went up in flames, and when the very name of Templar unleashed the pent-up fury of people who had been oppressed by them for centuries, the Hospitallers trembled for their existence. Fearing that their name had been too closely associated with that of the persecuted Templars, even if only because of their unforgetable rivalry, the Hospitallers changed their name, took possession of an island, and became the Knights of Malta. In the isolation of this rock in the Mediterranean, they weathered the storm, and only toward the end of the eighteenth century did they surrender this strong island to the French.

Surely those nine begrimed, dirty, unwashed, unkempt, long-bearded knights, who had housed themselves in a little hut near Solomon's Temple in Jerusalem, to be together because of their pity and contempt for the rest of the world, could not have foreseen what their attitude would breed. They could not have foreseen that, because they wanted to be together, their followers would spread all over the world. They could never have foreseen that, because they were tired of caring for individual property, they were riveting together machinery for gathering a communal property that would grow to proportions which would involve the whole world in its administration! They

could never have thought that they were the fathers of a golden Frankenstein monster.

The Templars had used the cross and religion as pretexts for their lootings. The same cross and the same religion were used to confound, to destroy, and to loot them in turn. The power of a higher justice, what is generally called "poetic justice," but is in reality an ironic justice, reached them late, but soon enough. All retributory justice is so ironic that one is tempted to call Jehovah the God of Irony.

THE THIRD CRUSADE

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THE THIRD CRUSADE

THE partial success of the First Crusade had heightened the spirit of adventure of the most intrepid peoples of Europe, and had also awakened the Moslems to the great danger which menaced them. The Second Crusade, ending so dismally for the Christians after so much bloodshed, stirred the Moslems even more to action. They had been afraid. They became bold. They now felt they could cope with the undisciplined hordes. They began to organize and to clean their stables.

The restless and irresponsible actions, the military carelessness and continual quarrels of the Christians in possession of Jerusalem, the fights, struggles, and treacheries, weakened the new kingdom so that it was unable to defend, hold, and protect the desert route that led from the sea to Jerusalem.

Cries of despair, and the cries for help that were trumpeted to the four winds by the Jerusalem kings who succeeded one another rapidly, didn't meet deaf ears in the West. The Turks also heard those cries and knew that the enemy was demoralized and panicky; that he was afraid. Every time a messenger bearing tidings of despair fell into the hands of the Moslems, they let him pass on. The leaders of the former Crusades now securely ensconced on their high seats had learned that it was not as easy as people imagined to go to the rescue of the besieged. The cost of the two Crusades had been far greater than the value of the loot that had been brought home. During the absence of kings and knights the respective countries had almost

fallen into anarchy. Barons, castle owners, small princes had arrogated to themselves greater riches than they really possessed and had more or less risen above the authorities of the crown, while simulating obeyance to the spiritual power of Rome. Rome had encouraged every baron to assert his independence. It was to the interest of the church to dwindle and weaken the power of those who sat on thrones. It was easier and more convenient to deal with a hundred barons who held a fraction of power each than with one mighty king secure in the faith of his noble subjects. Meanwhile the Jerusalem kingdom had gone to pieces.

By the time Richard the Lion-Hearted was crowned king of England, Saladin, the Moslem general, was already in possession of Jerusalem and the Christians played the desultory and inglorious game of siege. The whole truth of the matter was that the Jerusalemites could go nowhere and were allowed to stay under the walls of the city they had lost.

To understand the fiasco of the Third Crusade, the last Crusade of any importance of all the mass movements eastward, one must first become acquainted with the personalities behind the exodus.

The original compact between the Western princes for the Third Crusade bound together Richard, king of England, Philip Augustus, king of France, Leopold, duke of Austria, and Frederick Barbarossa, king of the Germans.

Richard was thirty-two years old when he mounted the steps of his throne. His father was Henry II, his mother

Eleanor de Guienne, the same Eleanor who as wife of Louis VII had followed him on the Second Crusade and had by her loose conduct aroused the ire of the French soldiers and also compelled her husband to divorce her, soon after he had returned to France.

In spite of the scandal, Henry had married her; because of her tremendous wealth, because of the tremendous dowry she brought him when the nuptials were signed. Henry II was king of England, but he was a poor king. A bad organizer, always enmeshed in intrigues, his favorites had all amassed considerable fortunes and had squeezed the populace dry. The king remained poor, yet guilty in the eyes of the people groaning under oppression of his satellites.

At the age of thirty-two, Richard, courageous, turbulent, impetuous, unscrupulous and of tremendous physical force, had already, in his impatience to become king, risen against his father, leading armies against him three times: in 1173, in 1183, and in the very year he had become king. And it is better not to inquire too deeply how and by what means. England was in a terrible financial and political condition when Richard was crowned king. Richard had promised relief, of course. The populace had believed. The populace needed the anesthetic of hope to enable it to live under the conditions that prevailed then. In order to obtain the necessary funds with which to rise against his father, Richard had contracted many alliances with powerful barons and princes, and had made such excessive promises to them that now, as the ruler of England, he was the slave of those to whom he had made these promises.

The cries of the Christians in Palestine and Syria, now at their loudest since the beginning of the First Crusade, offered Richard a most welcome excuse to quit little Britain and sally forth into the world as a wandering, powerful king, and to play the rôle of the great deliverer.

It is unnecessary to point out that there was no religious impulse in this action. The Holy Cross and the Holy Sepulcher meant nothing to the man who had committed the greatest Christian sin, that of rising against his own father. Richard had been a potential parricide, fratricide, and would have been guilty of matricide if his mother had stood in his way.

The first thing Richard did, on the very day of the coronation, was to order the imprisonment and the death en masse of all the Jews in London. When their coffers and treasures had been emptied into the chests of the king, they were summarily sentenced to be burned alive for the delectation of the Londoners: to amuse the coarse hoodlums on the day of the coronation of their king. There were many autos da fé burning brightly in the squares of London town. No one was deprived of the pleasure of watching men, women, and children burning to cinders.

The holocaust lasted several days. The feast was prolonged. The dry wood crackled. Priests turned about the pyres, burning incense and praying for the redemption of the souls of those who were being destroyed. The people of London sang, joked, insulted those who were being martyred, and ate their bread while enjoying the odor of burning human flesh. Richard was too poor to offer a different kind of banquet to the paupers and the cutthroats


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of the city. These Jews had never hurt them, but they were Jews. In some unconscious way these savages were avenging themselves on the heads of the Jews who had given them a Savior and a religion which they did not understand, and which interfered somewhat with their natural inclinations. Envying the Londoners their grand spectacle, the other English towns emulated them. Jews were apprehended everywhere, thrown into dungeons, tortured until they told of all the secret hiding-places of their wealth, and then dispatched London-wise. Except the Jews of Winchester, all the Jews in England served as so many torches of fire in the celebration of the coronation of Richard the Lion-Hearted.

When all the gold and the silver which had been looted from the coffers of the Jews had been brought to the king of England, who had expected to gather enough from this one source to finance the English Crusade, Richard was greatly disappointed. The idea of mulcting the Jews had not been a very original one. They had been mulcted before by Richard's predecessors and had been pressed almost dry. Besides, those who had collected the money on Richard's orders had had sticky fingers. The amount that reached the king's coffers fell short of all expectations. "They killed the cows to get the milk. The Jews had paid heavy taxes and had given of their own free will great sums whenever they were asked to contribute for any special occasion. They had been a peaceful and thrifty and industrious people. At the time of their extinction in England not one of them was in gaol, whether for violence or debt."

Richard had provided that the day of his coronation

should be made memorable by a number of miracles. The church bells were supposed to ring of themselves. Invisible birds were supposed to flutter around the king's head as he sat for the first time on the throne. Good omens were fabricated and widely advertised. The miracles together with the burning of the Jews were meant to strike the imagination of the people, and to hasten or force those who were unwilling or not overanxious to join the king's Crusade. Things had been planned carefully. Nothing was left to chance. Yet the only partially filled treasure chest was a great, though only a temporary, disappointment. The king of England began to look elsewhere for the filling of his coffers. Richard was not a man to brood long over any contrariety. The ashes around the autos da fé were still warm when he had formed other plans. There were many favorites of his father, the former king, who had risen to important positions and accumulated vast fortunes, who could be advantageously replaced by other men. The seneschal of Anjou was the first to fall under the ax. Taken unawares, he was laden with heavy chains and dragged to Winchester, where he was exposed to the people in the market-place and tortured until he disgorged thirty thousand pounds in gold and promised another fifteen thousand pounds for being allowed to live. Forty-five thousand pounds went to swell the chest for the Crusade.

Ranulf de Glanville, who under Henry had been the chief justice of England, was subjected to similar treatment, until he too emptied his treasure chest of whatever gold and silver was in it. Thirty thousand pounds more for the Crusade. Richard applied the same treatment to every one

of the great dignitaries who had held office under his father. Gold and silver poured into the chests of the king. Those of the old dignitaries who wanted to avoid torture brought all they had, even the family jewels, to the exchequer of his majesty. Those who knew that they had less than the king suspected ran away to other lands to save themselves from the hot irons of the executioner.

The offices that remained vacant, after these men had been disposed of with so much consideration for past service, were given to those of Richard's men who had enough money to pay for them. Subsequently, however, he sold their tenures again when higher offers were made. Though Richard now claimed to be animated by the spirit of the Lord, he did not hesitate to lay on the bishops the same heavy hand he had laid on the Jews and his father's dignitaries. The proceeds of the series of lootings went to swell the fund with which Richard planned to wrest the Sepulcher of the Founder of Christianity from the infidels.

Bishoprics, fiefs, and offices were openly sold to the highest bidder. Churches, monasteries, and their dependencies were transformed into sanctified auction-rooms. Richard compelled those who had money to buy offices and titles whether they wanted them or not, whether they were competent or not. The whole of England was for sale. Richard didn't hesitate to sell the same office, the same bishopric, the same lands, twice in succession and give the aggrieved one no compensation. Those who raised their voices were outlawed. The king of England withdrew the cross from the malcontents. To withdraw the cross from anyone was to expose him to the mercy of the first-come murderer.

"People who had been 'withdrawn,' 'uncrossed,' had no recourse to justice and could not obtain redress for anything that was done to them. When murdered, their corpses were prey to the dogs, crows, and wolves, for they lay unburied on the streets and the roads."

In addition to the money that went officially to swell the fund for the Crusade, the king was receiving private bribes right and left. When someone chid him, jocularly, about the manner by which he was gathering money, Richard promptly answered that he would sell even London, if he found a buyer. And he would have done so, and sold it twice over to such fool as would have bought the town from so honest a trader. Having mulcted as much as he dared and having made such arrangements as were advantageous with the ones who were left in office, and instituting the famous Saladin dime for laymen and clerics, who were all supposed to pour into his coffers one-tenth of their yearly income, Richard, dining, wining, living gloriously, dangerously, riotously, sacrilegiously, began to make preparations for his departure for Palestine. It was understood that Palestine and not Jerusalem only was the objective! *Aquila non capit muscas.* An eagle does not catch flies.

His mother, Eleanor, had assisted him very efficiently and very valiantly until then, but now other trouble arose, and her feelings were divided. For John, one of the king's brothers, who had never been in Richard's favor, but had been privately enriched by his father until he was one of the most powerful and richest men in England, was beginning to show his teeth. It was evident to Richard that

though he was perfectly able to hold his own against his brother while in England, John would have the best of the bargain while he, Richard, was away. Palestine, Jerusalem, and the whole of Asia were worth going out for, but one bird in hand . . .

Undoubtedly Eleanor, the mother of the two, would have liked to see some contract between the brothers, whereby they bound themselves that one should rule the land one year and the other the following year. Richard was not of a temper to listen to such reasoning. He was the sole and only king of England, one and undivided, by the grace of God, Richard Rex.

He detested his brother as much as, if not more than, he was detested by him. After many long and peaceful discussions, in which one threatened the other with complete annihilation, it was agreed that for a consideration John was to keep out of England during the absence of Richard, that he should not pass the border of his own country without the special permission of his brother. Richard won every point in the dispute. When the smoke of this affair between the brothers cleared, many of those who had participated in the "conferences" died suddenly of mysterious diseases. These people knew too much. Ignorance was bliss. Had John come out the stronger from these conferences, the same thing would have happened. It was only right that men should pay with their lives for the privilege of having been called to advise the king.

The air purified, Richard crossed the Channel, leaving the whole country under the rule of his chancellor. He made definite financial arrangements for his mother, who,

instead of living on the exchequer as she had lived until then, was to live on the income of her own estates, which had accrued considerably during her husband's life and the short time Richard had sat on the throne. Eleanor was well able to take care of herself and her affairs. She would steer clear of any trouble. She came out the winner of every affray. Divorced by Louis and shut up in a tower by Henry II, she still ruled France and England.

An agreement had been reached between the king of England and the king of France that they should meet at Messina, where Tancred was king of Sicily, having usurped the throne of Richard's sister's husband.

As the French were bad sailors, it was agreed that Philip's armies should leave on foot, while Richard's should go by sea. The English possessed over two hundred and fifty seafaring vessels. The treasures were distributed carefully among all of them, so that if one or more boats should fall prey to a tempest or to other misfortune, the rest should be saved. Richard himself, with his immediate family, his jesters, his acrobats, his singers and flatterers, sailed majestically in one of the largest vessels, with a great share of the treasure. The sailing of this fleet was in imitation of Alexander the Great's memorable trip from India to Persia. Richard patterned himself frequently after the great Greek conqueror. Though he had neither the ancient's intelligence nor his genius, he used the outward pomp of the Macedonian on every occasion.

There were some two thousand knights in armor on this fleet, besides the numberless hosts which crowded every vessel to suffocation. Every boat was made to carry as much

as it could. The oars of galley slaves bent and broke under the strain.

Meanwhile Richard had received word from his sister Joanna, who was now a widow, of her disagreement with Tancred, king of Sicily. Richard was moved to come to her rescue by the dream of the considerable dowry which Joanna had brought her husband. What a morsel for the chest for the Crusade! And Joanna herself, a beautiful woman, could also be used to advantage on the expedition.

Sailing slowly, along the seacoast, these huge vessels looked more like arks, square, heavy, cumbersome. They were within sound of the human voice. Galley-slaves chanted as they moved the oars. Steersmen cried their orders through trumpets. Knights were jousting. The clarions sounded incessantly. In the glare of such pomp the armada arrived before Messina and anchored. But Philip Augustus had arrived there before the English and his men were within the gates of the city. The king himself was lodged in Tancred's own palace.

Richard camped outside the walls, and, having greeted the French king with a great show of friendliness, he immediately proceeded to make the following demands upon Tancred: first, that Tancred send him his sister Joanna, and return her dowry that she had brought, and more, since the kingdom of Sicily in itself was in a sense English territory. Tancred temporized.

Hardly had the kings finished greeting each other, when Richard ordered gibbets to be erected, and treating the territory as if he had conquered it, or like a long absent king who returned to his dominions, he began by executing

summarily Sicilians who displeased him. Those whose death could swell his coffers, regardless of age, sex or nationality, were dispatched first.

Richard had always hated the people beyond the Alps. Prejudiced against them for no reason at all, he now made his hatred serve a double purpose, to swell his coffers, and to give him an excuse to fall upon Tancred. Tancred sent back to the king his sister as he had demanded. He also gave back everything that belonged to her and that she could lay claim to. Then he attempted to interfere on the side of his subjects. What business had Richard to erect gibbets and to act as judge and executioner in his host's territory? Richard, still dissatisfied, demanded also all the gifts and presents which the former kings of England had bequeathed or made to the kings of Sicily. The gibbets were there to maintain order and to insure the security of his soldiers. In addition to the dowry and the old gifts he now demanded one hundred ships and thousands of bags of wheat and barley, sixty thousand barrels of wine and twenty-four golden cups and dishes.

As these things were not delivered promptly enough to please him, Richard, disregarding completely the advice and counsel of his ally, the king of France, crossed the strait which separates Calabria from Sicily, entered the first fortress of any consequence, slew those of the Calabrians who opposed him and routed the others. Joanna, his sister, was established there in royal fashion. After this exploit Richard continued in the same peaceful manner elsewhere and again. He had the most fiendish pleasure when he tortured those beyond-the-Alps people. He dis-

liked them. He hated them. He despised them. For no reason whatsoever. Richard had the same kind of unreasonable hatred for those poor people which Alexander the Great showed when he came in contact with the Scythians, the ancestors of the Russians.

In vain did Guy, king of Jerusalem, who was wintering in Sicily, entreat and beg that the Crusaders should hasten to Syria and save the Christians living at Acre from the tortures to which they were subjected by the Moslems. Richard dispatched against them the count of Champagne and the archbishop of Canterbury. He remained in Sicily, fascinated by the foul charnel odors from torture chambers, unable to leave the sight of corpses dangling from the gibbets. The French king tried repeatedly to interfere, but Richard had set his bulldog teeth into the thighs of the country, and could not let go of his prey, even if he had been willing. The whole country was entangled in guerrilla warfare against the English Crusaders. They were outlawed by Tancred, the king of Sicily, and the leaders of the nation preached the slaughter of all of them. The English were killed by the natives without any provocation. The Greeks joined the Sicilians, hoping to stop the advance of the English before they had set foot on their soil.

Forgetting Saladin, Jerusalem, Palestine, and his grand imperialistic plans, Richard called his generals to meet him in council, and declared to them that he and his army would not move from the place until he had taken revenge for all that had happened, and until Tancred had satisfied all his demands. He told his soldiers that unless they agreed

with him there and then to do what he asked, they were not worthy to even look upon the Holy City, still less to fight against the army of Saladin. Richard's army had shown great anxiety to go on. They were tired of guerrilla warfare. They were unnerved by the hourly insecurity. They had hoped every day to move away from the terrible plight in which they found themselves. The king's fiery discourse restored their morale. They agreed to obey.

Secret orders were then given that the armies should be ready to strike at a given place, at a certain hour of the day. Messina was to be taken by storm, and the inhabitants who should not be able to ransom themselves at a high price were to be executed or sold as slaves.

However, the day on which the English army was to do the king's bidding, Tancred, who had been informed of what was in store for him, arrayed a number of the most important bishops and clerics that he could get to come to his assistance, and went on foot to the king of England, offering to satisfy all that Richard demanded. Richard, after many entreaties, allowed himself to be mollified.

Tancred undertook to command all his subjects to keep their hands off the English, and offered to give the sons of the nobility of the city and the country as hostages. He could offer no better security of his faith. Surely his people would not endanger the lives of their leaders! Richard seemed satisfied, yet he continued to put obstacles in Tancred's way and increase his demands. Tancred agreed to everything so as not to give any excuse for aggression to the king of England. But even as the negotiations were continuing in Richard's tent, a loud voice outside shouted:

"To arms, to arms!"

Some one of Tancred's subjects had attacked an Englishman. The king of France and those who had worked so hard to bring about the peace, raised their hands in despair. Some Sicilian had, by his folly, thrown oil on the flames of hatred. It was all up with peace negotiations. It was all up with their interference. It was a prearranged affair. Richard's men, prepared for the attack on the city, had been carefully instructed, and had waited for this cry of alarm. Bugles were sounded. The English threw themselves upon Tancred's small and disorganized army. Messina—the stronghold, the city, and the fortress and everything—was taken within five hours. As many as could be slaughtered in these few hours were slaughtered; then the victor returned to his camp outside the city to rest and count his loot. Tancred implored to be heard again and offered to give Richard everything he desired, all that had been sent to Sicily by the king's father and grandfather, and twenty thousand ounces of gold on top of that. He also promised a goodly sum yearly and the maintenance of perpetual peace. The victor could get no more than what was offered, no matter how severely and harshly he treated the inhabitants.

By the time the hostages taken by King Richard were bought back by Tancred and the population, there was very little left in Messina, except arms to toil and eyes to weep. Instead of continuing on his way, Richard tarried there, to deal with the defeated people in his own manner, unhampered by anyone else's authority. He just could not let go. He was not yet satisfied. He didn't think it was

possible to kill enough of these people; he couldn't resist the temptation to smother them in his paws whenever he saw them in movement. He had the same instincts as a cat when mice are about.

It couldn't be said that the manner of the king of England endeared him to his French ally. The French had lived in harmony with the Sicilians. They hadn't lost a single man in the guerrilla warfare, or by treachery. The Greeks had had no reason to complain against the French. On the contrary, the French sided with them in their quarrel with the English. The French king looked on with amazement at the manner in which the English king treated the people. The French soldiers were so incensed against the English that they broke into open revolt and the French commanders had their hands full holding their men under control. There had never been too much love wasted between the two kings, and this hatred was increased when Philip saw Richard's gross and cruel behavior. The attitude of Richard's knights and soldiers toward Philip's noblemen and troops was so insulting it was unbearable. After the defeat of Messina the French expected every moment to be attacked by their official allies. The French and the English were enemies and not friends. Had it not been that Philip expected Richard would be subdued when the other allies had joined them, the king of France would have turned his back on Jerusalem then and there. Philip II could not afford to antagonize the church, to incur its displeasure, and give Richard free play. It was quite evident to all the French soldiers that the king of England was anxious

to free himself of Philip. He did everything he could to antagonize the Frenchman. He and his knights humiliated his ally. The English soldiers sang ribald songs aimed at Philip, and it was reported that Richard encouraged the composers of these songs, invited them to his table, and presented them with costly gifts.

Another difficulty arose between Philip and Richard. It had long before been decided and arranged between Richard and the king of France that the king of England was to marry Philip's sister. Eleanor, Richard's mother, however, had decided otherwise. She tried to break this agreement by insinuating that the princess, Philip's sister, was not so pure as she was supposed to be. When that intrigue did not accomplish her purpose, she arrived at Pisa accompanied by a Navarrese princess of great beauty who also possessed a tremendous dowry. Instantly Richard's heart was inflamed. The sight of such a beautiful woman surrounded by so much glitter and gold won him over completely. A little thing like a promise was nothing between kings. Richard applied the thumbscrews so mercilessly on the king of France that he not only was released from his promise, but also obtained large tracts of territory that would otherwise have gone as dowry to the French king's sister. In other words, Richard obtained the dowry of Philip's sister without taking her as wife! Philip II was anxious to end it all and go, no matter where, to be away from this restless, irascible, unscrupulous ally whose every gesture and action was that of an implacable enemy. After the signatures had been appended to the territorial agreements and the release, Philip departed with his army for

Jerusalem, while the king of England still remained in Europe to erect towers, build more ships, dispose of bishops who had accumulated large fortunes and bishoprics, and to sell them to others, fools enough to pay money for offices that were certain to cost them their lives later on.

Walter, the archbishop of Rome, expressed a desire not to follow any further the Crusaders, giving as an excuse his health and a change of heart, saying that it had been revealed to him that he was destined to convert people to the cross and not to fight against those he intended to convert. The king readily permitted him to leave upon an enormous payment in gold, and upon the signature of an agreement by which the bishop was to furnish a stipulated number of horses and mercenaries every year to the king. So far things had gone very well with Richard. He had squeezed Messina dry. He had freed himself of an undesirable bride without losing her dowry. He had acquired another dowry with a beautiful woman. He had taken back his sister from Tancred and filled his coffers with what had originally belonged to her, and much more that he had compelled the usurper to disgorge.

Before proceeding further, Richard organized a thorough spy system in his army and purified it of those whom he considered unworthy, especially since the unworthy ones had more money than the worthy ones who remained to follow him.

There was trouble in England at that time. For John, the king's brother, as well as another brother, an illegitimate one, had worked themselves into power during the absence of the king. Richard, however, was not much

disturbed. He knew that William, the chancellor, would take care of these matters, especially since there was great personal hatred between William and John. The chancellor had to work for the defeat of John. John's success meant the chancellor's death. And William loved life more than he hated John. Richard's mother Eleanor would also have to prevent John's ascent to the throne. John had a slateful to settle with her. He would deal with his brother later on. John played into his hands when he broke the agreement they had signed.

Finally the king of England took to sea again. Three ships were sent out, one containing Joanna, Richard's sister, the former queen of Sicily, and the young Navarrese princess who had not yet been formally betrothed to the king. The other two ships contained the king's treasure, his arms, and his provisions. The whole fleet was disposed in a widening angle, like a flock of birds, three boats in the first row, six in the next, nine in the third, and so following, until the last row contained one hundred and twenty boats. In the center of the flock of ships was the boat containing the king and his retinue. The ships of the fleet could communicate with one another by the sound of trumpets. The English set out to sea in very imposing style.

All went well until the first boats had come within sight of the isle of Cyprus. During a storm some sailors had gone ashore and gotten into trouble with the natives; some of the boats were then looted by the Cyprian prince's men. It was only a minor affair, of no consequence, but Richard would never have left such a stronghold as Cyprus behind him without conquering it, especially since its

wealth had been for a long time legendary in Europe. The unimportant quarrel between Richard's sailors and the natives was a welcome excuse to invade the country, if excuse was needed. It is more than probable that the king of England would not have treated them better than he had treated his allies and Messina, no matter how friendly they might have behaved. Before long, although stubbornly resisting the invaders, the Cyprians were beaten and compelled to throw themselves upon the mercy of the king of England.

Needless to say that the loot which the Cyprians had taken was returned tenfold, a hundredfold, a thousandfold. Richard's ships groaned under the weight of gold, silks, silver, victuals, and rare wines. There were not hands enough to take what was before them. To celebrate the great victory fittingly, Berengaria, the daughter of the king of Navarre, was married to Richard on the island of Cyprus.

While the festivities were being arranged the Crusaders looted the island. It was the king's wedding present to his devoted soldiers.

The army was given free hand. The Cyprians were looted as no other people had been looted before. What could not be taken was destroyed. Gibbets groaned. Autos da fé burned. Houses, huts, and castles went up in flames. The pale-coated English soldiers led heavily loaded oxcarts from the cities and strongholds to the shore, throwing pell-mell into the ships everything they had laid their hands on. The king's nuptials were made the occasion of as great a holocaust as had marked his coronation. It did not much

matter that the Cyprians were good Christians and that many of them had joined the First and Second Crusades and that the bones of many a Cyprian pilgrim were bleaching in the sands of the desert. They had committed the greatest sin. They were in his path. They were rich. They were weak. They had a beautiful country. Wonderful fruit. Good wines. They were proud and independent.

The wedding of Richard and Berengaria was celebrated on so grandiose a scale that even those who had expected the king to outdo himself in lavishness were amazed. The guests were all given to eat out of golden plates. The choicest wines and viands were distributed even to the common soldiers. Richard, gorged, was sitting beside his bride on a throne. His jesters, buffoons, poets, and flatterers were around him. His cup was always full. He was making merry, grossly, coarsely, as was his wont, boasting of the number of children he was going to beget and of the kingdoms of which each was to receive one. Cyprus was in flames. Black crows sailed through seas of sparks to light upon corpses dangling on creaking crossbeams. The king was happy. His soldiers were happy. They were victorious. "With a cross on the back and a sword in front, Richard marches on."

Meanwhile, Guy, king of Jerusalem, by grace of Richard, had been designated by the English king to pursue the self-styled emperor of Cyprus, who had fled to the mountains. It was reported to Richard that the emperor of Cyprus had hidden his treasure. Such a morsel must not be lost. His gold was needed to save the city of the Lord. The king of Jerusalem was designated by the very hand of

God to carry out such a holy mission. With his bride beside him and his cup in hand, Richard would patiently await Guy's return.

Acre was continuing to cry for relief. Philip of France with his army must take care of that. The great differences between the French and the English, differences which had apparently begun at Messina, reached further back. They had their root in the hatred Richard's mother had had for France since she had been divorced by the son of Louis the Fat. Eleanor could not forget the humiliation to which she had been submitted by the king her former husband, and could not forget that the French people had not risen in revolt to uphold her. Because of this hatred, Eleanor had brought the young princess of Navarre with her to Pisa and had helped to widen the breach between the French king and her son. It was Eleanor who had opened Richard's eyes to the advantages to be derived from refusing to marry the French king's sister.

While the king is amusing himself in Cyprus, while his jesters and poets are making rhymes insulting to the French, who answer in coin, let us for a while consider this figure of the Crusade, the king's mother. She was not as unimportant a factor as many a chronicler would like to make us believe. Some dismiss her with a few ill-chosen words, others with a deft insinuation. Her apologists even don't make a saint out of her, but try to arouse sympathies by depicting her sad life, and the tears she shed over the corpses of her murdered offspring.

Eleanor was sixty-seven years old when Richard as-

cended the throne. Born in 1122, the daughter of William X, the last duke of Aquitaine, she was married at the age of fifteen to Louis VII, and brought him as dowry all her patrimony. She was twenty-five years old when she followed Louis on the Second Crusade. Her behavior before Antioch and Damascus didn't entitle her to the crown of sanctity. It is to her credit that she scorned hypocrisy and defied public opinion. It is quite probable, though not certain, that she was no longer a virgin at the early age of her marriage; that she was sexually better schooled than Louis and than many older women. The twelfth century was not an age of innocence, despite chastity girdles of bristling steel and cruel and crude stitching.

A vivacious, intelligent woman, inordinately fond of pleasure, and willing to take it whenever possible, she set France by the ears after she had returned from the Holy Land, and had almost caused the king's dethronement, before she was divorced by him in 1152. That she had not been amorously idle upon her return from the Crusade is evidenced by the fact that, soon after she had been divorced, she married Henry, count of Anjou and duke of Normandy, who became king of England in 1154 under the name of Henry II. Undoubtedly, Eleanor's great wealth had helped her husband to scale the throne. She had hardly been crowned queen when she turned the English court topsy-turvy and is alleged to have had one of the king's favorites, Rosamond, assassinated. Jealousy? Policy? Perhaps both. Had Eleanor not disposed of Rosamond in time, Rosamond would have disposed of the queen.

Eleanor led such an active, capricious, intriguing, reck-

less life, the king saw himself forced to imprison her in 1173. Eleanor was involved in every scandal, in every court murder. She was on the best of terms with the king's adversaries and with the king's partizans. She kept the whole country on the brink of a revolution. She anticipated the Borgias by centuries. She remained a prisoner in the castle of Woodstock until the death of her husband. Nevertheless, from behind the walls of the castle, she succeeded in setting her sons John, Geoffrey, Richard, and Henry against the father, and made them enter into active conflict with the king. Disrupting England, she set barons against barons, lords against lords, bishops against bishops. The excommunication of one diocese by another, the mutual forbidding of the performance of religious services by rival bishops, caused the dead to lie for weeks unburied on the streets of cities. Pestilence followed pestilence. The dagger ruled. Poison was king.

While Henry II had ruled England from the throne, the queen had misruled it from behind the high walls of her prison.

Freed by her son Richard, upon the king's death, Eleanor didn't rest until she had wrested to herself as much power as her son had. Even at that age, she was not less active, in every way, than she had been in her youth. She obtained what she wanted. She fascinated when she couldn't kill. She smiled when she couldn't destroy. She promised more than she could fulfil when she had no other means of getting what she wanted. She had no conception of duty or obligation. She was amoral and not immoral. She used her beauty, her charm, her cunning as

a tiger uses his claws. They were her weapons. She had no scruples, no religion, no God. She had no womanly shame, no motherly feelings. She was neither wife nor sweetheart. She was Eleanor, queen of England, queen mother of England.

Richard had expressly forbidden her to follow him on the Crusade. He wanted his mother in England, so that she might help keep his two brothers from intriguing against him. Yet, Eleanor, remembering how Richard had once been fascinated by the princess of Navarre when he had seen her, pledged herself to the king of Navarre and her brother, and took possession of the young lady, who was not too intelligent. She brought her with great pomp to Pisa. She knew that if Richard were still as fascinated by the young lady as he had been when he had first seen her, he would forgive his mother her insubordination. Her calculations were correct. It was a great service to her son and to herself. She humiliated Philip of France at the same time. Yet Richard insisted that she should return immediately to England. She begged. She insisted. She threatened. It was in vain. Richard was adamant. He would not permit her to stay until the wedding. She must sail for home immediately. She was needed there. He ordered her to go where she could be of use to him and to herself.

To Eleanor going on the Third Crusade meant a return to the place where she had so riotously celebrated her youth and beauty. It was the irony of Fate if a son of her flesh should go to fight against her reputed youthful lover, Saladin. He was a great warrior, her son; but so was Saladin. Everybody spoke of him. Some people said that

he had supernatural powers; that his golden sword actually spurted flames; that his voice was heard hundreds of miles away.

Crusades, England, religion were of very little intrinsic importance to Eleanor. That her son would soon clash in battle with the great Saladin whose name rang all over Europe and was in everybody's mouth, was a great achievement. Women remember their young lovers, especially after they have achieved fame. They feel that in an indirect manner they have contributed to their rise. It was a magic name, Saladin. A name to conjure fright and hope. People waked in the morning and peeped out to see whether Saladin had not come. Crop failures, hail, thunderclaps were named after him. Children were put to bed with his name in their ears: "The Saracen will take you. Sleep, sleep, or I will call the Saracen."

While helping Richard to raise funds for the Crusade, and later on, while assisting in the gathering of money and victuals to be sent to him, Eleanor must have taken considerable pride in pronouncing Saladin's name; as if he were on the side of her people and not against them. She had held him in her arms when he was warm and trembling. She had guided his lips to hers. He had lain so close to her she had felt his heart-beats. Now he was the great conqueror and a son of her own was going out to measure strength with him. She would have wanted to see him again. Would he tremble? Would he recognize her? Or was it better to leave him with the memory of a beautiful young woman? She wanted to see him, but Richard wouldn't have her following his army. She had

to return home and stay there, despite her repeated entreaties. She lost. He was king. He ordered. She remained active, politically and otherwise, until the failure of the enterprise headed by her son. Then in 1194 she retired to Fontevrault, where she died at the age of eighty, leaving behind her a long list of people who had perished by her orders.

No matter who triumphed in the battle, her son or Saladin, Eleanor's vanity triumphed. She was superwoman in the complete sense of the word, beyond any morality of good or evil. She recognized no law but her law, regardless of the will or desire of the herd. When she had to obey a stronger will than hers, she bowed her head to superior power.

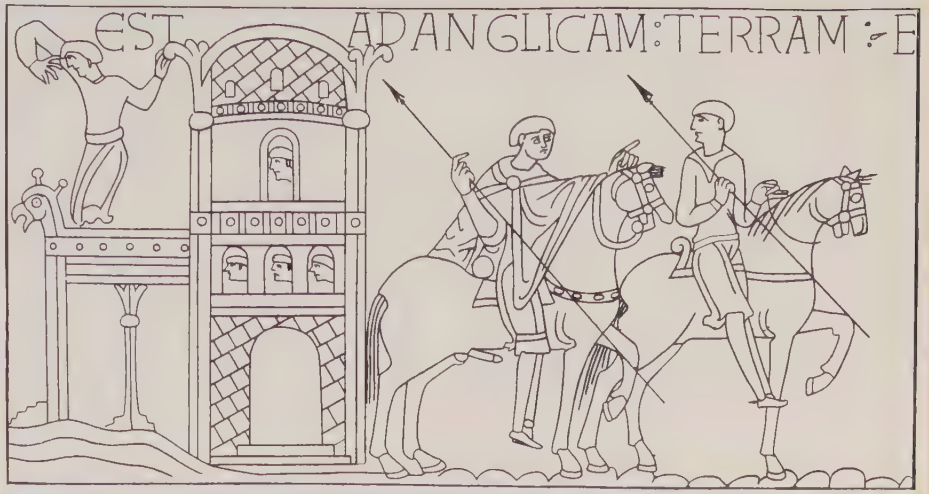
Philip II, king of France, was born in 1165. He was not yet twenty-four years old when Richard became king of England. Yet already at that age he had had a diversified career. Son of Louis VII, former husband of Eleanor, he had been crowned king while his father was still alive. Too young then to hold the reins of his country's destinies, he was merely a figurehead. His mother and his three uncles, Henry of Champagne, William of Rheims, Theobald of Chartres, and a host of others, ruled in his stead. The king merely wore the crown and appeared to bow to the public assembled underneath the balconies of his castles. Married to Isabel of Hainaut, herself a descendant of Charlemagne, he was completely overshadowed by her and his intriguing uncles and relatives, who, under the guise of assisting him, were merely arrogating to themselves more and more power.

Isabel, his wife, moved by hatred against his mother and relatives, insisted that Philip should take to himself the name of "Augustus" the Conqueror, and actually be the king. Philip, a rather weak and indolent youth, would have been satisfied to let things roll on as they had gone. He had no great ambitions. He was happy when falconing and riding to hunts. However, Isabel gave him no peace until he had rebelled against the former regents. She wanted a real king as a husband.

With the help of his brother-in-law Henry, one of Eleanor's sons, Philip attacked vigorously the princes of Champagne and tore from them their power after ravaging the lands they owned. Isabel was behind all his actions. A clever politician, she won for him daily new friends. She sang his praises to everybody. She was indefatigable and stimulating.

To win the clergy to his side, Philip issued an edict against heretics, blasphemers, actors, and sinners. Declaring that the above-mentioned gentry were leagued against the church, he prosecuted vigorously those who had fallen by the wayside on the road to God. The church responded to such cultivation like a field of beans under the hoe. He was better than his father had been and promised to improve.

Making and breaking alliances with Henry II, allying himself with Richard against the old king of England, and then with the old king against Richard, he succeeded in retaining Richard's friendship for a while, despite the great difference in character between the two. The essential difference between the two kings was that while Richard acted


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on his own volition, from an inner necessity, Philip acted on the advice of others. Carrying out what others had planned, he yet believed that all these things were his original thoughts. Richard scorned to give long explanations of his actions. Philip needed a cloak for everything he did. The king of France was always doing things for God, the Lord, his country, his people, the church and religion. Impersonal murder is more objectionable than the beastly kind.

After the treaty between Philip Augustus and the king of England at Vézelay—a treaty by which both rulers engaged themselves to march together against Saladin—the French king immediately regretted his action; but it was too late to withdraw. Richard would have smothered him in the nick of time had he attempted to temporize or to find excuses for not joining the Crusade. It was altogether a one-sided treaty. Richard had all the advantages of this agreement; he had dictated them.

The difference between the two kings was further emphasized at Messina, where Philip II and Tancred had renewed their friendship. Had Philip not been a vacillating character, or had his wife been with him there, no doubt the French armies would have joined the Sicilians against the armies of the English and the aspect would have changed there and then. The French Crusaders would have liked to do so. The Sicilians, of course, would have welcomed such help. Philip did not dare and missed his great opportunity.

The chroniclers have told that the original quarrel between the English army and the Sicilian population began

when one of Richard's soldiers refused to pay for a loaf of bread which he had taken from a bakery woman. The woman protested loudly, townspeople gathered; and when the soldier acted brutally, the Sicilians attacked the Englishman. Some chroniclers blame the soldier, others blame the rapacity of the bakery woman. Some chroniclers say that the English refused to pay for what they took. Others say that the Sicilians had raised the prices of their foodstuffs when the English came. What is reasonably probable is that both things had happened simultaneously; that the Sicilians had raised the prices and the English had taken things without paying for them. Such things happened again during the recent World War. Merchants have no scruples and soldiers have little deference for private property.

Apparently the quarrel between the Sicilians and the soldiers had exhausted itself before nightfall, but it was renewed with great fury the next morning. The Sicilians protested against the English and refused to sell them anything. The English claimed that they were being robbed by the townspeople. Blows began to fall. Soldiers used their weapons. The Sicilians used axes. Before long, Richard's gibbets rose in the air. *Ultima ratio regum.*

How did it happen that the population considered the French as friends while it considered the English as enemies? Undoubtedly, there had been some arrangement between Tancred and Philip II. The Sicilians knew the English had not come there as the best of friends. They doubted the faith of the pale-coats but hoped that the French would side with them. Popular instinct, popular deductions, are

most of the time in advance of agreements between statesmen. The king of Sicily had expected trouble from Richard. Tancred had arranged that Philip and his army should come to his assistance. Philip II vacillated. At the last moment he was afraid of Richard. When the whole thing had blown over, Philip had lost the friendship of Tancred and had widened the breach between himself and the English king, and between his army and the army of the English. The soldiers knew what the kings did not tell each other. The English and the French were strange campfellows. The French song, *"Il n'y en a pas en Angleterre,"* dates from those days. "French leave" was first coined by the English in the Third Crusade. The French called that "filer à l'anglaise."

Philip traveled in state, followed by a number of poets and poetasters. When the two armies happened to camp near each other, the French, much poorer than the English, bedraggled, hungry, avenged themselves upon the English, who gorged themselves with food without paying any attention to the hungry Frenchmen, by making ribald songs which they accompanied on their loud guitars. *"Il n'y en a pas en Angleterre"*—pity, conscience, beauty, sense: *"Il n'y en a pas en Angleterre."*

Later on, when the combined armies attacked Saladin's outpost fortresses in Palestine, the French fought as desperately as the English, and frequently with greater success. However, when the fighting was over for the moment, the two victorious armies wondered at their having fought together and minimized each other's efforts. Every time the flag of the French floated beside that of the Eng-

lish, Richard's soldiers hooted, and said that the French had not contributed enough blood to the fracas.

Philip vacillated. He had never been able to make up his mind and stick to a plan, to a line of action. He laid fine plans at night but they had the consistency of dew web in the sunshine. While Richard had started out with bulging treasure chests, having first looted the Jews and then the noblemen of all the gold they had, and filled additional chests when he had subdued Tancred, and looted still more at Cyprus, Philip's small treasure chests were rapidly being emptied. The Frenchmen had had to pay for everything. They had had no occasion to loot their hosts, and their friends had not given them anything. By the time the French army arrived before Acre, Philip's soldiers were in want, in rags, and hundreds of them died because of the cold nights that followed the hot days in the desert. They knew no blankets, no food, no fodder. Half of Philip's army was without weapons. The French had no towers, no stone slingers, no catapults. The Templars and the Hospitallers were polite but inexorable and wanted to join Richard's army, the army of the strong. The Master Templar knew Richard well enough and the court spies kept him informed of the English king's attitude toward the French king. He steers wisely who steers with the current.

When Richard's army joined the French, many of Philip's noblemen left their king and went over to the English to fight under Richard's banner. These French noblemen took with them their own mercenaries, and their own troops, all those who preferred the provisions of

the English to hunger, thirst, and cold. The breach widened. Philip was intimidated by the Englishman's enormous presence, his vitality and strength, and when he reached the decision to leave the Crusade and return home, he appeared crying before Richard's tent, bringing forged letters stating that his son was mortally ill and that his Majesty was needed in France. Richard knew Philip lied, knew the letters were forgeries, but thought he was better off without the weakling than with him. Richard made believe he was profoundly moved by his ally's personal misfortunes and offered to assist him to reach home speedily. He lent his own boats to the king of France for the voyage, an act of kindness which was not without an ulterior motive. Richard wanted to make certain Philip did not stop overlong in Constantinople.

The greater part of the French army remained to fight with the English against Saladin. Though it had its own commanders, the regiments were embodied in the English army. Philip left one of his lieutenants to act in his stead, but instructed him to do as little as possible, and to contribute to the failure of the enterprise rather than to its success.

Once home Philip seized a large slice of the English king's territory, invaded Normandy, and intrigued against the freedom of Richard when he was imprisoned by his erstwhile allies. The French king and his men continued to spread infamous stories about the conduct of Richard and his noblemen. If one is to listen to the chronicles written by Philip's enemies, he even assisted the Moslems against the Christians and helped to defeat the Crusaders.

The minute he was again in the vicinity of his wife, Isabel, Philip was transformed into an active, energetic personality.

Frederick Barbarossa, who led the Teuton hosts of the Third Crusade, was almost seventy years old in 1189. Like most of the leaders of the previous Crusades, the Holy Roman Emperor was not famous for the sanctity of his earlier life. Son of Frederick the One-Eyed and grandson of Henry the Black, he was an avowed enemy of Italy and of Rome, an avowed enemy of whatever was not Teutonic. Barbarossa was firmly convinced that the Maker had intended the Teutons to rule the world, and that those who refused to believe this were heretics and deserved therefore the wrath of His punishment, through the offices of the Teutons. It was a most comfortable conviction and one that outlasted Frederick some seven centuries. In one of his three invasions of the Italian lands he razed Milan to the ground in a more thorough manner than ever before or since. He never did things by halves, Barbarossa. Master of Italy, he drove Pope Alexander from the holy seat and replaced him with a pope of his own choice; as holy as the former one, he assured the world, but more pliable to the emperor's wishes. After all, Barbarossa was second to God only. The father of *Schrecklichkeit,* he ruled Italy with a rod of terror. "I am thunder. I am lightning. I am the whip. The world must become what I want it to be."

Unable to breathe under Frederick's laws and instigated and helped by Pope Alexander III, the Lombard towns formed an alliance, staged a revolution, recaptured Milan,

and recalled their own pope. It was done so rapidly that it was an accomplished fact before Barbarossa had become aware of what had happened. Frederick, incensed at the daring impudence of the Lombards, cursed the ungrateful wretches who did not appreciate the benefits of Teuton rule, rolled his armies to Milan, drove the enemy out and away, and drowned the revolution in a sea of blood. Advancing to Rome, pillaging, killing, and burning, he convinced the world and himself that no country could be governed otherwise than by terror. Conquered people were inferior people; therefore, their desire for freedom, for independence was impudence and heresy. Frederick did not avenge himself: he punished, he showed people their places.

However, the emperor's thread of thought that followed the links of successes received a severe jolt. Evidently God had forgotten to think the thoughts of the emperor. The army that returned victorious homeward from Rome was decimated by pestilence. The singing, long-haired blond giants he had led to victory were laid low by an unseen foe. Those of the soldiers who did reach their own homes were living shadows tottering on shaky legs.

Alexander III, the pope, was not the man to overlook the dangerous condition of his enemy, or to have pity on poor Christians who had erred. Pestilence was as good an ally as any pope could have wished. The pope drew his bow. Though undefeated on the battlefield, Frederick was forced at Venice to conclude a pact with a pope he had once deposed, and to sign a peace that gave hated Italy its freedom.

In exchange for these concessions the pope promised

that Italy would not interfere in Barbarossa's quarrels with the Guelfs; nor would he raise a finger to prevent the Holy Roman Emperor from robbing Henry the Lion of his dukedoms. Alexander III could not have interfered in favor of the Guelfs if he had wanted to do so and did not care a rap whether Henry had his dukedoms or not. It saved the emperor's face to have these two things in the peace pact.

Three years before the Third Crusade Frederick's son Henry had married Constance, daughter of Roger I of Sicily. What could not be obtained by the sword was obtained by marriages and dowries.

All this happened before the emperor had been moved by the plight of the Christians in Palestine and by the danger that the Holy Sepulcher would again fall into the hands of the unbelievers, the pagans. One has but to read the letter Frederick sent to Saladin to understand what animated the emperor to take the cross. He neglects to mention the French and the English hosts. He alone, descendant of the mightiest of the mighty, followed by invincible men "who have never known defeat," was coming to redeem Christianity. If Saladin should accept Christ's words and compel all the Mohammedans to do likewise, then he, Frederick, would allow them to live.

Epistle of Frederick to Saladin

Frederick, by the grace of God Emperor of the Romans, the magnificent triumpher over the enemies of the Empire, and the fortunate governor of the whole monarchy, to the illustrious Saladin, formerly governor of the Sara-

cens. May he take warning from Pharaoh, and touch not Jerusalem!

The letters which your devotion sent to us a long time ago, on weighty and important matters, and which would have benefited you if reliance could have been placed on your words, we received, as became the magnificence of our majesty, and deemed it meet to communicate by letter with your greatness. But now that you have profaned the Holy Land, over which we, by the authority of the Eternal King, bear rule, as guardian of Judæa, Samaria, and Palestine, solicitude for our imperial office admonished us to proceed with due vigor against such presumptuous and criminal audacity. Wherefore, unless, before all things, you restore the land which you have seized, and give due satisfaction, to be agreed according to the holy constitutions, for such nefarious excesses, that we may not appear to wage unlawful war against you, we give you, from the first of November, a period of twelve months, after which you shall experience the fortune of war, in the field of Zoan, by the virtue of the vivifying Cross, and in the name of the true Joseph. For we can scarcely believe that you are ignorant of that which all antiquity and the writings of the ancients testify. Do you pretend not to know that both Æthiopias, Mauritania, Persia, Scythia, Parthia, where our general Marcus Crassus met with a premature death, Judæa, Samaria, Maritima, Arabia, and Chaldea, also Egypt, where shame to say! a Roman citizen, Antony, a man endowed with signal virtues, passing the bounds of temperance, and acting otherwise than as became a soldier sent from so great a state, submitted to the unchaste love of Cleopatra—do you pretend not to know that Armenia, and other innumerable countries, have been subject to our sway? This is well

known to those kings in whose blood the Roman sword had been so often steeped; and you, God willing, shall learn by experience the might of our victorious eagles, and be made acquainted with our troops of many nations—the anger of Germany—the untamed head of the Rhine—the youth from the banks of the Danube, who know not how to flee—the towering Bavarian—the cunning Suabian—the cautious Franconian—Saxony, that sports with the sword—Thuringia—Westphalia—the active Brabantine—the Lorrainer unused to peace— the fiery Burgundian—the nimble mountaineer of the Alps—the Frisian with his javelin and thong—the Bohemian ever ready to brave death—Bolonia fiercer than her own fierce beasts—Austria—Byria—Ruwennia — Istria — Rocumphia — Illyria — Lombardy — Tuscany—the march of Ancona—the resolute Venetian and the Pisan sailor—and lastly, you shall assuredly be taught how our own right hand, which you suppose to be enfeebled by old age, can still wield the sword upon that day of reverence and gladness which has been appointed for the triumph of Christ's cause.

How measured and dignified Saladin's reply:

Epistle of Saladin to Frederick

To the great king, his sincere friend, the illustrious Frederick, king of Germany:—In the name of God the merciful: by the grace of the one God, the powerful, the surpassing, the victorious, the everlasting, of whose kingdom there is no end.

We give continual thanks to him, whose grace is over all the world: we pray that he may pour out his inspiration

over all his prophets, and especially on our teacher, his messenger the prophet, Mahomet, whom he sent to teach the true law, which he will make to appear above all laws. But we make it known to the sincere and powerful king, our great, amicable friend, the king of Germany, that a certain man, named Henry, came to us, professing to be your envoy, and he gave us a letter, which he said was from your hand. We caused the letter to be read, and we heard him speak by word of mouth, and to the words which he spake by word of mouth we answered also in words. But this is the answer to your letter:— You enumerate those who are leagued with you to come against us, and you name them and say—the king of this land and the king of this land—this count and that count—and such archbishops, marquises, and knights. But if we wished to enumerate those who are in our service, and who listen to our commands, and obey our words, and would fight for us, this is a list which could not be reduced to writing. If you reckon up the names of the Christians, the Saracens are more numerous and many times more numerous than the Christians. If the sea lies between us and those whom you name Christians, there is no sea to separate the Saracens, who cannot be numbered; between us and those whom you name Christians, there is no impediment. With us are the Bedouins, who would be quite sufficient singly to oppose our enemies; and the Turkomans, who, unaided, could destroy them: even our peasants, if we were to bid them, would fight bravely against the nations which should come to invade our country, and would despoil them of their riches and exterminate them. What! have we not on our side the warlike Soldarii, by whom we have gained the land, and driven out our enemies?

These, and all the kings of Paganism will not be slow when we shall summon them, nor delay when we shall call them. And whenever your armies shall be assembled, according to the import of your letter, and you shall lead them, as your messenger tells us, we will then meet you in the power of God. Nor will we be satisfied with the land which is on the seacoast, but we will cross over with God's good pleasure, and will take from you all your lands, in the strength of the Lord. For if you come, you will come with all your forces, and will be present with all your people, and we know that there will remain none at home to defend themselves or fight for their country. And when the Lord, by his power, shall have given us victory over you, nothing will remain for us to do but freely to take your lands, by his power, and with his good pleasure. For the union of the Christian faith has twice come against us in Babylon, once at Damietta, and again at Alexandria: it was also in the coast of the land of Jerusalem while in the hand of the Christians, in the land of Damascus, and in the land of the Saracens; in each fortress there was a lord who studied his own interests. You know how the Christians each time returned, and to what an issue they came. But these our people are assembled together with their countries, and the Lord has associated with us countries in abundance, and united them far and wide under our power: Babylon, with its dependencies, and the land of Damascus, and Jerusalem on the seacoast, and the land of Gesireh with its castles, and the land of Roasia with its dependencies, and the land of India with its dependencies—by the grace of God, all this is in our hands, and the residue of the Saracenic kings is in our empire. For if we were to com-

mand the illustrious kings of the Saracens, they would not withdraw themselves from us. And if we were to admonish the calif of Bagdad (whom God preserve) to come to our aid, he would rise from the throne of his great empire and would come to help our excellence. We have obtained, also, by the virtue and power of God, Jerusalem and its territory; and of the three cities which still remain in the hands of the Christians, Tyre, Tripoli, and Antioch, nothing remains but that we should occupy them.

But, if you wish for war, and if God so will of his good pleasure that we occupy the whole land of the Christians, we will meet you in the power of the Lord, as is written in this letter. But, if you ask us for the boon of peace, you will command the warders of the three places above mentioned to deliver them up to us without resistance; and we will restore to you the holy cross, and will liberate all the Christian captives who are in all our territories; and we will be at peace with you, and will allow you to have one priest at the Sepulcher, and we will restore the abbeys which used to be in the time of Paganism, and will do good to them, and will permit the pilgrims to come during all our life, and we will be at peace with you. But if the letter which came to us by the hand of Henry be the letter of the king, we have written this letter for answer, and may God give us counsel according to his will. This letter is written in the year of the coming of our prophet Mahomet 584, by the grace of the only God. And may God save our prophet Mahomet and his race, and may he save the salvation of our Savior, Illustrious Lord, and victorious King; the giver of unity; the true word; the adorner of the standard of truth; the corrector of the world and of

the law; sultan of the Saracens; the servitor of the two holy houses, and of the holy house of Jerusalem; the father of victors; Joseph the son of Job; the reviver of the progeny of Murmurænus!

As Saladin showed no haste to follow the Holy Roman Emperor's advice, Barbarossa started out at the head of his troops to conquer single-handed Jerusalem, Palestine, Syria, and the rest of the world. He would not wait for the French and the English to get ready to join the expedition. He could brook no delay. Christendom was in danger. He was flying to its rescue.

The army that started from Ratisbon was swelled on the way by stragglers and pilgrims and other wandering folk with whom Europe was then infested. There were no roads to speak of. There were no directions, signposts or guides. Men hacked their way through forests or forded rivers as best they could. Lucky those who discovered the path of others who had gone the same way. Ten miles a day was a good journey.

All went well with the German armies toiling like huge ants, until they had passed Hungary. Poets and minstrels in Barbarossa's train were already composing the songs of triumph: the loud songs, alive to this day, of how the old blond, light-bearded giant riding at the head of his troops, conquered the world and saved Christianity from its doom. However, when the army crossed the Danube into Bulgaria, whose inhabitants were not overfriendly, the cumbersome, cluttering hordes were separated from one another and chopped to pieces by the mountaineers.

Thousands of Teutons lost their way and starved in the chill and wild mountains. "Travel like Barbarossa" is idiomatic Bulgarian for taking the wrong road. *"Kudah idiosh Barbarossa."*

Barbarossa dispatched messengers to the Byzantine Emperor to beg for guides and assistance in the name of Christian brotherhood. But Emperor Isaac in Constantinople was much more anxious to retard the progress of the Germans than to assist them. The guides he sent led the hordes astray, and the food he sent was poisoned. Barbarossa at the head of his armies, camped before Adrianople, was on no better terms with Constantinople than his predecessors in Christian crusading had been.

After new delays and hardships, after devious and wrong-headed discussions between the two emperors by which nothing was gained and less than nothing accomplished, Frederick wrote to one of his sons, who had remained home to rule in his stead, to prepare an enormous navy with which to take Constantinople: not because of its wealth, but because of the perfidy of its emperor and inhabitants. There was no sense in life as long as the whole world was not compelled to obey Teuton rule. Everything he and his army had suffered on the way could be directly traced to the absence of Kultur.

The glorious red-bearded Teuton ran into further trouble when he crossed into Asia at the head of his hosts. He could not see, and refused to see, the difficulties which beset him, and he would not wait for the English and the French to arrive. Single-handed he would conduct his own Crusade.

Yet, instead of marching straight on Jerusalem, he led his Crusaders toward Cilicia and Armenia. He had his own plans, his own secrets. He knew. Only he knew. The world did not understand him, could not understand him. He knew what he was doing.

It would be tedious to detail the small and repeated engagements with elusive enemies, and the insignificant triumphs following tremendous defeats. The enmities and the betrayals which he met at every crossroad, at the hands of other Christians who had set themselves up as kings and rulers of fortresses and towns in Asia, who would rather pay tribute to the Moslems than subject themselves to the Teuton emperor, were no greater than the enmities other Crusaders had encountered. Asia was swarming with European cutthroats who dignified themselves with the titles of kings and emperors. There was a mud wall around every ten houses. A standard floated in the wind. Within a hut, hungry, thirsty, full of vermin, lived a king bearing a high-sounding name. The end came when Barbarossa, in his impatience to get somewhere in Cilicia, attempted to cross a turbulent river against the advice of the natives, and was drowned in it.

There are legends and stories that his end was not so peaceful as all that; that he was poisoned by the Greeks, and that the French had disposed of him. When the son who had been with the old emperor finally returned to Acre, Barbarossa's army, which upon entering Asia had numbered close to 400,000 soldiers, had dwindled to a mere six or seven thousand. Thus, even before the English and the French were really started on the march to Jerusalem,

the Teutonic Crusade had come to an end, leaving in its track carrion for the beasts of prey and pestilence to the desert.

Years later the Sultan Najm al-din wrote to Louis of France: "The bones of your people are strewn in the desert. Let me recall to you the passage in the Alcoran which says: 'Those who make war unjustly shall perish. The most numerous armies shall be destroyed by a handful of soldiers.' "

While Richard, Philip, Barbarossa, popes, cardinals, bishops, and the whole of Western Europe were organizing the Crusades, levying money, burning Jews and infidels in their own lands, instituting taxes, collecting armies, giving dispensations, selling titles and properties, while orators in churches and in public squares were thundering against the infidels and the pagans, and weeping bitter tears at the fate of the Christians in Palestine and Syria, while the English were unable to adjust their differences with the French, and the Italians were in an underhand way preparing the century-long struggle against Venice, a great power was rising and consolidating itself in Syria.

Europe never understood its magnificence until it was too late, and even then Europe refused to understand its intensity and magnificence. Instead of acknowledging defeat at the hands of a superior general the European powers mouthed beliefs in witchcraft and said that they were not defeated by Saladin, but that God had chosen him to punish them for their loose living. The Third Crusade, like the Second, failed because Jews had been burned to death.

The young Arab boy whom tradition says Eleanor, queen of France and Richard the Lion-Hearted's mother, had seduced, after a period of luxurious and debauched living, got hold of himself and realized his strength.

With a courage and ruthlessness incomparable in the Mohammedan world, Saladin, at the age of thirty, heading a company of faithful followers, succeeded in defeating this and that Mohammedan prince, in possessing himself of this and that stronghold, until he had gained enough power and ascendency to proclaim himself sultan of Arabia. With one mighty swoop of tremendous eagle spread he took both Damascus and Aleppo from the hands of the old rulers of these cities. The Christian towns and fortresses in Asia, which had been able to maintain their independence during the years of the Jerusalemite kingdom because the Mohammedans were themselves rent by internecine strife, woke to the great danger. Never an absolute entity, the Moslem world had been further divided after the First Crusade had culminated in the fall of Jerusalem. Defeat was a greater enemy of unity than victory. The rulers of Acre, Antioch, Tarsus, had been frequently called upon to help one Moslem pretender against another, and had assisted their erstwhile enemies with money, knights, and soldiers.

In exchange for such favors they had received the help of the Moslems when they were engaged in quarrels among themselves. The restlessness of Europe, of the Christian world echoed and reverberated in deserts and plains and vibrated in the hearts of nomad shepherds, camel herders, agriculturists, and townsmen of Syria, Egypt, Palestine and

Persia. Not one single throne or seat of power that did not shake. Every institution was in a transitory stage. The world and power belonged to the daring and the adventurous.

When Saladin rose in authority all this came to a sudden end in Syria. The most reckless adventurer in that part of the world set about to bring order in that chaos. The Christians, without exception, were the enemies of Moslems and vice versa. No one had realized the difficult position and the precarious hold on the soil of Asia of the Christian kingdom better than Saladin. He knew that they existed not because of their strength; but for the weakness of the divided enemy they could not have maintained themselves more than a year in Jerusalem. He knew how divided the Christians were among themselves. During the years of struggle against the former sultan, against the viziers of Damascus, Saladin himself had fought beside Christian soldiers and had been in a position to plumb the depth of dissatisfaction, of misery, effeminacy, debauchery, and faithlessness of those who claimed to be the army of the faithful ones.

Now that he wielded great power, Saladin experienced great repugnance to using his might, of which he seems to have been fully aware, against small and insignificant enemies. He despised the Christians so much that he hated to fight them. He considered them unworthy of his sword. War was the kind of sport in which one obtained the maximum of pleasure only when pitted against an equally able adversary. Having achieved his first great ambition—that of becoming sultan—and having given his most reliable

friends and the closest members of his immediate family positions of power as governors, generals, and satraps, Saladin relaxed, and went back to the easy joy of his kind, to wine, harems, and the pleasures of good company. He waited for someone worth while among the Christians to rise and give him battle. He had concluded a truce with the king of Jerusalem, whereby pilgrims and merchants were allowed to pass to and from Jaffa, Tyre, and Beirut without being molested by either Christians or Mohammedans. To the spirit of a sportsman Saladin had added that of a broad-minded merchant. He really believed in free roads and in the right of others to worship God in their own manner. He did not believe that Christians and Moslems could ever be good friends. Yet he was tolerant to the extreme.

While this truce between Christian and Moslem had been in force, Palestine, Syria, Egypt, and all the land on both sides of the Jordan had become like a huge international fair. With the pilgrims on their way to the Holy Sepulcher, all the dregs and scum of Europe, all the dregs of the dregs and the scum of the scum, floated into Asia on top of the religious wave. Not a caravan that did not boast of gaming tables, dice throwers, singers, and acrobats. Brothels, wine houses, gaming places, circuses, slave marts, dotted the roads east and west from the sea to Jerusalem and back. The Frenchmen—or the Franks, as they were known then—as before and since, adapted themselves so readily to the conditions of life in Syria, they surpassed and improved upon every perversion and luxuriousness of the Moslems.

Returning pilgrims brought back home with their relics

syphilis and little books printed in Egypt and purporting to be translations from the Arabic on "L'Art de faire l'amour." The whole land between the sea and Jerusalem and beyond had become a brawling, stinking cesspool. Frenchmen of a more serious turn of mind who had come to visit and had remained to carry on some profitable business, married native women whom they kept in harems, and accepted, together with the other elements of Syrian life, the flowing robes and the white turban. They were not to be distinguished from the genuine Moslems by any outward sign.

Meanwhile the Genoese, the Pisans, and the Venetians cared for nothing; they were actively engaged in trade. Experienced travelers, they shunned all contact with pilgrims and would-be Crusaders, avoiding even their food and wines. Instead of territory they merely demanded from the French the right to build houses and to have their own baking ovens in the cities and towns where they carried on their business. These "sea rats" knew the value of cleanliness and the cost of debauchery. "Never relax while in strange towns. There are beautiful women and good wines at home, waiting for the returned sailor or traveler."

The most beautiful edifices of Venice, so much admired today, were built of marble and granite brought during the eleventh and twelfth centuries from Asia—Persia, Armenia, Palestine, and Egypt. Many of the magnificent iron doors and gates of Venetian palaces once hung on the hinges of palaces in Constantinople, Jerusalem, Tyre, Babylon, and Alexandria. The Venetians were neither artists nor artizans, but they were artistic and had the astute merchant

eye for things genuine for eternal value. They had raised commerce to an art. At a time when most people floundered without any understanding of the exigencies of the future, the Venetians had already understood the necessity of building for the future.

To further their trade this seafaring people employed agents in every Christian city as well as in every Mohammedan settlement. Not a thing was too big or too small to sell or buy. They bought and sold secrets which had been entrusted to them. They bought and sold women for harems; bought and sold holy relics, and disposed to the highest bidder of the very ships on which they had arrived. Christian or Mohammedan, whoever paid was a welcome buyer. Glass beads, ivory, copper kettles, gold and silver ingots, books, statues, slaves, captives, silks, dyes, and horses were laden pell-mell in deep-boweled boats and sorted out en route. What was of really first quality remained in their island city; the rest went to France, Germany, England, and Italy. They held themselves aloof from national entanglements.

Venice was not responsible for the action of her citizens abroad. Yet she was ever ready to come to their rescue when they were in trouble. The Venetian flag was the one most respected on the high seas. The "triremes" of Venice were known the world over, and pirates knew better than to attack them.

In Jerusalem things had gone from bad to worse. At times there were as many as three kings elbowing one another for the throne; each one was chosen after his party

had done its share of stabbings and poisonings. When chosen and enthroned, such kinglets had to pay debts of gratitude and commit acts of ingratitude to maintain themselves in power. The Holy Sepulcher was farmed out to barkers as is a monstrosity in the tent of a circus.

Religion could not have fallen to a lower level; could not have been cheapened and degraded more. The religious interest of the kings and the noblemen of Jerusalem, never an important factor in their lives, had waned completely. The Sepulcher was a market place to which the unsuspecting were attracted, where relics, true and false, dispensations and titles were sold by monks and priests who fought among themselves for a greater share of the spoils. Bits of the "true cross," of the "true spear," strands of the "true hair," and chips from the "true bones" and fragments of the "true teeth" were hawked about the streets and in the churches.

This state of affairs would have continued indefinitely, had not something happened that shook Saladin from his lethargy. Relying on the signed truce between himself and the king of Jerusalem, Saladin had requested permission for a caravan of Moslems, containing his own sister, to pass through Christian territory. The permission was promptly granted by the king of Jerusalem, Guy de Lusignan. The caravan, fully confident, then started on its way. Raynald de Chatillon, an impetuous, turbulent, greedy, and reckless adventurer, was informed that besides Saladin's sister, who was alone worth thousands and thousands of ounces of gold as ransom, the caravan transported enormous treasures. One night, while the Moslems were peacefully

camped in a field, Raynald and his men surrounded the wayfarers, surprised, overpowered, robbed, and slaughtered them, and carried off Saladin's sister as a captive.

The fury this action unchained in Saladin shook the whole of Asia Minor and ended in the fall of Jerusalem. Before Jerusalem was taken he had passed the sword through every Christian he encountered in his long way. Saladin was no longer the leader of an army of men; he was the forerunner of a hurricane of spears and swords and lances which swept everything before it. Nothing could resist the storm of steel Saladin had raised and headed. The sand of the desert became a muddy red. The grass and the leaves of gardens and orchards were sprinkled with blood. The storm of bristling steel broadened, widened, and became more intense as it traveled. The Mohammedans of Asia Minor had turned into wild beasts.

The Moslem still respected his truce with Baldwin, but only because he had long before ceased to include Baldwin among his enemies, or among the Christians. Saladin was convinced that Baldwin's interests were the same as his; that he had nothing in common with the Crusaders or with Jerusalem.

Guy de Lusignan, king of Jerusalem, attempted bravely enough to stem the tide, but his men were weak, disorganized, hungry, dissatisfied, uncertain of one another, and suspicious of treachery everywhere. Even in such times of stress the Greek monks and the Latin ecclesiasts continued their petty quarrels and fought for prerogatives and privileges. When Saladin was near the gates of the Holy City they deserted the city of the Lord, taking with them such treasures as they could carry on their backs.

Ultimately, some time later, Raynald de Chatillon, the king of Jerusalem himself, and Belian of Ibelin, a noble warrior, were captured and brought before Saladin. The three knights begged for water. They had been for days without the precious liquid while they had trudged through the sun-beaten desert. The sultan ordered that a long cool draught be brought. The king of Jerusalem having taken the first sip offered the cup to Raynald de Chatillon. After the abductor of his sister had quenched his thirst, Saladin said to Guy de Lusignan:

"I want you and all those present to know that it is not I who have given him the cup."

When Belian of Ibelin had drained the cup of the last drop, Saladin ordered a sword brought to him and decapitated with his own hand the man who had broken the truce. Belian of Ibelin and Guy de Lusignan were held as prisoners. Not one of the chroniclers tries to whitewash Raynald de Chatillon. Yet all cry out against Saladin's vengefulness. Saladin was no saint.

Nothing could stem Saladin's onward rush. He gave Jerusalem short respites, playing havoc with the emotions and the plague of fear that had seized the Christians, by diverting his army occasionally to where revolutions in his own land had broken out; but he returned to the charge more vigorously every time. When but a few miles from Jerusalem, suddenly he left with his army to suppress a too ambitious follower of the former sultan, who had tried to take advantage of his absence, or to come to the rescue of one of his relatives who had bungled his way into distress. Throughout the small frays his eyes were set on Jerusalem. He could have taken the Holy City with one fell swoop to

cut short the suspense. He tortured the king and the inhabitants by forcing them to live in continual dread and fear of him. He goaded them to fight. It was repellent to him to slay people who did not oppose him.

Boats owned by Genoese, Pisans, and Venetians came with pilgrims from everywhere, laden with food for Palestine, for Jerusalem, turned sail quickly and departed whence they had come, without unloading. Other boats were caught by Saracens, looted, and burned. At night people on the shore saw the burning sails spread out for a moment like flaming wings. Thousands who had come to pray to the Lord were driven like sheep inland to be sold as slaves.

It was not until the fall of 1183 that the Great Council of Jerusalem, squabbling and fighting, decided to strengthen the fortifications of the city, which had been allowed to crumble.

The Christians had been led to believe that Aleppo was impregnable. The fall of Aleppo created a wild panic. The Templars were said to have hastened its fall. The Hospitallers were accused of having started the rumor in order to divert the attention of the people from their deeds.

While Saladin was elsewhere, people saw him and his army everywhere. There was a panic every hour. Young women turned gray in a few days. Mature, strong men became senile. People drowned themselves in wells and threw themselves from fortifications. The hurriedly grown cities and settlements of the Franks collapsed like tents after the fair. Christians living in the outlying districts of Jerusalem flocked in thousands to the Moslem faith to save

their lives. And the Moslems hated and despised those new Mohammedans. Raymond of Antioch, in whose valor and power the Christians had had great faith and from whom they expected succor, betrayed Jerusalem, bought peace from Saladin, and sold the city of Tarsus to the ruler of Armenia. The ruler of Antioch's action tore the last shred of hope from the hearts of the besieged. Only a miracle could save them. But the Lord seemed to have grown very economical with miracles and visions just then. He no longer dispensed them as freely as before.

The Saracens with Saladin were looking down the hills into Nazareth. They taunted the followers of Christ to come to grips with them, to fight it out on the very spot of His birthplace. Saladin raised camp again, and gave Jerusalem another breathing spell. Just when people cried miracle and were beginning to convince one another that the Lord had come between them and Saladin, the Saracens returned to the charge. During the few months of peace the Christians had continued to weaken one another. The officially and secretly anointed kings having each his own party, and the Templars and the Hospitallers siding with one or the other and sometimes with both, were all crying and begging Western Europe to hurry to their rescue. Western Europe had its own troubles.

Meanwhile the Patriarch Heraclius, whose orgies spiced the talk of knight and foot-soldier and were the scandal conversation of Jerusalem and Palestine, of Constantinople and Rome—Heraclius who maintained his mistresses in kingly style—was shedding epistolary tears and accusing the Western world of insufficient piety: "How can you

leave the Christian martyrs of Jerusalem at the mercy of the Mohammedans!" To live in "Heraclian style" means to maintain several establishments of mistresses in grand fashion. *"Heraclius, echis denechis, prepina pirossis,"* say the Greeks. Heraclius, whether you want to or not, you must pay for your expensive amours.

Finally, after many more councils, secret poisonings, stabbings, bribes, and discussions, Raymond of Antioch agreed to return to the fold. There was great rejoicing in Jerusalem. All hopes were centered in Raymond. It was forbidden to mention his previous defection. "Raymond is with us!"

Saladin timed his strokes carefully. The loss of Raymond meant nothing to him. He preferred dealing with him as an avowed enemy to owing him consideration as a professed friend. The sultan used against the Christians not only his weapons, his men, his courage, and his generalship, but also the climate of the country. He attacked the armies of Jerusalem in the hottest month of the year, in July. To punish Raymond's breaking of the truce Saladin besieged Tiberias. Raymond's wife was within its walls. The king of Jerusalem wanted to fly immediately to her rescue, but Raymond, who knew the roads and the conditions of the country very well, insisted that the city and the wife be left to their fate; they could never be rescued. Guy agreed to follow Raymond's advice. During the night, however, he was counseled to do differently by a friend who suspected Raymond's sincerity, even though his wife was a pawn in the game.

The king and his army went to the rescue of Tiberias.

They scattered like "chaff in the wind" when they met the army of the Saracen. "Raymond is in league with Saladin," the counselor had whispered. "If you want to be victorious, do the contrary of what he advises you." The affair ended in the death of Raynald de Chatillon and the imprisonment of the king and of Belian of Ibelin. And it was in this affair also that the Holy Cross, carried by the army that was led by the king, fell into the hands of Saladin.

In September of the same year only two cities of any importance were still in the hands of the Christians, Tyre and Jerusalem; and their days were known to be numbered. Belian of Ibelin, who had been imprisoned by Saladin, had escaped to Tyre, where he found his wife and children. Saladin had treated him well in captivity, as one cavalier another, and bore the nobleman no grudge even when he had run away. Belian of Ibelin was one of the most lovable characters among the Crusaders. He was a genuine cavalier, a true adventurer of the cross, and a very romantic and colorful figure. He was honest, capable, religious, and above all human. The sultan had more respect for Belian, who had escaped, than for the king who had not been able to gain his freedom. The great Saracen had visited the Crusader in his prison and taken a great liking to him. Belian of Ibelin was a man after Saladin's own heart. The daring escape of the cavalier endeared him even more to his enemy. Only a man of well-tempered steel could have done what Belian of Ibelin did. Saladin was relieved of great anxiety when he learned that his former captive had reached safety.

From Tyre, Belian wrote Saladin to ask permission to pass through military territory in order to convey his wife and children to Jerusalem. He promised Saladin not to stay more than one night in the Holy City, and to return to his post at Tyre. Against the advice of his lieutenants Saladin granted the demanded grace to his fugitive foe. He argued that Belian was a worthy foe, that he had not met with many of his character in his war against the Christians. He was certain Belian would keep his promise.

But it was not to be so. When the knight had reached Jerusalem, the Patriarch Heraclius urged that it would be more sinful to keep his word with the pagan than to break it, since Jerusalem needed him. "Remember our king is a prisoner of Saladin." Belian of Ibelin resisted. He had given his word of honor; he must keep it.

Heraclius then headed the whole population of Jerusalem to beg and entreat the knight not to abandon them. "Don't leave us. We want you as our lord." People had visions in which Belian of Ibelin was pointed out as the savior of the city. Reluctantly Belian accepted the lordship of Jerusalem. There were only two other knights within the walls of the city; all the others had fled at the approach of Saladin's army. The new lord of Jerusalem took an inventory of the city, its provisions and treasures.

The Turks and Arabs were well provided for and fought courageously. It was useless to oppose them.

The city had been stripped naked.

The treasuries of the churches and monasteries had been emptied by the different sets of monks and ecclesiasts,

and Belian himself had to strip the silver from the roof of the Holy Sepulcher to have something in his empty hands. He had no army, no weapons, no food, no money, no horses. Jerusalem looked like an empty shell. The poor and destitute from the surrounding country flocked to Jerusalem by the hundreds and thousands, crowding every room, every nook and corner, every little space, to capacity. Thousands of families were lying destitute on the streets. The churches were crowded night and day with women and children, cripples, sick, and cowards. It seemed that these people had learned to live without food and water, but could not exist without shelter of some kind.

From such discouraging elements the new king and the Patriarch Heraclius, who seemed to have risen to the occasion and behaved more splendidly than many a man who had led a less sinful life, recruited soldiers to oppose the onrush of the Saracens. Saladin appeared again before the walls of Jerusalem on the 20th of September.

Saladin hesitated to give battle to a multitude of defenseless people; especially so since his own men were more like an enraged horde than an army. He had had enough of bloodshed. He was a soldier, not a butcher. Like most great soldiers he was occasionally appalled by the result of his métier. His brother Saphadin helped to hold back the Mohammedan soldiers, so anxious to avenge their dead.

"Why do we stay here? Our scimitars are dry. They are thirsty. Order the attack on the fortress. Let us scale the crumbling walls. Allah is with us. We shall not leave one infidel to pollute the air."

Saphadin quoted the Alcoran to his brother's army:

on war, on bloodshed, on humility, on leniency, on pity. When he could not pacify them in the name of the Almighty, he threatened them with the wrath of their leader.

Belian, who had not lost the respect of the Saracen warrior, communicated with him and, after long parleys, persuaded Saladin to accept a ransom of ten gold pieces for every man, five gold pieces for every woman, and one for every child less than seven years old within the gates of Jerusalem. Those who did not have the money were to become Saladin's captives of war. Those who possessed that sum of money were only too glad and willing to purchase their life and liberty at so cheap a price. However, the more wealthy Christians were unwilling to part with any of their surplus gold and help ransom the poor and save them from eternal slavery or worse. Even after all the treasures of the king and the patriarch and the churches had been put together, there was not enough money to ransom all the poor that had crowded into Jerusalem. The rich of Jerusalem were adamant to the entreaties of the king and the patriarch. They argued that they needed every copper to insure their own safety and that of their immediate families. They had a long way to go to return to their countries of origin.

Women threatened to kill their children rather than see them dragged into slavery. Jerusalem became the city of woe; hell on earth. Thousands of poor people were doomed. Belian and the patriarch begged and threatened, but the rich would not part with their money. Profoundly moved by the plight of these people Saladin's brother, who acted as an intermediary, then asked the sultan to recom-

pense him for the part he had played in the capitulation of Jerusalem.

"I want my share," he told his brother.

"What do you desire?" Saladin asked. "Tell me!"

"A thousand slaves," Saphadin answered.

"A thousand slaves! But what for? What will you do with them?" the sultan inquired, wondering that his brother should make such a request. Saphadin, though a great soldier, had lived the simple life of a philosophic saint and had always refused to accept honors and luxury. What change had come over the good Saphadin? "What will you do with a thousand slaves?"

"I will do with them as I please," Saphadin replied. "I want a thousand slaves."

"Have them then," Saladin answered.

When the thousand slaves had been counted out and were delivered to the sultan's brother, he immediately set them free.

"Go in peace, brothers. And may God have mercy on you."

These thousand slaves had declared themselves unable to pay the ransom. The Patriarch Heraclius then begged Saladin to give him also a like number of slaves. Saladin refused. The demand was an imposition.

"What Christian general has ever behaved as leniently as I have behaved till now?" he inquired. "Lives there a man of your faith to serve me as example?"

But Saphadin interfered. Saladin was great enough not to need examples. "He who leads must take good care not to follow." Ultimately Heraclius was allowed the grace of

seven hundred men, and five hundred more were given to Belian of Ibelin as a gift.

The joy of the people who had been set free inspired Saladin to make his alms also. He liberated all the sick and the children of the city. He could do no less than his brother, the patriarch, and Belian combined.

Meanwhile the army camped outside the walls and was restrained from committing any violence. Those who attacked the freed captives were punished severely.

Jerusalem was again in the hands of the Moslems. Saladin had graced his crown with another victory. He let it be known that peaceful and unarmed pilgrims were to be allowed free access to the Sepulcher, without paying any taxes to Christian or Moslem, and without being molested in any manner or form. The golden cross on the dome of the Temple was taken down. The crescent moon was set up in its place.

A month after Jerusalem had capitulated to Saladin, the Latin and Greek monks and the priests squabbled again about the sale of relics, about the rights of one and the other. The Templars resumed their intrigues. The Hospitallers continued their underhand work.

Then Saladin wrote to Richard, son of the woman he had never forgotten, that he was waiting for him.

Instead of bringing peace to the world, the capture of Jerusalem brought greater strife. Peace was against the immediate interest of the dignitaries of the church. It was against the interest of the beggars and the depraved of the Near East to admit that they were well treated, far better

than they deserved to be. They continued to send messengers to describe the plight of the Christians under Moslem rule.

They wept bitter tears about the profanation of the Holy Place and the maltreatment of women and children. Their mendacity knew no bounds. "Come save us. Send money and food and clothes." What was obtained from a not too easily softened European heart, went to swell the coffers of brothels and wine dealers, of gambling houses and slave marts. Near East relieving was doing business at the old stand. Nowhere else in the world, not even in Calcutta, could a gold piece buy as much. . . . The Third Crusade was on the way.

When Richard the Lion-Hearted and his army arrived at Acre, Philip II was already there. The French Crusaders had already engaged the Turks in desultory fighting, but had held back from delivering any serious attack lest Richard be angered by a victory he had not taken part in. Philip had already experienced Richard's anger on other occasions, and was not anxious to have the performance repeated. He remembered Messina only too well. He and Richard were still allies, but their friendship was only simulacre. The French Crusaders knew that as well as the English. There was no love wasted between them. Had the two armies been enemy camps, they could not have distrusted each other more than they did.

The capture by the English of a Saracen ship destined for the besieged army of Acre, a ship laden with provisions, was widely heralded as a great victory of Richard and made

people forget the tremendous losses he had incurred till then. The English king had left one-third of his army in the desultory warfare he had led in Europe on the march to Asia. He was marching now to liberate Jerusalem.

Richard's army disembarked at Tyre and bivouacked soon afterwards in the valley lying outside the walls of the strong fortress. The French and the English were divided by a wide stretch of no man's land. Leopold of Austria's men were camped apart. Arms and provisions were heavily guarded against the pilfering of allied soldiers. Thieves were hanged on the spot, regardless of their nationality. When Richard camped anywhere, gibbets were erected immediately. The kings and the generals had in their trains their wives and mistresses. Knights were accompanied by their ladies. The soldiers made merry with the harlots that had followed them and with those who had joined them on the road.

The army within the besieged fortress was not very numerous. One of Saladin's most trusted lieutenants captained it. Saladin and his brother Saphadin, in the hills beyond Acre, waited for the exact moment to attack the Christian besiegers on their rear and on the flanks. Saladin could have thrown his men upon the French hosts before Richard had arrived, but for some reason or other he had held back. He was waiting for a worthier foe than Philip. Had Saladin waited for a dear friend from beyond the sea, he could not have been more anxious than for the arrival of Richard, with whom he intended to measure his own strength and cunning. A giant, he refused to pit his strength against that of a pigmy. There was neither

glory nor pleasure in the defeat of a weak foe. Richard was the man for him.

In Saladin's eyes Richard did not represent the West, or Christendom. Richard was an exceptional human being destined by the Fates to be the testing-stone on which he should prove his mettle.

Richard, anxious to parade his importance before the Turks, ordered a torchlight procession for the first night he and his army camped about Acre. From the hills on which Saladin and his army were strewn they looked upon a sea of fire, storming and waving down the valley. They had never seen the like of that. The red flames licked the blue sky. The walls of the fortress were ablaze on one side, dark on the other. Neither French nor Austrians participated in that affair. Saladin understood the reason. That torchlight procession revealed to the Saracen the condition of affairs among his enemies.

Richard held off from an immediate attack upon the fortress though the French and the leaders of other nations counseled him to make it. Richard, who had neither confidence in the others nor any desire to share the honors of the war with Philip or Leopold of Austria, refused to do as they asked. He wanted to wait there until he could make himself the master of all the Crusaders. The French were in a dire predicament as to provisions. Richard was amply provided with everything. His men wasted more than the Frenchmen consumed.

French foraging parties were sent daily out to the right and to the left. What they brought back was little, and was immediately distributed and sold to those who had the

wherewithal. The poorer soldiers, the pilgrims and hangers-on of the army starved. Unable to buy for themselves even the coarsest fare, they fed on dead horses and the offal of the tables of the rich and the strong. The few wells that had not been polluted were strictly guarded. The water was served out to the most important men of Philip's army, to the king's retinue, his women, his courtezans, flatterers and the clergy of his ambulant chapel.

The English were so well provided that the meanest soldier fared better than the knights and noblemen of the French army. They had taken possession of the best and the deepest wells. The majority of the French were in filthy rags, starved and sick. Their anxiety to attack the fortress was prompted by the hope to find within its walls provisions, clothing, food, water and loot. It was conquer or die. They couldn't wait. Philip's lieutenants urged him to lead an attack, alone, if Richard still refused. Philip refused. He hoped to persuade the English king to storm the fortress with him. Richard made no move to come to the assistance of the French. He expected the dissatisfaction in his ally's army to grow so strong that the soldiers would kill their commanders and come to fight under the English standards. His men worried the French soldiers. They told them that they would never fight under such careless leaders as the French king and his lieutenants. While the French Crusaders ate roots and carrion the English fed large chunks of meat to their dogs.

When the French king became very insistent about the battle, the English king became conveniently ill. The contest was between him and Saladin, and nobody else. He

had more respect for the Saracen than he had for his own people. It was a tilt between himself and the Moslem. That tens of thousands of people were the pawns in the game, that Christendom itself was the dangerous prize, mattered very little.

Philip was forced to the conclusion that if he did not attack immediately he would lose his army. He massed his troops before the walls of Acre, disregarding the illness and the wishes of Richard. With the help of the demolishing machines his troops delivered a vigorous assault upon the fortress. Richard refused to lend the French the machines he had had constructed in Messina and brought with him. He refused to lend them the celebrated "Matte Griffin" demolishing engine. The French king's army went ahead with what they had.

Headed by Saladin's brother Saphadin, the Saracen army advanced down the hills at the same moment Philip's army advanced toward the walls of Acre. In concerted action with Saphadin's troops, the Turks made a sally from the fortress. The French attacking machines were set on fire. The weary, weakened, starved soldiers were caught in a vise by the Turkish hosts and retired with tremendous losses. The French attack was a complete and costly fiasco, despite the heroism of the soldiers. From the walls of the fortress the people of Acre mocked and jeered at the poor defeated soldiers. The English, who had not raised a finger to help their allies, had great fun deriding the French troops.

Philip became conveniently ill. The sickness of the two kings lasted just long enough for their respective lieuten-

ants and advisors to get together and come to an understanding about each one's share in the plunder when Acre should be taken. When that was settled, Richard brought forth his assaulting machines, built for him by the Venetians and the Pisans, and the siege of Acre was begun in earnest. Though the French army participated in the attack, it was known as Richard's battle. Both the besieged in Acre and Saladin and his brother realized that the city was in real danger. Saladin had something on his hands. The struggle between him and Richard had begun in earnest.

The work of the heavy assaulting machines was rendered more efficacious by passages dug under the walls of the city, undermining them. The armies worked together, and under the direct orders of Richard. The English king was everywhere at the same time. On his chosen charger he galloped around the walls giving instructions and commands.

The heavy thumping engines were made to slide downward on wooden rails and struck the walls with the regularity of clock-hammer work. The attack was relentless, with no let-up, day or night. The tired, the wounded, the sick were replaced by waves of fresh forces; the English and the French hammered away unceasingly, while part of the army kept Saladin so busy he could not come to the rescue of the besieged. What disheartened Saladin was the maddeningly methodical manner of his enemies' action. The English king had eliminated the element of chance. He was not the head of an army of soldiers, he was the chief engineer of a fighting machine.

The besieged sent messengers to Richard to ask what

terms he would offer for the surrender of the city. Saladin had advised his generals to surrender so as to avoid unnecessary bloodshed. The fall of the fortress was inevitable. They were fighting Melek Richard, a giant, a superman. "In time to come, I, Saladin, will crush him. Nobody else can oppose the English Melek successfully."

On an appointed day and hour the Turkish soldiers and generals, after giving guarantees and hostages that they would deliver the Holy Cross which was in Saladin's personal keeping, within a month, were allowed to depart from Acre with only the clothes on their backs. Everything else was left behind. However, each Turk had swallowed a number of gold pieces and made of his stomach a temporary purse. The noncombatant citizens of Acre were ordered to remain. It was Richard's victory.

The Crusaders entered jubilantly into the city. The standards of both Richard and Philip were hoisted on the towers of the fortress. The orders of the kings to the soldiers were that they must not molest the citizens, but the Crusaders proceeded to consume and destroy everything consumable and destructible. The two kings shared the precious loot of gold and silver equally between themselves. The captives also were divided by lot, regardless of age and sex. The king of France received for his share the old palace of the Templars with all its appurtenances. King Richard drew for himself the royal palace. It was occupied immediately by the queen, Berengaria, and her damsels and handmaidens.

While the two kings disported themselves with their women, the Crusaders, the pilgrims, and the foot-folk

took their pleasures where they found them. Acre was renowned for its harems. There were beautiful women there from every part of the world. Priest, monk, pilgrim, and soldier now vied with one another in punishing the enemy by raping the women and young girls. Order and restraint, decency, all human feelings and respect vanished from the hearts of these men. A horde of monsters in human flesh was let loose upon defenseless people.

There was no one to complain to, and had anybody been willing to listen he could not have changed the situation. No one in authority would have dared to oppose the tide of bestiality that had been unleashed upon Acre. The most fervent apologists of the Crusaders cry out in horror at what happened to the conquered fortress when the Christians had taken it. The tales of the Arabs, more detailed and precise, make one feel ashamed to belong to the human race. One tale especially, describing how young naked girls were made to act as candlesticks upon an improvised altar on the market place, makes one shudder at what men are capable of.

After the joys and festivities had exhausted the merrymakers, the old quarrel between the French and English was revived. Philip, feeling that his share of the loot of Acre was not as important, nor as valuable, as that allotted to Richard, announced that both of them had possessed themselves illegally of what really belonged to the king of Jerusalem.

Richard would not hear of this.

The king of England said: "Which king?"

He had planned to crown a man of his own choice


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king of Jerusalem anyhow. Philip insisted. When Richard persisted, the king of France, very honest and legal, announced that he would immediately return home; that he would not make himself guilty of such injustice. When this announcement had met with strong opposition among the French soldiers, Philip changed front and said he wanted to leave Acre anyhow, not because of disagreements with Richard, but because of his own ill health and alarming news from home. With a grand gesture hiding his scorn and satisfaction, Richard expressed his great sorrow. He was willing to supply the French king with means of transportation; not, however, before he had exacted a promise from Philip that he would not encroach upon English territory, nor in any way do anything against the interests of Richard until the English had returned home. Philip promised everything. He was anxious to go. The agreement was not a permanent alliance. It merely stipulated that if Philip was anxious to avenge himself he should wait until Richard returned and not fall upon England in his absence. These two kings had no illusions about each other.

Philip left the duke of Burgundy with a number of his men to assist King Richard, though fighting under their own standard. The duke of Burgundy had been secretly instructed to do as little as possible, and to handicap and obstruct the English whenever he could discover an opportunity. Richard must not return to Europe as a victor, if he returned at all. Before the French king left Tyre his unpaid army revolted.

Richard assisted the French king by lending him suf-

ficient money to pacify the soldiers, and let it be widely known that he had done so. Every French soldier knew that he had been paid with English money; that he was dependent on the bounty of the English. Every English soldier used the opportunity to denounce the "beggarly French." The money Richard advanced was only a loan guaranteed by Philip's share of the ransom Saladin was to pay for the hostages they had retained.

Meanwhile the month expired during which Saladin was supposed to ransom the hostages of Acre and deliver the Holy Cross to the Crusaders. The English watched the roads every day for messengers from Saladin, crying out every time they saw a cloud of dust: "The cross is arriving, the cross is arriving!" What they really were waiting for were the bags of Saracen gold, of which each one hoped to get some for himself. And each time it was something else, not the cross and not the bags of gold. Messengers from the Saracen came to bring fruit for Richard; fresh fruit and costly presents, and to inquire whether Melek Richard was well. Richard was ill: from overworking, overeating, overdrinking, and overloving. His own doctors were unable to help him much, but Saladin's remedies brought some relief. The sultan sent him the juiciest fruit obtainable and the most strengthening wines, together with his best wishes—but not a word about the ransom or the Holy Cross. When questioned and pressed the messengers answered that the gold and the cross were certainly on the way—another week—another ten days . . .

The French too were anxiously expecting the arrival of the Holy Cross, and their lord, waiting to return to his

homeland, was receiving no messages, no gifts, and no remedies from Saladin. When neither money nor cross arrived, the French accused the English of perfidy—accused them of being in agreement with the enemy so as to have the whole ransom to themselves. "Why is Saladin so solicitous about Richard's health?" they asked. "Why doesn't he attack now, when he knows his adversary is ill?" They were certain that some underhand agreement had been reached between Richard and Saladin, and that they were left out in the cold. Though their suspicions were not justified they were nevertheless reasonable. They had no sympathy for the English. They had been treated with scorn by Richard and his men. The king of the English had not acted as an ally of their king. They remembered Messina, Cyprus and a hundred other things. Why did Saladin treat Richard as a friendly sparring partner and not as an enemy?

Saladin was enmeshed in considerable difficulty with his own people. The defeat of Acre having been laid at his feet by his princes and dissatisfied potentates of the Moslem faith, he was losing the confidence of his army. Ambitious Saracens everywhere gathered independent armies and said it would be more profitable to ally themselves with Melek Richard than with Saladin. They did not understand that Saladin, though really solicitous about Richard, was using his sentiments to create greater dissatisfaction between the French and the English.

The sultan was thoroughly informed of the dispute between Richard and the king of France, and the disorganized condition of both armies. This was the reason he

delayed to ransom the five thousand hostages, of whom twenty-seven hundred were in the hands of Richard and the rest in the hands of the French.

There were daily fights among the French and the English soldiers to decide how the Holy Cross should be divided by the two nations. The allies were not one army; they were partners. Each one had the right to its exclusive share. When it was finally concluded that the cross should be split in two, one half for the French and one for the English, other quarrels arose as to which part should belong to one and which to the other. How shall the cross be split? If lengthwise, who is to have the front and who is to have the back? If otherwise, to whom shall belong the right and to whom the left arms? The right arm was the more valuable one, the more potent producer of miracles. The English claimed the right part for themselves; the French produced arguments to prove that it belonged to them. The French argued that they had lost more men in the Crusades. The English answered they had more living soldiers in the armies then; that living and not dead soldiers counted.

Richard sent messengers to Saladin threatening to kill the hostages if the ransom and the cross should not be delivered forthwith. As such threats had not been made by the French, Saladin did not believe Richard would dare to carry them out, and so he continued delaying. He asked for another week. The cross was no longer in his possession, he said. He waited for its arrival. Richard refused to wait. On the Friday after the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin Mary, Richard, angered by the delay, and wanting to show Saladin and Philip that he was not to be trifled with,

ordered that the twenty-seven hundred hostages be taken out before the walls of the city and hanged.

"Our soldiers did it cheerfully, and were amused by the death of the heathens," writes a cheerful eye-witness. Richard was feeling better indeed! Twenty-seven hundred men were ordered hanged to raise his morale and that of his soldiers, who did it cheerfully. The French cried out in horror at such a deed, and refused to follow the example set by the English; they refused to obey their ally, or ever to fight at his side. Richard forced them out of the fortress. Those who refused to go were driven out at the point of lances. When Acre was emptied of French Crusaders Richard took his own tent outside the walls and camped there.

The French refused to kill their captives. They defended them from the English with their own bodies. They felt closer to those poor wretches than they did to the English.

The slaying of Richard's hostages caused such horror throughout the Moslem world, it brought back to Saladin's standards those who had deserted him or who had remained with him only faint-heartedly after the fall of Acre.

Saladin, who had been considered a great general, became a symbol, a rallying flag. The whole Moslem world was informed that the French had treated their captives kindly. All Moslems, men, women, and children, ran to join the forces of Saladin. The roads were crowded with recruits. People literally killed themselves in their haste to reach Saladin's camp. Had Mohammed come back to

life he could not have rallied the Moslems better. A word against Saladin was a word against Allah and the Prophet. *Allahu akbar.* The great cry rang day and night. No power on earth could have hindered those fanatics from joining the sultan's army. *Allahu akbar.* The giaours have murdered our brothers in cold blood; not in the heat of battle, but in cold blood. They remembered how leniently Saladin had treated his hostages when he had taken Jerusalem; how gently, how mercifully he had treated them.

Richard, camping outside the walls of the fortress, was waiting for his own soldiers to leave the city after the French had been driven out. Despite orders and threats the three hundred thousand English Crusaders who had crowded within the walls of the city, could not be dislodged. The men were amusing themselves too well with the women of the town after the wholesale hangings had been performed. The murder had aroused the strangest lusts. The wine cellars were not yet all empty. Acre had been so well provisioned by the Turks that the besieged could have lasted out for months and months if the besiegers had wanted to starve them out. Saladin had ordered the surrender of the fortress in order to avoid useless bloodshed, when he realized how well Richard was prepared to take the city by assault. The stores were not at the mercy of the gluttonous English.

"The city was defiled by the luxury of the sons of folly and their gluttony made wiser faces blush at their shamelessness." This from a fervent apologist of the Crusade. The detailed story of the behavior of the Crusaders under Richard's banner makes one's blood curdle eight hundred

years later. The Arabs say that though there was plenty of meat, Melek Richard's men broiled little children.

Richard waited for his soldiers to come out of the city until he had no more patience; then he inflicted severe punishment on those who had disobeyed him. He obtained reluctant obedience from his men only after a thousand of them dangled from a forest of gibbets.

It took weeks and weeks before the drunken, bloated, weakened soldiers could be arrayed again to a semblance of an army.

The Turks poured down from the mountains and harassed the Crusaders from every side.

The English crossed the river of Acre and keeping along the seashore took the road to Ascalon.

Turkish cavalry followed and hacked away at the rear and the wings of Richard's army.

The Crusaders, marching compactly, wedged their weight through a sea of loosely organized riding Turks. The Moslem light cavalry stung them like bees, here, there, and everywhere at the same time, and vanished before they could be approached. They appeared from nowhere behind a cloud of dust. A thousand arrows whistled in the air, and the enemy vanished under the cover of the same hot dust.

By the time the Christians arrived at the river Rochetailie the Crusaders were only 100,000. There the Turks had mustered an army three times that number. The battle began in earnest before the Crusaders had rested from their long and weary journey. They were footsore, thirsty, sick, frightened and had lost all hope of coming out alive

from the complicated mess. The Turks were on top of them before they had had a breathing spell. The luck of the day wavered this way and that. The Christians responded to the attack with great fury. The Moslems plied, retired, returned, and withdrew again, while their cavalry continued to be as elusive as it had been before. In such an unfavorable fighting condition, and so outnumbered, the Crusaders behaved magnificently in that battle. Their bravery was born of despair, but it was bravery nevertheless. Despair breeds cowardice also.

Saladin had not ordered his men to a decisive attack. He had his plans.

Richard was convinced that if he defeated that mass of Turks, his own onward march would not be hindered. Unsparing of himself and of his men, he attacked continually. The king, astride his horse, was in the thick of the fight. Towering over his knights he was visible from a distance to friend and foe. Hacking away right and left with his naked broadsword, he was frequently separated from his men. He had to be rescued several times, when he was surrounded by the Turks. The lust of battle carried him forward. He fought as if it were a one-man contest: Richard against the whole army of Saracens. What would have happened if he had been taken a captive by the Saracens? Would Saladin have been able to save him from the wrath of his soldiers? In the light of what happened later it is probable that the sultan would have risked his throne and his life to save Richard from death. It is also probable that both of them would have been killed by the vengeful Moslem soldiers.

The Titanic struggle lasted several days. Victory was still undecided when the Turks suddenly withdrew from the battlefield. During this lull in the battle Saladin sent messengers to Richard to inquire of the health of the English king. The sultan expressed his desire that Melek Richard should not expose himself so recklessly to danger, not expose himself to an arrow which, shot by an unworthy hand, might find its way to the royal breast. Such honor should be reserved to a worthier hand.

The Crusaders held a council of war. Richard was for continuing the battles and pressing the march forward, toward Ascalon. The duke of Burgundy, Philip's lieutenant, and the other French generals advised it were better to detour and go to Jaffa first for a rest. Richard fumed and stormed and vowed he could fight alone if need be. He was not tired. They needed victory and not rest. They had rested long enough at Acre. Mercenaries were paid to fight, not to rest.

In the end the French prevailed. The army was tired, the English as well as the French. The men had exhausted their last ounce of strength and endurance. What would have happened if they had not weakened themselves at Acre is conjecture.

While the army rested in Jaffa, Saladin destroyed all the fortresses except Jerusalem, Crach, and Darum. He wanted to fight in the open, not from behind walls. Richard's towers and ramming machines were too strong. Saladin had nothing in his arsenal to oppose them; and his troops were in no mood to play the besieged.

After the razing of the towers and fortresses the sultan

answered the slaughter of his hostages by slaughtering an equal number of Christian captives that were in his power.

Saladin was puzzled by Richard's behavior when the Crusaders, instead of continuing on their way to Ascalon, had gone to Jaffa. He could ascribe this to no other cause than the great Englishman's illness. He did not know how tired Richard's army was, and did not know that the retreat to Jaffa had been made against the English king's wishes. Busy as he was with carrying out his own plans against the enemy, and putting down several revolutions in his own vast dominions, Saladin was nevertheless anxious about the king's health, and proffered to him brotherly advice as to how one should live in the heat of the desert. He sent messengers to tell him: "Eat less meat, drink less wine and more water. One cannot keep well in this climate living as you do. Spare yourself. Don't be too active. Rest and relax after the battle and after the business of the day."

Richard, impressed by Saladin's solicitude, saw his enemy in a more favorable light than his closest friends presented themselves to him. Surely, those despicable Frenchmen and those ridiculous Austrians cared less as to how he fared. He carried the brunt of everything, yet when he had wanted to continue to Ascalon they had diverted him to Jaffa. And now he hated them and suspected them of treachery. And he was not well. Saladin's advice was good but it had not come in time. Meats and strong wines had made him choleric. Every little contradiction made him ill.

Before Ascalon the struggle between the Cross and the

Crescent Moon had developed into an individual rivalry between the two great gladiators. Armies, men, cities, were no more than pawns in a game of chess, while the two players across the table remained warm friends. Not one of Saladin's lieutenants, except his brother Saphadin, nor any of Richard's warriors could fathom this spiritual relation between the two generals. Each one lost the confidence of his own men because of it. There were as many disputes in Saladin's camp as there were in Richard's. It is really miraculous that both of them were not killed by their own respective entourages! They were both undoubtedly endowed with great hypnotic powers. It is the only plausible explanation. It is incredible that soldiers have fought an enemy whose messengers had brought fruit and medicines to their general.

Men like to believe they fight on the side of a holy cause, and not because two generals are anxious to prove their worth to each other and to the world. This is why every war has needed an excuse. No general has yet dared to say that he leads an army of men who desire above all to satisfy their fighting instincts. War is wrong, criminal, chiefly because it is so hypocritical; because it uses religion, family, love, property rights, in short, patriotism, as an excuse, as a smoke screen for the baser instincts of the human animal. Even jungle savages use make-believe indignation to satisfy their cannibalistic desires.

Of the two war leaders Saladin was the more compassionate, and the less ready, the less willing, to jeopardize human life. Through his brother Saphadin the Moslem sultan reminded Richard how considerately he had treated

the Christians when he had taken Jerusalem. When the Crusaders had taken the holy city from the Moslems they had spared nobody. Their horses had bathed in blood to their stomachs, trampling over the dead and living alike, in the very Temple of Solomon. Did the English know that? What could Melek Richard answer?

"Melek Richard, who is a great man, should not soil his hands with the blood of the innocent, of non-combatants. Saladin would not have it said that he had won or lost to an unworthy enemy. If Allah, the merciful and compassionate, has, in his wisdom, so willed it that I, Saladin, should lose my lands and everything I possess, I should prefer to lose them to you, Richard. But the Melek must improve his fighting manners, in the name of Allah, the merciful, the compassionate."

The French and the army of Leopold of Austria, the Genoese, the Pisans, and the Venetians, as well as the greater number of Richard's men, the mercenaries of the Templars and Hospitallers, liked it so well in Jaffa they could not be dislodged from there. They preferred Jaffa to Acre: which is saying much! "The soul too becomes calloused. After Acre men were capable of everything. Marching had stamped the blood out of the soles of their feet. The flesh there was as hard as that on the hoofs of horses. In Acre their souls had become as hard. And now they were in Jaffa."

Richard urged every day that they should start on their onward march toward Jerusalem. The Turks were gathering greater and greater forces. Every day's delay was to be paid for in human lives.

Knights, noblemen, and soldiers amused themselves too well in Jaffa to listen to reason. What cared they about Jerusalem! Was there better wine there? Were there more beautiful women there? Here they had everything. The Holy Cross? They were tired. They wanted to rest. They had fought enough for the two pieces of wood. What had it got them? Death! They had received no fruit and medicine when they were tired. They would move out of Jaffa in time to be killed. When the food and the wine had all been eaten and drunk.

When the army finally moved out of the "Sodom-like city," it camped between Ramleh and Lydda for two months, losing the most precious time. And more blood was lost: in quarrels between the French and the English, and among the Venetians, the Genoese, and the others. The enemy left them alone and watched, while they reduced themselves like hungry wolves. Saladin was ashamed of his rival's inability to cope with the situation. Was Melek Richard not as great a man, as capable a general, as he, Saladin, had fancied him to be!

The rainy season found Richard and his hosts totally unprepared for the change in the climate and atmosphere. Torrential rains tore holes through the tents, wetted the provisions, and made the roads impassable. Within a few days the whole world seemed but a sea of mud; mud, cold rain, and a murky, low-creeping sky.

Against better advice Richard ordered all the troops to advance. They had not gone ten miles when the French contingents revolted and refused to continue a single step; and cried for the flesh-pots of Jaffa. Richard, feeling he

would humiliate himself in the eyes of his enemy if he vacillated, ordered the English to advance regardless of obstacles, and whether the French followed or not, regardless of rain and cold and hunger and mud. The hatred the English had for the French made them follow the king. It was foolhardy, stupid, useless, and they knew it, yet it was better than to side with the people of "languedin and languedock," as the French Crusaders were called derisively.

This horde, wet, frozen, feverish, and sick, reached Ascalon, which had been completely dismantled and abandoned by the Saracens. There it was little better off than it had been in the desert. The pavements were broken up. The walls of the city had been demolished. The roofs of houses had been torn down. Richard ordered that all his men, knights, noblemen, as well as foot-soldiers, should get to work and restore buildings of the city. They needed roofs more than anything else. The hands were all willing enough, but they had no materials. Food was scarce. The work dragged on at a heartbreaking pace.

Richard entered into secret conference with the representatives of the Saracen Sultan, even while the army was fighting. The accounts of the Christian chroniclers and the Arab one differ in point of date, but not in point of fact. The old chroniclers must be analyzed as dreams are analyzed by the psycho-analyst. One must seize at the essence only, at the subject of every sentence, at wish-fulfilments and complexes. Otherwise one is lost in the swarming contradictions and impossibilities.

Throughout the vicissitudes of the war the king of

England had kept his sister Joanna, the former queen of Sicily, in his train. She was never too far away; never where he could not reach her in an hour's time.

Joanna was still a beautiful woman. Richard thought he might be able to use her as bait, should some valuable catch come near enough to the hook. After Acre, Richard had become very apprehensive of his own fate if the war should end in his defeat. He had no illusions about his own people, and he now realized what bridges he had burned when he had killed his hostages.

Saphadin had seen Joanna during one of his many visits to the English king. These visits of Saphadin, sometimes open, but more frequently secret, were made oftener than was good for Richard—for Saphadin, undoubtedly a kind soul, a rare soul, was also a subtle psychologist and knew what his visits did. His trained eye and ear were sensitive to the slightest change in Richard and his men. Richard, who had, upon arriving at Ascalon, completely lost the confidence of the French, and totally lost faith in them, abandoned all hope that they might still be useful, and began to doubt whether he could continue his struggle, all alone, to a satisfactory end. His mind was now awhirl with a thousand plans centering upon how he could return to England without being branded as "The Defeated King." He knew he should have enough to contend with even if he returned as the conqueror of Jerusalem. He had received bad news from England. He had been prepared to hear that Philip Augustus had not kept off English territory as he had agreed. That Philip should invade Normandy was not unexpected. It mattered very little. Such affairs

could be altered the moment he returned home. In rightful indignation that could not be opposed even by the church, he could retake Normandy and a goodly slice of France to boot. Philip was no match for him. That "whity whashy kinglet" could be made to run. That Philip Augustus had run wild did not shake Richard's faith in human nature. However, he had had great faith in the ability of his mother Eleanor to keep things straight in the homeland. He had returned to her all the property she had owned and bidden her live on the profits and rents from her manors instead of the exchequer, because he had believed that this would bind her interests to his. But she had not walked the strait path. Her actions had been and were then a series of tergiversations. One day she was in favor of John, the next she was leaning Richard-wise. She was getting old, and tottering, mentally as well as physically. She loved Richard best of all her sons, yet she was afraid of him; afraid that the son might come to the conclusion that King Henry had been right when he had imprisoned her. She loved life and liberty with energy, like all women who have lived too well in their youth. She would not look at herself in the mirror before being assured by her handmaidens that she looked at least as well as when she had last looked at herself.

Richard had been confident that the terror he had inspired in many of the barons and bishops of England would keep them in line. Like Alexander of Macedon, and Barbarossa, Richard believed in *Schrecklichkeit*. The news he had received from home pointed that either *Schrecklichkeit* did not work or there had not been enough of it, to

keep it in the minds of people. His brother, though he had promised not to set foot on English territory during the absence of the king, had not kept faith; he had dared not to keep faith.

Philip and his lieutenants had spread the assurance far and wide that Richard would never return to Europe; that both he and his army were doomed. It was even said that the king of England had sold his army as mercenaries to the Saracen and gone over to Mohammedanism. Anyhow, all those who were beyond Acre would eventually be destroyed by the fierce Saracens. If the English were still Christians they conducted the war in a particularly inept manner.

A defeated Richard was a defeated lion. No one knew it better than Richard himself. How had he himself treated defeated men! *Væ victis* had been his motto. "Who sows thistles does not expect to reap clover."

Secretly, without taking advice from any of his counselors, Richard proposed his own sister Joanna as wife to Saphadin; that the two of them should rule Palestine together. Christian chroniclers say that the plan was defeated because Joanna refused to marry a Moslem. Arab chroniclers say that Saphadin refused to betray the Crescent Moon for a woman and half a crown.

Saladin did not reject promptly the proposal for his brother. He was disheartened by his rival's weakness. He had hoped Richard would prove a lion to the very end.

Saphadin, accompanied by a large retinue, appeared at Richard's camp. The brother of the sultan and the English king had a long interview, broke bread together, and

talked of this and that and the other thing; it was merely one more friendly visit.

"Has the Melek's health improved? Know then that the sultan as well as myself is happy to know thou art well. We wish thee long and prosperous years. That the crown on thine head receive more jewels to remind those fortunate to look at thee of thy shining victories." Such was the talk between Richard and Saladin's brother.

Some of Richard's counselors, having been taken into the secret, though told that it was only a strategic move to gain time, discussed, in another tent, the business at hand with Saphadin's friends. The Moslems demanded, as a first condition, that Joanna should accept their faith. Richard's men did not break off negotiations.

The secret of Richard's conferences with Saladin having leaked out, as such secrets generally do, the French Crusaders made contact with the enemy, with a view of ending the Crusade. They first pointed out that they had never acted cruelly toward their captives as Richard had. They were, of course, ready to sacrifice their ally and deliver him, lock, stock, and barrel, to the Saracens. Saladin broke off all negotiations with the French, declaring he would have nothing to do with traitors. The English were informed of that. Richard was furiously indignant over the behavior of the French. The privilege of dealing secretly with the enemy belonged to him.

These zigzagging discussions heightened the color of Saphadin's long visits to Richard's camp, became more open, and continued through much of the rainy season, which had hindered both armies from any active conflict.

It is indisputable that Richard was seriously contemplating marrying off Joanna to Saphadin. Then the war would have been called off, and Richard would either have returned to England as the political conqueror of Jerusalem, or have remained there and associated with Saladin to conquer the world. For a while the Crusaders hoped Saladin himself might accept the Christian faith. His oldest son had been knighted by Richard. Undoubtedly all this was merely clever maneuvering on Saladin's part. He wanted to gain time. Time, that precious element of war, was working against Richard and for Saladin. While the Crusaders became weaker and more discouraged every day, Saladin's army grew every hour.

When the negotiations for Joanna's marriage to Saphadin were broken off for one reason or another, Richard took up the quarrel with Conrad de Montferrat, one of the principal leaders of the French army, and denounced him as a traitor. The French hated the English so much since the execution of the hostages of Acre, that Conrad had no difficulty in persuading his men to join Saladin's army in an attack against the English; he pointed out it was better to come out in open war against their false allies than to fight their enemies.

The trouble between the two warriors was patched up, however, because Saladin was reluctant to accept help from so uncertain a source, and Richard, now more diplomatic, made a gift of the skin of the bear he had not yet killed (he conferred the elusive kingdom of Jerusalem upon Conrad). De Montferrat was willing to sell out to the highest bidder. Richard, knowing his vanity, offered a crown. King-

doms and crowns have always held great adventurers in their spell. But the major part of the French army had already withdrawn to Tyre when the quarrel was settled, and so Richard's diplomacy did not increase his army.

The glamor of this ephemeral kingship, which had been so gratuitously conferred upon him, did not save Conrad from his fate. On the contrary. A few days later he was stabbed as he returned from a too copious dinner. It was said that some Moslems sprang upon him from a dark alley and plunged their daggers into his body. It was said that the assassins were caught and punished swiftly. But the Frenchmen cried that the assassins had been in the pay of the English king; that they had never been caught; that the men who had been executed were innocent of the crime and had been killed as a blind in order to protect the real murderers. The truth is somewhere between these allegations. What is certain is that Conrad de Montferrat was assassinated a few days after he had been crowned king of Jerusalem.

Richard had his hands full, for the widowed queen, Isabella, an energetic and ambitious woman, would not allow herself to be disposed of as easily as the king of the English had imagined. Threats and cajolery had no effect upon her. She knew and wanted it known that her husband, Conrad de Montferrat, king of Jerusalem, had been killed by murderers in the pay of Richard. She took her queenship seriously. She was queen of Jerusalem, even if the king was dead. She was queen of Jerusalem even if there were several other queens. She was queen of Jerusalem even if Jerusalem was still in the hands of the Moslems.

Richard was an assassin, but what he had once conferred was holy. He should forthwith go and fetch that kingdom for her. Thus said Isabella, queen of Jerusalem. He must bring it to her on a platter.

And the French refused to fight beside the English.

Richard was helped to maintain himself and to save himself from defeat by circumstances over which he had no control. The rainy season over, Richard and his crippled army trembled, expecting the vigorous attack of Saladin. But the winter season had brought as much trouble into Saladin's camp as into Richard's. The only difference was that Saladin knew everything that happened in Richard's camp and the English were ignorant of what was happening to the Saracens.

The princes of the house of Zengi, who had never been friendly to Saladin, had denounced him to the Moslem world for his faithlessness, for his friendship with the invaders, for his slackness against them. During the winter the Zengis had succeeded in stirring up a frothing red revolution among the people on the Euphrates. The first enthusiasm of the Moslems had waned and evaporated. Saladin's former antagonists were able to reason again with the people. Had he continued to attack the enemy and drive him forward or backward, east or west, no one would have dared to raise his voice against him. He would have remained an idol. But he rested when he should have advanced. He flirted with Melek Richard. His brother was forever by the side of the unbeliever. His son had gone through one of the unbelievers' ceremonies. He was not incorruptible. The Zengis argued that Allah could never have

meant that so faithless a son should become the savior of the true faith.

Saladin had to choose between two courses: attacking the Crusaders and finding himself dethroned after the victory; and crushing the enemy at home immediately and letting the great day wait. He chose the latter. The enemy could wait. He raised camp and went to smother the revolution.

The English advanced in parade to Darum, which surrendered to them without giving battle. Richard urged on the Crusaders that they should move immediately in forced marches toward Jerusalem. Jerusalem was theirs for the taking. There were probably not enough Turks there to defend the Holy City more than a few days. On. On. On. But there were too many wills in the army. The Lion-Hearted had to ask instead of ordering an advance. He had lost authority. Had he taken Darum by storm, he would have been a commanding master. But priests, monks, Templars, and Hospitallers diminished his reputation by claiming that the surrender of Darum had been a miracle. God and not Richard was the victor. Richard did not understand soon enough what the priests and monks had done to his reputation and authority. When he had grasped the full meaning of their insinuations, it was too late. He ordered the immediate advance, but it seemed that God and the loot of Darum asked the army to stay in place.

While Richard was dilly-dallying, quarreling, temporizing, denouncing, bribing, and explaining, scouts arrived one night with the news that a large caravan of Moslems was on its way from Egypt. Neither Richard nor the duke

of Burgundy, with whom he had patched up a hasty peace, could resist the temptation of loot. It was sweeter than money collected in taxes and than ransom gold. Highway robbery was too much in their blood and was still the sport of kings, only two generations removed from robber barons. Highway robbery held the highest fascination for Richard and the other knights; greater than war and hunting combined.

He forgot Saladin's lesson about the behavior of kings. Instead of pressing the march to save the Holy Sepulcher from the hands of the infidels, Richard and the duke of Burgundy went forth for more immediate recompense and profits. Under the protection of darkness the caravan was surrounded by the men of the two great warriors. When the unsuspecting men, women, and children were asleep, they were overcome and butchered. The spoils of silver, spices, robes, silk, cloths, arms, and almost five thousand camels were divided between the two leaders and their followers.

Only a small number of Crusaders had taken part in this affair. The king and the duke had planned not to share the spoils with too many. Saladin, who had meanwhile mustered his army again and was waiting for Richard near Jerusalem, was surprised to learn that the Crusaders, instead of marching upon the Holy City, had decided to attack Cairo instead. Cairo had rich stores. The Englishman had had a taste of fresh loot. He forgot his enthusiasm for the great cause. His soldiers were anxious to get their hands on something. Cairo was a rich city. Jerusalem was poor. The Christians had stripped the city before they had sur-

rendered it to the Moslems. The Saracens had put the finishing touches on the job. It was all very well to take Jerusalem, but why not go to Cairo first! Why not store up and come to Jerusalem laden with arms, provisions, and gold?

And now the Frenchmen, to spite the English, insisted that the army should march on Jerusalem. Saladin was thoroughly informed of everything that was going on in the Crusaders' camp and thoroughly disgusted with Richard's robbing propensities. He did not understand how a great warrior could humiliate himself and prefer robbery to battle in the field.

The French Crusaders refused to join Richard, refused indeed to go anywhere except in the direction of Jerusalem. The quarrels of the leaders were punctuated by daily fights and bloodshed between the allied soldiers. The English were not numerous enough to make the Cairo venture safe. The French were not strong enough to risk the march on Jerusalem alone. Richard withdrew under the barren walls of Ascalon to settle matters with the French and to reopen negotiations with Saladin.

Time was the stake of the game. The Saracen played fair but could not refuse all the openings his overanxious adversary gave him. Even while negotiating he prepared an expedition against Beirut. Saladin's own troops appeared before Jaffa where the French were in control. The town changed hands half a dozen times in the next few days. Richard came to its rescue. It was the first important open encounter between the armies led by the two men in person. Christians and Moslems fought bravely and like madmen.

While the soldiers fought for war victory, their leaders fought for points to be used in the pending negotiations; for "to have and to hold."

On the night of August 4 Richard pitched his tent on the same spot where Saladin's had been pitched on the previous night. Masses of stubborn flesh pushed each other back and forth. Those who lost their lances fought with bare hands and used their feet and their teeth in *"corps à corps"* grips. It could not be told in the morning whether the English or the Saracen general would have his tent pitched on the same spot the following night. Blood gushed from bodies as water from punctured hose. "People fought on while their entrails hung outside them. Saracen and Crusader were so blinded by blood they came to grips with their own friends and let go of clamped throats only when they heard a cry in a familiar tongue."

The Saracens, repulsed at first, returned to attack with greater fury.

Richard led the battle. Wounded several times, his horses killed under him, he threw himself into the fight on foot. His broadsword, a gift from Saladin, dripped blood. His own blood mingled with that of the enemies he killed. At sundown the Crusaders had but fifteen horses left, and only fifty knights in arms. Richard himself was without a horse. His last mount had been killed under him.

At nightfall Saracens bearing a white flag of truce demanded to see Melek Richard. Richard ordered they should be allowed to appear. They were messengers of Saphadin. Their master, they said, had learned that the king of the

English had had his last horse killed under him. The sultan was therefore taking the liberty of sending him two of his best Arab stallions as a gift, that Melek Richard might fight as befitted so great a king.

Saladin was unwilling that his great enemy, Eleanor's son, should demean himself to fight as a footman. It was unbecoming for so valiant a king. None of the French cavaliers had given a thought to that question. Not one of his own people had considered it important enough to talk about. The Lion-Hearted was already treated as a defeated hero by his own lieutenants and soldiers. His orders were disobeyed, questioned, argued, disputed. He was accused of rash movements and harsh treatment. The men were no longer obeying mutely, blindly, as at Messina, Cyprus, Acre; not even as well as at Ascalon. And Richard was ill; his wounds were open and raw. His doctors were brutal and ignorant. His stomach was in bad condition. His medical men purged him with barbarous means.

How would they be treated as Saladin's captives? Who would ransom them? Richard had refused to ransom his best friends when they had been taken by the enemy. And what would the Saracen do to his prisoners when he failed to receive ransom? The young and strong had hopes of being sold as slaves. What would happen to the older people, to the cripples, to the disabled ones? People muttered: "Why don't we know about his negotiations with the enemy? Is he paying with our skins for his hide?"

Saladin's act of chivalry and his subsequent gifts to his rival of fruit, medicine, foods, and strengthening wines did not fail to have the desired effect. Richard thought of peace

seriously. He could cease the make-believe game. He had reason to expect better terms for himself from the enemy than from his own lieutenants and soldiers. The game was up in Syria, and he had to return to England immediately or become a wandering beggar.

If he and Saladin had been on the same side instead of in opposition, they could have conquered the world. Instead of giving him such a man as an ally the Fates had thrown him together with weaklings and scoundrels. He was not without blemish himself, but at least he had great courage and saw things clearly. If ever a mother's son was a realist, Richard was one. He had no vision. He could not see what was away from under his nose, but what he looked at was seen in its real colors, in its true garb. He was no romanticist. He had no faith, no religion, and did not pretend to have them. He was too vital to be good at lying. The fact is that Richard was not conscious enough of his great physical strength. Had he had confidence in the gigantic power of his chest and limbs, he would have been a gentle colossus and would not have gone prancing over the face of the earth to prove to himself and to others that he was a strong man. Many a man goes to a harlot to convince himself that he is not yet impotent.

He had come to Syria to fight and to conquer lands and people, not because of the Holy Cross and the Sepulcher, not even because he wanted to aggrandize England; only for the satisfaction of his own fighting impulses, and will to power. Saladin was no different, and cared as little for well-sounding phrases and the niceties of salon cavaliers. But the Moslem had soldiers under his command, while he,

Richard, had undisciplined hordes to contend with. Soldiers occasionally understood the realism of their leaders.

In defeat the allied armies grew even more inimical to each other than they had been, if that were possible. Each accused the other of bringing it into its precarious situation, each reproached the other's faults, and accused the other of treachery. The English were convinced they would have done much better without the French, the French were certain they would have done much better without the English. They were riding one another. The French had been saddled with the English and the English with the French. Philip's exploits in Europe were well known to the soldiers sweltering in Syria.

Anxious to resume their trade, the Greeks, Genoese, and Venetians loudly denounced the English to the Turks and betrayed the French to the Moslems whenever occasion arose. They now assured the Saracens that they had never been on the side of the Christians and had been coerced to participate in the war against them by the terrible Melek Richard. It was all his fault. They had always been on good terms with the people of Asia Minor. They had always admired the Moslems for their probity, their chastity, and their gentleness. Melek Richard had forced them to fight beside him and to transport for him war material, foodstuffs, and soldiers. But did the Moslem world know that whenever possible they had diverted their ships to their ports?

The king of England was weary, sick, and in continual pain from the many wounds. Saphadin came to see him, to console him and minister to him, and the negotiations be-

tween Saladin and Richard were once more resumed. Saphadin pointed out that he was wholly on Richard's side; that he desired to persuade Saladin to sign a peace wholly because he would hate to see Melek Richard meet with worse fate than he had already met with. Who were his friends? Who were his allies? What had they done for their king? Why did not the English king abjure his faith and accept the true faith of Mohammed! He refuses? Well!

The Crusaders and their leaders were in the power of of the Moslem Sultan. He needed no truce. He could wipe them out at will. He let them alone because he was more anxious than Richard's friends were to preserve his magnificent enemy's reputation, and wished him to return to his country without diminished glory. Saladin knew what the world stood ready to do to a defeated lion. Saladin stood ready to sign an honorable peace with Melek Richard. What did he think was honorable?

Emboldened by Saladin's solicitude and by Saphadin's friendship, Richard behaved as if he were the victor, and Saladin the defeated general. Saladin refused the opportunity to humiliate his enemy. The Moslem was heartbroken over Richard's plight. A true sportsman, he was first to feel compassion for the defeated enemy. No matter what Richard had done, he had not been able to wipe out the image Saladin had created of him in his own mind.

When negotiations had gone so far that the terms were to be reduced to paper, Richard, so weak and exhausted he could not sit up, roared: "It is to be a truce for only three years; a truce and not a permanent peace!

At the end of that time I shall return and fight you again!" He was living up to Saladin's expectations; he was a lion.

Instead of breaking off negotiations after this insolent outburst, Saladin, more touched than offended by the courage of his antagonist, became even more friendly. "As you will it. A truce then!"

It was agreed that:

Ascalon was to be dismantled.

The Christians were to be allowed to remain at Jaffa as long as they were peaceful.

During these three years unarmed pilgrims were to be allowed to come and go at will and to visit the Holy Sepulcher in Jerusalem, without paying tribute to the sultan or to anyone else.

Saladin asked the king of England to visit the Holy City as his guest, assuring him of the greatest courtesy and hospitality. He would receive him there as a conqueror.

Richard refused. He would not look at the city he had failed to conquer. He would not accept as a gift what he had come to wrest by the force of arms. During the negotiations Saladin's admiration for Richard grew daily. The sultan's brother Saphadin loved the Englishman so that he offered to follow him on the return journey, and to share with him all the dangers. When that was refused, Saphadin begged Richard to permit Misley Han, the Arab physician, to go with him.

When all was settled and the pact was signed, Richard asked one more favor of the Saracen. Saladin having stipulated that all the pilgrims were to have free access to the Holy Sepulcher, Richard demanded the right to withhold

such permission from certain people. Thinking that his enemy wanted to retain some semblance of power over his men, some semblance of authority, Saladin agreed and gave Richard the privilege he had asked.

Richard then granted permission to the English, but withheld it from the French Crusaders. It was a mean, scandalous, petty manner of vengeance. "The devil himself has put it in his mind." He had given to the French and to the other pilgrims and Crusaders enough grounds for hatred without that last stab in their backs. The Christians had already become the laughing-stock of the Moslems because of their petty squabbles, quarrels, and fights. They had suffered enough degradations in the eyes of the infidels without this last example of dissension.

After the peace was signed, Saladin had to protect the Christians from the onrush of the Turks, who denounced Saladin's agreement with Melek Richard and wanted to avenge the dead, especially the "thousands of men from Acre" Richard had hanged when ransom had not arrived in time. Saladin had been willing to forget. His people were not.

Thousands of French and English pilgrims rushed pell-mell toward Jerusalem and ran the gantlet of their restrained but mocking enemies. The gates of the Holy City were wide open, but the Frenchmen were not allowed to pass without special permission from Richard. The fight that ensued before the gates of the Holy City between the French and the English amused the Turks, who stood upon the walls of the fortress and watched their enemies destroying one another. Some Turks were willing to finish what Saladin had left undone.

"Stand away, let giaour kill giaour. Let dog eat dog!" the more peaceful Moslems advised.

Finally, after intercession of bishops, permission to visit the Holy Sepulcher was granted to the French, as well as to the other nations, by Richard. The king of the English was very ill; broken in body and in spirit.

Pilgrims were much freer to come and go after the defeat of the Crusaders, than when Palestine was in the power of Christian kings. The soldiers and mercenaries were free to go home, when and how they could.

Thus ended the Third Crusade, ended in a manner much more profitable to the Christian world because it had been defeated, than if it had been victorious.

Had Europe then not been seething with an uncontrollable passion to do something extraordinary, the peace would have been a great boon. Had there been but two wise men on the thrones of the Western world, men who knew how to direct the surplus energy of meat- and venison-eating peoples, there would have been no more Crusades. The useless and meaningless struggle, which had drained the world of its wealth, of its best and most intrepid men, would have come to an end.

People had gone crusading because Europe did not know how to absorb the great vitality, the overabundance of the debording, spirited blood, resulting from the mixture of races of Northern, Slavic, Gallic, and Asiatic bloods. The Crusades had fulfilled the function of the doctors of old who believed and practiced blood-letting. Like many of these doctors, however, the blood-letters did not know

when to stop and the overbled became anemic when they did not bleed to death.

Philip Augustus, a vacillating, shrewd weakling, was king of France. He held the scepter. His wife occupied the throne.

Eleanor, still as capricious as when she had been a young girl, helped the misfits that were in power to rule England.

The weak-minded, weak-kneed son of Barbarossa ruled Germany.

An obstreperous, easily swayed, uncouth, and unintelligent man ruled in Rome as the representative of God on earth.

Bishops and archbishops fought and denounced one another, and spat excommunications from the pulpits of churches.

Men who should have tilled the soil to feed the world during these vast years had perished in the sands of the desert crying for bread.

Those who struggled back to their homes were broken in health and in spirit, and had lost that tenacity which is necessary for labor in the fields.

The roads of Europe, from Constantinople on, were crowded with cripples, beggars, insane, and lepers.

Wolves and dogs fattened on human flesh.

Barons and lords of manors who had come back from the Crusades could muster no patience to stay in their castles and direct the work in the fields and in the forests. Most of the estates had gone out from their hands into those of the Templars. They had let the morsel out of

their mouths to catch the shadow. Now they considered themselves robbed. The value of land had risen tenfold since they had gone crusading.

Traveling, pirating, looting, fighting, which had always been second nature to barons, again claimed place in their beings. They had nothing and were accustomed to luxury when at home.

Philip of France, planning how to aggrandize himself, how to enrich himself by grabbing the territory of the absent and hated king of England, intrigued with Leopold of Austria and the king of Germany, both of whom had been humiliated by Richard, to throw the hated enemy into a dungeon immediately upon his appearance in their territories. Richard's defeat aroused cupidity and not pity in his former allies. They who had gone to rescue the Sepulcher of the One who had preached kindness to the enemy, knew not how to show pity and forgiveness to a fallen friend. True, all too true, that Richard had no right to complain of their actions when he thought of how he had behaved under circumstances favorable to him. But the essence of Christian philosophy is a kind of supernatural, superhuman kindness—which few ever possessed.

Only the Venetians, the Genoese, and the Greeks maintained a measure of sanity and reality in their behavior. They were merchants, trading folk. They cared naught for the political and religious conditions of any country except in so far as they affected trade. Trade knows no religion, no tradition, no faith, and no scruple.

The English and the French ships having been destroyed and made useless during the Crusades, Venice and


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Genoa and Greece increased their merchant navies. A merchant navy was a fighting navy in those days. No boat master was above piracy. The water lanes were open to all sea robbers. A ship mast was a fighting signal. When Richard had signed a truce with the Saracen sultan, these merchant folk anxiously resumed their trade, as before. They brought their square-rigged ships to the ports of Jaffa, Tyre, and Beirut, and sent their agents to Damascus and Aleppo, to Jerusalem and Cairo, to Tiflis and Alexandria, to buy and sell, to barter and trade. Trading, they obtained for themselves the wealth of the world which France, England, and Germany had not been able to secure by force of arms. Half of Venice was built of stones, marble, and porphyry brought from those far-away lands. Gates and portals of old cities were hinged on the doorways of the palaces of merchant princes. Venice, old Venice, like a Byzantine citadel, like a Constantinople on the Adriatic, was what London or Paris would have been, had the Crusaders succeeded.

How Richard upon returning home was shipwrecked on the coast of Dalmatia, and how the lonely Lion attempted to traverse in the disguise of a lamb the lands of Leopold of Austria, whom he had insulted, and how he was discovered by his enemy, imprisoned, and sold to the Holy Roman Emperor, Henry IV, who kept him in a dungeon at Mainz, has been told elsewhere.

What a terrible end for such an intrepid man! Caught and imprisoned by the man whom he despised and whom he had treated like a worm, whom he had insulted, he was

sold, as an ox is sold, to an emperor who was anxious to humiliate him even more.

Liberated, Richard found that his brother John had usurped his power and that Philip of France had wrested Normandy from him.

He, Richard, who had outlawed his brother, had to organize *outlaws* to assert his authority again. What the arrows of Saladin had not succeeded in doing, the arrow of a—friend did.

Saladin, the Moslem, was tearing the hair out of his beard and weeping over the fate of his great enemy. Saladin had been ready to come to Richard's assistance and help him annihilate his enemies—Philip, Henry, Leopold, John and the rest. But Richard would not ask him.

"Truly no men are as unworthy of their prophet as the Christians are of Yeshua ben Miriam."

"We should have kept him here with us!" cried Saphadin, Saladin's philosophical brother.

THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE





THE CHILDREN'S CRUSADE

FEW events in history have made such a strong impression on the collective mind of the world as the Children's Crusades. Subject of innumerable studies, tales, songs, poems, paintings, they have been told and retold in so many different forms and variations that the truth is buried under innumerable layers of colorful, somber, and fantastic fiction that baffles and confuses every attempt at analysis.

There were two Children's Crusades: One was begun in France and one in Germany. In the early summer of 1212 a French shepherd boy from Cloyes revealed to a number of other shepherd boys that he had had a vision. In this vision, he said, the Lord had appeared, had sat down to share his bread with him, and told him that the Holy Cross could be redeemed from the hands of the infidel only by pure and clean hands of innocent children. "Innocent boys and pure virgins shall wrest from the hands of the Saracens the Holy City and the Sepulcher." At parting, Stephen said, the Lord had embraced him and had given him a letter to the king of France. And he showed the letter.

The tale of this extraordinary vision raised the shepherd boy Stephen in the eyes and the estimation of the people and the children of the French village to the position of a saint. The "clean" boys and the virgins joined together and put themselves under the leadership of Stephen. The prayers, the continuous fastings, the ringing of the church

bells, the fumes of incense, the flickering lights of the burning candles in the church, exalted them until they marched out of the village one day, with Stephen at their head. They were to carry the letter of the Lord to the king of France to inform him of the vision, and then continue to Jerusalem to fulfil their mission.

This band composed of very young boys and girls was soon augmented by youths and maidens from the villages it passed. Older people, who considered themselves clean enough, joined the rear end of the convoy.

Carrying banners, candles, crosses, and swinging incense burners, the "innocents" marched through castles, cities, towns, villages, singing at the top of their voices: "Lord God, restore to us the True Cross."

Children, young boys, and maidens flocked around the banners and added their exalted voices to the chorus as they marched along. Within a few days the procession had grown so long and unwieldy it had to split into several sections, though they all marched in the same direction: toward Paris. The "innocents" abandoned their work, the plow in the fields, the geese in the meadow, the cow in the shed, and attached themselves to the holy procession passing through the streets of the villages. It was impossible to hold them back. They were drawn to Stephen's band by an irresistible force.

The older inhabitants fed the passing children, but were evidently not overcharitable, for a week later many of those who had joined the procession returned to their homes hungry, starved, footsore, and weary.

The grand march toward Paris, St. Denis, continued.

With Stephen at its head the procession grew in length and width. New recruits poured in from everywhere. Wherever they stopped Stephen wrought miracles. Women told how children at their breasts had suddenly begun to sing in loud voices: "Lord God, exalt Christianity! Lord God, restore to us the True Cross!" Cattle begged to be slaughtered to feed the children. Church bells talked and sang: "Lord God, exalt Christianity."

News about the procession spread all over France. Those children who did not obtain permission from their parents to join the group, to reach Stephen's banner directed toward St. Denis, left their homes against the will of their fathers and mothers. The whole of France was covered with small bands that absorbed one another on the march, carrying crude crosses made of branches, and banners torn out of their shirts and clothes. They were all barefooted. They fed on the not overgenerous bounty of the peasants, on roots and such raw vegetables and fruit as they could lay their hands on in the fields.

The king of France grew alarmed, and consulted the masters of the University of Paris. What was to be done with Stephen? It was difficult to deny his vision, and dangerous to throw him in jail or execute him as a heretic. There were too many who claimed they had witnessed the miracles he had wrought in public. There were too many who were convinced that the Crusades had failed because of the unclean lives and thoughts of the Crusaders: of footmen, knights, noblemen, and kings. However, upon the advice of the masters of the University of Paris, the king ordered that the children should return to their homes.

The king's edict was met with gratitude by parents whose children had left them at the beginning of the harvest season; yet thirty thousand children under the leadership of Stephen paid scant attention to the king's orders and proceeded in the direction of Marseilles, saying that the Lord would provide for them if the king refused, and help them cross the sea to fulfil their holy mission. "Lord God, exalt Christianity! Lord God, restore to us the True Cross!"

The number of children did not diminish on the way, though death, hunger, sickness, discouragement took toll mercilessly. Those who fell by the wayside were replaced by others. Fresh recruits flocked to Stephen's banners faster than the weary ones left.

Contemporaries, eye-witnesses, and chroniclers, testify to the fact that a great number of vicious women and men had attached themselves to the smaller and larger bands and tried to divert these "clean ones" from their mission by corrupting them.

Stephen's band of "innocents" was thirty thousand strong when it reached Marseilles.

The "clean hand" army had not been there long when its numbers were augmented by local orphans and children whose parents did not oppose their joining St. Stephen's band.

The children camped on the shore of the Mediterranean and waited, singing and praying, for the miracle to happen, for the Lord to ship them across the sea. Two "charitable" merchants, Hugo Ferrens and William Porcus, offered to rid Marseilles of the children by shipping them across

the sea without payment. Seven large boats were put at the disposition of the "innocents." Marching behind banners, swinging their censers, singing, "Lord God, restore to us the True Cross!" the "clean hand" army poured upon the narrow gang-planks and were herded in these vessels like bleating sheep.

The citizens of Marseilles breathed deeply when the boats Hugo Ferrens and William Porcus had given had left the shore. The two men were the heroes of the hour.

Two of these boats, with rotten bottoms and torn sails, were caught in a storm and wrecked before they were out of sight. All on board were drowned. The other five boats, as rotten and leaky as the first two, reached Bugia and Alexandria, in Egypt, after many tribulations and miraculous escapes. There all the children who had remained alive—for many had died on the way and had been thrown overboard—were sold as slaves to the Saracens, to the Turks, to whosoever would buy them. The calif of Alexandria bought four hundred young slaves for his harem and his mills. Minor potentates bought in proportion.

No one in Europe, apparently, inquired into what happened to those children after they had left Marseilles. There was no attempt to go to their rescue. Nor is there any word anywhere as to what was done to those who betrayed these children and sold them to the infidels. Hugo Ferrens and William Porcus continued in their rôles of saviors of Marseilles.

However, some eighteen years later, there was a great to-do when one of these children, now a grown man,

escaped from slavery and returned to France, to tell in great detail how the Moslems had tortured these innocents to death when they refused to renounce Christianity. And the same man is supposed to have related that though they were forced into slavery, not one of the children had become an apostate. They still sang: "Lord God, exalt Christianity. Lord God, restore to us the True Cross." That was the end of the French Children's Crusade.

The German movement of the "clean hand" Crusade was set in motion almost simultaneously with that of the French one. Its leader was a boy named Nicholas, a shepherd of the Rhine valley. Nicholas too had had a vision, very similar to Stephen's.

The children that joined Nicholas's band were a little older than the children in Stephen's group. There were not so many children under the age of ten in Nicholas's Crusade as in Stephen's. There were many young men of twenty and young virgins of eighteen who were still clean enough to join the holy procession. The girls who remained at home suffered in reputation.

As the procession continued through the towns and villages, many grown men and women joined. Clerics and priests attached themselves to the band and attempted to get control over it. Mothers with children at their breasts followed them.

Though Nicholas was recognized as the leader of the German Children's Crusade, there were other minor leaders and lieutenants who formed groups everywhere and led them toward the main force. There seems to have been a semblance of organization and even of a commissariat

behind the German movement. Not everything was left to the mercy of the Lord.

The German peasants were not so reluctant as the French to provide food for the Holy Crusaders, and parents were not so strenuously opposed to the departure of their offspring. But when the movement had gained tremendous proportions, the clergy and the government began to oppose it violently. The Germans resented this opposition of priests and officials, and cried aloud that it was caused by jealousy; that they were afraid that the children would accomplish that which they had not been able to do.

The "innocents" gathered at some point and were seven thousand strong when they reached Genoa in Italy, on August 25, 1212.

They waited there for the miracle to happen. Nothing happened. After a while the original band split up in several sections. Some children remained in Genoa, others persuaded boat owners to give them free passage to the Holy Land, others walked to different ports, seeking passage across the sea. "Lord God, exalt Christianity! Lord God, restore to us the True Cross."

Without exception, those who had obtained free passage ultimately found themselves on the slave marts of Asia and Africa. But there were not enough charitable boat owners to take them all. The slave marts were glutted.

As the winter crept along the remainder of Nicholas's band, discouraged, cursed their leader and his lieutenants, the Frenchmen and the Italians, and turned homeward. The snow was falling. The trees were bare of fruit, the fields of roots.

The charity of the people, so lavish when the children had been eastward bound, dried up when the same children passed on their way home. The belief in the holy mission of the children was dead. Nicholas's followers perished of hunger and thirst, and froze in the forest when they were not attacked by wild animals. The few who reached their homes were treated ignominiously by the villagers. The maidens that came back to sit at their parents' hearths were mocked and scorned by the maidens who had remained at home. "You have gone forth as virgins and returned as harlots."

Nicholas also returned home. It is chronicled that as a grown man, he was a good soldier, fought bravely, took part in the siege of Damietta, and returned home unharmed.

Speaking of the Children's Crusade, in his book, "The Holy War," Thomas Fuller says: "It was done by the instinct of the Devil who, as it were, desired a cordial of children's blood to comfort his weak stomach, long cloyed with murdering of men."

It is easy to dispose of a complicated and baffling phenomenon by a well-sounding phrase; easy, but not satisfactory. Let us try to understand what had really happened. Who appeared to Stephen and Nicholas? And why?

Though access to Jerusalem and to the Sepulcher had been declared free and unobstructed by the treaty signed by Saladin and Richard at the end of the Third Crusade, few pilgrims went their way eastward during the years

between the return of the Crusaders and the children's march.

The people of England, France, Italy, and Germany were otherwise engaged. The respective countries were in a turmoil of wars, revolutions, secessions, and fratricidal and patricidal struggles for power. Nevertheless it is remarkable that the number of pilgrims should have been so small when transportation had been made so easy. The spirit of adventure had not been exhausted, but the eyes had been turned away from the East.

Undoubtedly the power of the church received a severe jolt when the Third Crusade failed. The coffers of the church had been depleted, and as no Crusade was being preached, the wheels remained ungreased by the sweet oil of charity that had been flowing in them for well-nigh two centuries. Gold and valuable lands were in the cramped fists of the Templars and Hospitallers.

What weighed very heavily upon the shoulders of the church in every country, its bishoprics, fiefs, monasteries, and abbeys, was the number of orphans and uncared-for children that had remained in every village as a result of the last Crusade; and as a result of the departure of still other men who invoked religious pretexts and vows during illnesses. The church could not forbid pilgrims' scrips to those who wanted to go.

One can best obtain an idea of the number of parentless and homeless children roaming about villages and castles, on the highways and byways of Europe in those days, by thinking of the number of parentless and homeless children that roamed over Russia after the World War, until the

Soviet government was able to organize some relief, to provide some means of taking care of this surplus young humanity. Visitors to Russia during this period came back with the most fantastic tales about the life of these children. They had formed small bands and were roaming through villages and cities. In cities they were living in holes, in cellars and dugouts, like rats and subterranean animals, coming out of their hiding-places only at night, when there was some opportunity to gather food. Nothing was safe from them. They had returned to a primitive, or pre-primitive, stage of existence. Girl children of twelve gave birth to babies. Boys of ten were leaders of robbing and murdering gangs. They were polluting themselves and polluting the villages and towns through which they passed.

Had there still been in Russia the old organization, no matter how inefficient and corrupt, such things would never have happened: the children would have been cared for somehow. But the new government, that had just seized power, had other cares, and was totally unprepared for the burden left by the older one.

Go back seven hundred years, to an improvident, unorganized, heartless world, and imagine the conditions there. There were no homes for abandoned children, no organizations to take care of orphans and cripples, and the exigencies of life were such that private, individual charity was not only rare but nonexistent. The church had somehow taken care of the poor. The number of beggars in a country does not prove the charitableness of the people, but quite the opposite; and there were beggars enough in

the Europe of those days. Cripples, saints, monks, old men, and old women were each and all more or less ready to beg with the left while the right hand hid a cudgel or a dagger.

The French had promised to take care of the offspring of those who had gone crusading. The burden was heavy, all too heavy, when no new Crusades were preached. One is unwilling to accuse the church of having provoked the Crusades of the children, but one nevertheless has the right to eye with suspicion the visions of Stephen and Nicholas; one has the right to be suspicious of a Lord who comes to share the bread of a little shepherd boy near Cloyes, gives him a letter in French to the king of France, and then abandons him in the midst of the sea.

Is it not rather strange that the Lord, who was able to come to Stephen in person, write a letter for him, able to show all the miracles in the market places, able to perform all kinds of supernatural acts, such as enabling baby children to sing, "Lord God, exalt Christianity!"—is it not rather strange that the same Lord was unable to perform such little things as stopping the leaks of a boat, staying the storm, or smiting the treacherous "charitable" merchants who, unafraid of him, had prepared to sell the thousands of children into slavery to the infidel?

The king of France ordered the children to return to their homes. Good. But undoubtedly there were thirty thousand little ones who had no homes to return to. There seems to have been no effort to stop those thirty thousand from reaching Marseilles, and no one inquired into the motives of the charitable merchants, Ferrens and Porcus,

who so nobly offered to transport the thirty thousand bare arms across the sea to wrest from the iron arms of the Saracens the True Cross and Holy Sepulcher.

On a previous occasion, during the Second Crusade, a Provençal peasant had claimed to have had a vision, a vision which did not seem to chime in with the plans of Arnulf, later on the patriarch of Jerusalem. The Provençal boy was submitted to a test, to have his vision proven, and, according to the testimony of eye-witnesses, was killed after he had successfully passed that test. What I mean to say is that without a prearranged or a tacit understanding among those in power to rid the world of the thirty thousand children by drowning them like rats in the sea, the proceedings border on well-nigh unbelievable imbecility, even for those days. The church had sufficient power to stay the movement. Did the church hope to swing a new Crusade into action from this small beginning?

It is not reasonable to suspect that the masters of the University of Paris and the people standing close to the throne of the Holy Roman Emperor believed that those bare hands were capable of wresting the power from the Saracens.

It is possible to understand how those hungry, starved, hysterical children were fooled to believe that what the older men had not been able to do they would accomplish.

It is not possible to believe that the church believed the children were capable of accomplishing what they said they would. It is incredible that the church and the respective governments of those days were not in a position to stem the tide, had they so wanted.

And how was it that the Lord had gone traveling and visioning both in France and in Germany at the same time? How was it that the German children numbered only seven thousand when they approached Genoa, while the French numbered thirty thousand?

Is it not because there were fewer orphans in Germany than in France? Is it not because Germany had sent fewer Crusaders, so that fewer children, fewer young men and maidens were left homeless?

Somehow a point is made in favor of Nicholas the German leader's saintliness, by the fact that he returned home from the siege of Damietta unharmed. But was he the only one to return? No. Others to whom the Lord had not appeared in visions had also returned. Other men had behaved as bravely as Nicholas before Acre and Damietta. The records are clear on that point. Then what?

The fact that there were many more grown men and women in the German children's crusade than in the French one only proves that there were many more homeless adults who had not yet readjusted themselves to home conditions after the failure of Barbarossa's Crusade. And the virgin maidens who returned home to their villages after Nicholas's failure and the Lord's failure to provide passage, and who met with derision because they had lost their virginity on the road, also lend a different significance to the affair.

Were not the Venetians and the Genoese more than a little interested in these German children's Crusade? They were the providers of houris and slaves to the Turks and the Moors.

After the grand failure of Ferrens and Porcus, a number of other unscrupulous merchants awoke to the splendid opportunity of acquiring slaves that did not cost them anything. The German children were broken up in smaller bands and directed to different ports to make it easier for these gentlemen to handle the affair.

Neither church nor government made an effort to collect and organize these "innocents" and see that they should reach their homes in safety; instead they were allowed to roam the forests and the waste lands and to perish of cold and hunger and thirst and disease.

And in 1213, the year after the failure of the Children's Crusade, the year after forty thousand innocents had perished, did any of the nations to whom these children belonged go in search of them? No.

Was any attempt made to punish the guilty, to call to account those responsible for their destruction? No.

Did one of the visionaries swing from a gibbet? No.

Horror-stricken poets, song-makers, troubadours, and minstrels wrote and sang the story of the unfortunate children at every crossroad, at every street corner, at every banquet. Did they arouse the vengeful spirits of the wealthy, and the powerful ones? No.

They only brought tears to the eyes of the poor, of those who could not help, who could not do anything even if they wished. The knights, the noblemen, the kings, the priests, the bishops, and the popes moved not a finger in favor of the martyrized children.

It was no secret that the Marseilles boat owners and the Genoese and the Venetians and the Greeks had sold the

children that had remained alive from the expedition to the calif of Alexandria, to the people of Bugia and the houses of degradation and corruption of Constantinople, Jaffa, Cairo, and Babylon.

Was no expedition organized to save those children to whom the Lord had come in visions? No. Religious doctors, hypocritical scoundrels with inventive minds, reached the conclusion that the Children's Crusade had failed because unclean hands had joined it; that the Cross refused to be saved by other than pure hands.

God, Jehovah, the God of Vengeance, had been ready to save the cities of Sodom and Gomorrha if but ten righteous people could be found there. Yet the Lord, so pitiful and so merciful, watched impassibly the destruction of forty thousand because of the impurity of a few. That Lord who had appeared to Stephen and Nicholas was not in the service of God. That Lord who had shared the bread of Stephen had rendered a great service when he had rid France and Germany of forty thousand clean but useless hands.

There was a fourth, and a sixth, a ninth, and a twelfth Crusade, each one as futile as the others, each one as destructive as the others, conducted by more or less improvident and incapable leaders and met by more or less courageous enemies.

In reality the Third Crusade was the last of any importance, and neither great desire nor great hope could be stirred afterward in the minds of the people.

During lulls in battles, in peace or captivity, the Chris-

tians who remained in Moslem lands came to the conclusion that the Moslems were not as bad as they had been painted, and the Moslems came to the conclusion that the Christians were not as horrible as they had been made to appear. The footsore pilgrims going either way, and the infidels who came to meet them or pursue them, hardened out a wide road from Europe to Jerusalem and farther east through Persia to India. Not the least valuable gain of the Crusades, though so dearly paid for, was that the route between Nicæa and Jerusalem was shortened by a few days. The Christians were brought nearer to the Moslems than they had been before. The contact between the different populations of Asia Minor and the populations of Europe had been facilitated and made more frequent.

The Crusades that had cost Europe several million lives brought the following results: Several kinds of dyes which the Arabs used to dye their cotton and wool clothing were imported by the Venetians. The Genoese learned of a more exact division of the day and the year. The French brought home a new venereal disease; the English, an imperfect knowledge of the services of the compass. The Germans carried home the seed which produced, six hundred years later, one of the greatest minds that have ever functioned. I am speaking of Johann Wolfgang Goethe, the descendant of a Saracen captive dragged to Germany and sold into slavery.

Nothing before nor since has been so dearly paid for.

BIBLIOGRAPHY

It is customary to disclaim responsibility, by unloading it upon authorities who have themselves unloaded such a weight upon others, at the end of such a book.

I shall conform to the aged precedent. The following list of authorities is only a small quota of what I have read before I embarked upon my work and which I tried hard to forget while moving the oars that brought me to the shore:

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